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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM JACKSON ELMSLIE,

M.A., M.D., F.R.C.S.E., ETC., 1832 - 1872

LATE MEDICAL MISSIONARY, C. M. S., KASHMIR.

BY

W. BURNS THOMSON,

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FOURTH EDITION.

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PREFACE TO FOURTH EDITION.

I REJOICE that a further issue of Dr. Elmslie's Memoir is called for, and send it forth with earnest prayer that the Divine blessing may accompany it, and render it productive of much good.

W. BURNS THOMSON.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

On the 29th June 1832, the subject of this memoir was born in Aberdeen to James and Barbara Elmslie. Their eldest child, a little girl, had been taken from them shortly before his birth, so the mother called William her "son of consolation," and most tenderly did she cherish this first-born son during the early years of his life. The family was in tolerably comfortable circumstances, as the father, a boot-closer, was a clever tradesman, and had plenty of work. William's earliest memories were of a home in which his mother's presence was always pre-eminently felt as the source of comfort and love. Mrs. Elmslie was no ordinary woman. She was blessed with a vigorous intellect, a large measure of common-sense, much ingenuity and forethought, and a certain combination of qualities that gave her the power to interest, to warn, to comfort, and to command; and all was pervaded by the spirit of an unostentatious Christianity. Her childhood had been spent among the sea-faring people of Cromarty, amidst those scenes now

made familiar to the world by Hugh Miller's sketches of his early home. Her father, William Lawrence, as captain of a vessel which sailed to all parts of the world, had an adventurous history; and the details of his experience, fresh in her own memory, were graphically conveyed to her boy; and it was his delight to sit beside her and listen to these wonderful stories. He thus imbibed much useful information; his imagination was stirred; and the spirit of enterprise unconsciously fostered. The quiet life in Aberdeen was varied by occasional visits to his paternal grandfather at Ballater, and deep and fruitful impressions of the beauties of nature were gained amid the grand mountain scenery of his native land. As William was delicate, when a child, he was not much given to the romps of other boys; but preferred staying beside his mother, who was always to him a treasury of comfort and knowledge.

Having, through industry and economy, succeeded in saving a little money, William's father, with the view of improving his fortune, removed with his family to London; but, as might have been foreseen, the change was not a happy one. A stranger in the mighty crowd of busy men, he soon found that money was not more easily won there than in his native country; and after struggling on for a year, without meeting the hoped for tide of prosperity, his health failed, and he became seriously ill. Worn out with constant watching and care Mrs. Elmslie was seized with typhus fever, of so malignant a type, that their one servant fled from the house in terror. The picture of the little household is most touching. The father is still prostrate through weakness;

the mother raves in the delirium of fever; and the only attendant is a child eight years of age! His sense of responsibility; his distress at witnessing so much suffering; and his alarm, caused by the mysterious mutterings of his much loved mother, broke in rudely upon the sweet dreams of childhood, and set him face to face with stern realities. But matters grew worse. A physician had occasionally dropped in upon them, and now his aid is indispensable; but where is he to be found? The servant, who might have told, is gone; the mother is unconscious; and the father does not know; and so the brave boy sallies forth to seek him in the crowded streets of London! As he wanders along he scans eagerly the face of every one who seems like the friend he so much needs, but in vain; the busy stream of human beings rushes past unheeding, and he feels utterly desolate and in despair. Unable longer to bear up, he stands still, his young heart bursting under its accumulated sorrows, and through his tears sends up to heaven the cry, "God help me!" That is the burden of his prayer The lessons of his mother bear fruit in the hour of trial. Right speedily comes the answer. A passer by stops, asks what is wrong, and the child explains. He is directed to a house close at hand, where he finds not a doctor merely, but a friend,—a friend whose unwearied care and kindness are never to be forgotten. Soon after, William too was prostrated by the dreadful fever; but this good physician watched over him and never remitted his generous kindnesses—which were administered in every needful form—till he saw the little family safely away from the great city on their return to

Aberdeen. When Dr. Elmslie arrived in London on his return from India in 1870, one of his first visits was to the house of this friend, but he was not there; and he could not discover whether he still lived, or had gone to reap his reward from Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Strange to say, William's father seemed to give himself little thought about the education of his boys, and insisted that William should follow his own humble trade; and so the child was fully set apart to the service of St. Crispin when only nine years of age. It was impossible the slender youth could attempt any heavy kind of work, and so of necessity he stood, in his new calling, on a platform a grade higher than that occupied by the venerable Carey, who boasted that he was only a "*cobbler*." "He excelled," writes Mr. William Martin, "specially in the finer departments of the work, which required great care and attention; and many a weary hour he spent at it, when other boys were fast asleep, that he might earn sufficient to pay his fees and augment the comforts of the mother whom he loved so well." William soon became so expert that he was able to turn out a greater quantity of first-rate work, in a given time, than almost any competitor. This not only sensibly improved the domestic finance, but won for him a little leisure, which he devoted to his much loved books.

It is good to bear the yoke in one's youth; but it was placed on William so early, and pressed so heavily, that

had it not been for the encouragement of his mother, and his own unconquerable energy, he must have remained ignorant of even the rudiments of learning. His mother did all she could to cheer and help him; she often read aloud to him, and got others to read, and in the evenings young friends frequently gave him a share of what they were picking up at school. Thus he struggled on for some six years before he entered the grammar school. Yea, the duties of the trade lay hard upon him all through the time he was at school, and continued even while attending the University; long, indeed, after they ceased to be needful for his own support, for he gained a bursary, and had good private teaching; but as the father's health declined, and his eyesight became weak, the more the work was thrown over on the dutiful son. But his application never flagged. To save time and help himself forward, he used to fix his book in the "clambs" (an instrument employed for holding the leather), and placing them conveniently in front of him, he learned to pick up right quickly a sentence from Zumpt, or a line from Homer, or any other book, and thus he stitched and studied for long weary years; and so successfully, that before he had reached the end of his Art's course, he had gained five prizes in various classes, and a bursary. He used to refer to those days of subjection to his father's will—of hard uncongenial work and repressed desires—as a time of much mental and moral discipline. He learned patience, perseverance, self-control, the value of time, and faithfulness in discharging duty, however irksome. In going through his daily drudgery in

obedience to his father, he learned the invaluable lesson that his life must be ruled, not by what is *pleasing*, but by what is *right*.

William Elmslie could not recall a time when he was without thoughts, more or less serious, regarding divine things. From his earliest years, his mother earnestly sought to convey to him some of her store of spiritual knowledge, which was her only riches. Many passages of Scripture she repeated to him, till even when a very little boy he knew them as familiar household words. The Westminster Shorter Catechism was rendered precious to him all through life by her simple loving expositions, and her quaint homely illustrations, drawn largely from her own observation and experience. But it was not till he was fourteen years of age that he came savingly to know Jesus. At that time, the instructions of his mother received impressiveness through the faithful dealing of his Sabbath School Teacher, who, in private personal intercourse, pressed upon him the necessity of a new heart. Two passages were made particularly useful at this time, and these were ever after much prized. The first was, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). The second, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich" (2 Cor. viii. 9). Although at this time, William came in contact with a real living Saviour, his faith was very feeble; but, as it was faith unfeigned, it grew. Religion became more satisfying to him than it had ever been. He got pretty

clear glimpses occasionally of his pardon and acceptance in Immanuel; these multiplied and brightened till the settled conviction of his life became—"*My beloved is mine, and I am His.*" He had been a dutiful son all along, but there was now a new principle infused into his obedience that sweetened all the elements of bitterness. He learned, when serving from love to his Father in heaven, that if called to sacrifice in one direction, he reaped joys in another; and that, after all, the way of *right* is a way of pleasantness and a path of peace.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LIFE.

In 1848 William Elmslie was regularly enrolled as a pupil in the Grammar School of Aberdeen, and never student more eager started in pursuit of knowledge. At that time its Rector was the Rev. Dr. Melvin, whose character and mode of tuition have been made famous as much by their results in the men they helped to mould, as by the graphic description of one of our finest writers. A few sentences from Professor Masson's paper may enable us to trace the kind of influence now brought to bear on William. "I have known many other men," writes the Professor, "since I knew him—men of far greater celebrity in the world, and of intellectual claims of far more rousing character than belong to Latin scholarship; but I have known no one, and I expect to know no one so perfect in his type as Melvin. Every man whose memory is tolerably faithful, can reckon up those to whom he is indebted; and trying to estimate at this moment the relative proportions of influences, from this man and that man, encountered by me, which I can still feel running in my veins, it so happens that I can trace none more distinct, however it may have been marred and mudded, than that stream which, as Melvin gave it, was truly 'honey wine.'"—(*Macmillan's Magazine*, 1863, p. 231.)

When William first entered school he only felt in part the power of this remarkable man, but when promoted to the advanced classes, directly under Melvin's care, the enthusiasm of his nature was stirred, and his mind yielded itself to be moulded by him. He owed much of his success at college, and of his power in mastering languages, to the very careful mental training received from Melvin. "He gave us hard work," he said, "but it was intense enjoyment, for one's mind was strengthened, expanded, and in the truest, fullest meaning of the word, *educated*." During his first year William was often down-cast, for school life was new to him, and he felt himself far behind others of his age. However, he resolved to do his best, and to make the most of the much-prized privileges so long denied him. During holiday time, when others were at play, he was at his books; and not in vain, for at the beginning of his second year he gained by competition a bursary that helped to relieve him from pecuniary anxieties. By the end of the next session he stood high in his classes, and carried off the first prize in Greek. The Rev. Mr. Salmond, Free Church, Barry, one of William's friends at school and college, writes thus of these early days:—"We were close companions and studied very much together in private as well as in public. These were ever-memorable days, rich in generous friendships and affluent also with what should have been most helpful for the up-building of manly moral character and energetic intellectual life, when Dr. Melvin kept the youngest of us in fixed devotion to the genius of the Latin tongue, and when, after the decease of that unique master, Professor

Geddes made us all a-glow with his own enthusiasm, and fired us with the classic spirit of Greek. Into what was best, in these buoyant and productive times of earliest mental discipline and most unselfish companionships, William Elmslie threw himself with all his heart, and was a friend to most. His position, too, was in some respects peculiar among us. His seriousness was more marked, and his independent spirit and his determination to do everything for himself, and to make the utmost of his opportunities, had methods of expressing themselves which were altogether his own. Commencing his course at a somewhat more advanced age than most of us, and possessing the advantage of having learned a trade, he used to excite our admiration by the sturdy diligence with which he toiled to support himself, in a way which many a silly youth would have counted beneath him, and also, in truth, our envy at the ability which he had thus acquired to possess himself of books beyond the reach of others. I well remember how ambitious some of us were to get a week's loan of some of his laboriously-earned treasures, and how ready he was to indulge us in that line of things. Thus it happened that, in addition to the text-books usually studied at that stage in Greek and Latin, not a few boys of some thirteen or fourteen years of age voluntarily mastered volumes ordinarily reserved for a later period,—such as "Zumpt's Grammar," "Döderlein's Synonyms," "Ramshorn's Synonyms," the first part of "Jelf's Greek Grammar,"* &c. And for a certain measure of the attainments

* Mr. Elmslie was not able to purchase such books as the above; he *hired* them from a bookseller at so much per week.

aimed at and made by a good many beyond the stated requirements of the classes in these and other branches, we were indebted not a little to the stimulus of his example as well as to his willingness to help others with his books and counsel. His own acquirements in Latin were very considerable, and to Greek also he took with a burning affection and a determined perseverance, which might have led him on to distinguished results had the opportunity of continuing his studies been given him in Providence. In these youthful days, in short, the great features of character, which appeared subsequently in his work in a distant country, and in taxing circumstances, were the very qualities that constrained respect from all his comrades in school and college,—his readiness to take in hand all kinds of honest labour, manual and mental, his patient dedication to the task of the time, his thirst for knowledge, his zeal in helping others, and the hearty and fearless interest which he displayed all through his course in every decidedly religious movement. This last made him a somewhat outstanding member of our student-circles, and rendered the impression which he left upon his associates a very happy one."

When William got in some measure abreast of his school-fellows in learning, he rejoiced to join them in the playground in every manly sport. His hard work never inclined him to mope. With his whole heart he threw himself into the game. Of cricket he was particularly fond, and the company of which he was a member was called the "*Thistle Club*." He stood A-1 at bowling. He could not endure those meandering, sneaking balls

that creep in upon you at unawares. No; the enemy got fair warning. Drawing himself well up, the body thrown back, and the lips compressed, he took careful aim; then off shot the ball, swift and straight as an arrow; and when he heard the delightsome clatter of the tumbling wickets, he cut a demi-somersault, and sang out merrily, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

It was near the close of William's fourth session at school that the death of the reverend rector took place. He fell paralysed to the ground one day while engaged in his classroom, and William Elmslie was one of the sorrowing pupils who helped to bear the almost lifeless form to his home,—not many days later to be borne thence to its narrow bed in the churchyard. William never ceased to be thankful that so much of his student life had been passed under an influence so beneficial, being deeply conscious of having gained in the Grammar School of Aberdeen such a mental training as enabled him to grapple with, and to overcome, the intellectual difficulties which, in after days, he had to encounter.

In November 1853, he passed from school to college; and with no little pride and pleasure his mother saw him don the scarlet cloak worn by the students of King's College, Aberdeen. "It was there," writes his friend, the Rev. Andrew Ritchie of Coull, "that I first met with William Elmslie. We were students of the same year, and I shared the same room with him in his parents' house. We both worked hard. It was no unusual thing for us to restrict ourselves to five hours' sleep. We engaged a watchman to waken us

at three o'clock every morning; and we took it in turn to rise first, kindle the fire, and boil the coffee, which Mrs. Elmslie had made ready the night before. After enjoying a slice of bread and that good, warm coffee, we began our day's work. William was always prayerful and earnest, and from the very first we engaged in devotions together, as well as separately; it was our delight to talk of Christ, and of our desire to devote ourselves to his cause.

"William's work was harder than mine, for his father's failing health and eyesight made him now more and more dependent on his son's exertions. On this account, William undertook an engagement to teach in a school in Aberdeen, and he had also several private pupils. Being a first-rate student, and of gentlemanly manners, he had no difficulty in getting as much employment of this kind as he wished; but the constant hard work and severe study told on his health, and, at the close of the second session at college, he was forced to obey doctor's injunctions, and to seek rest and country air."

He spent some time with relatives in Elgin, and in the neighbourhood of Inverness, and returned, strengthened in mind and body, to take up again the double burden of supporting his parents and maintaining himself at college. Sometimes when his prospects were peculiarly dark, and he needed sympathy, friends took the occasion to urge him to give up the struggle altogether, and turn aside to something that would be immediately remunerative. He had a hard time of it when passing through his philosophical classes. To most honest, earnest students, this is a season

of much conflict, and Mr. Elmslie's circumstances did not tend to make the doubts and temptations that usually encompass it easily borne. Sometimes, when he knelt to pray, troop after troop of doubts rushed in upon him, and made such assaults on his long cherished beliefs, that he gradually ceased to plead with God, and entered into regular mental warfare, becoming altogether unconscious of his kneeling posture. Recovering himself, he was shocked at his irreverence; tried to smooth himself down and feel solemn, but in the stillness a withering chill stole over him as if he were encircled by a *boundless nothing*. The "*Eternal Silences*" sent very cheerless responses to the groans that burst from his burdened spirit. With keen powers of analysis, and a slight tendency to introspection, it will be believed that such battles were not infrequent. It is needless to ask, in surprise, "But was he not a Christian?" Yes; but a far older and more experienced Christian was so puzzled by the mysteries of Providence that he exclaimed, "As for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had wellnigh slipped." Mr. Elmslie's feet were on the rock, but he staggered greatly notwithstanding. Through all his varied forms of trial, his mother stood by him to sustain and cheer; and when his philosophic perplexities went beyond her depth, she at least could sympathise and pray. He used to say "that a mother's sympathy, if she had a Mary's faith, was the greatest blessing a young man could possess when first installed into the mysteries of philosophy." The mother and son had, all through, an unwavering conviction that God intended him for a higher form of service than

boot-closing, and therefore trials did not discourage so much as might have been expected; for they were regarded as a fatherly discipline;—a preparation for future usefulness, upon which they ceased not to ask the Divine blessing.

Having taken his degree in arts, he felt anxious, before deciding on a further course of study, to see something of the world, and to have a change from the scene of so much labour. He therefore gladly accepted a proposal to go abroad as tutor in the family of an Aberdeenshire gentleman, who was to spend the following winter in Italy. It was a curious fact which he sometimes quoted as an instance of God's overruling even our failings as a means of carrying out His own plan of our lives, that this gentleman's choice of him as tutor for his sons was caused by a preference for his handwriting, the very point on which he was most conscious of deficiency.

The year spent in Italy was not one of much enjoyment. William's sensitive nature suffered acutely in this first experience of life among strangers, and his position was rendered more trying and lonely from a misunderstanding between him and the father of his pupils. Nevertheless the lessons in human nature, and the experience of the world gained there, proved invaluable to him ever after.

Here, too, his self-reliance was strengthened, and he gained a firmer conviction of God's power to give him joy and peace, however untoward his outward circumstances might be.

In Florence he had the great privilege of meeting with

some very helpful Christian friends, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Hannah, a young Irish clergyman, who had been appointed to minister to the English residents in that lovely city. William spent much of his spare time with this dear servant of God, who was then drawing very near the close of his service on earth, and was fast ripening for glory. The Spirit of God seemed to reveal to him much of what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, and for which he was being made ready. To all who then ministered to him much blessing was given, and William richly shared it in a realisation of the unseen and the eternal such as he had never known before. During Mr. Hannah's illness, William agreed to relieve his mind of anxiety by conducting Sabbath services for his little congregation. He read to them some of his favourite sermons, such as Chalmers on "The expulsive power of a new affection;" Caird on the "Solitariness of our Lord's sufferings;" and Maclaren on the "Soul's thirst after God." The Rev. Mr. Macdougall, who relieved him of his position some six weeks later, used laughingly to say that Mr. Elmslie had quite spoiled the people, for they would never listen to any ordinary man's sermons after having enjoyed those intellectual feasts. William returned to England in June 1858, and in London heard an encouraging sermon from the Rev. Dr. Hamilton from a text well suited to his circumstances, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

CHAPTER III.

MEDICAL STUDENT LIFE IN ABERDEEN.

After his return from Florence Mr. Elmslie's thoughts were directed to the ministry; and having passed the required preliminary examinations, and gained a bursary by competition, he entered the Free Church Divinity College in November 1858. During the session his attention was drawn to the mission field, and as he searched his Bible, for instruction and direction, an element in missionary service so obtruded itself on his notice that it could neither be overlooked nor thrust aside. It became clear to his mind that when the Divine Spirit gave marked prominence, in the New Testament, to the combination of *healing with preaching* in the planting of Christianity, it was intended to instruct and guide those who, in after ages, might devote themselves to the extension of the kingdom of Christ. He accepted the lesson, and resolved to acquire the power of healing. Instead of attempting to follow the subjective changes through which Mr. Elmslie passed, as his thoughts gradually turned from a pastorate at home, to service as a medical missionary abroad, it may be more instructive to indicate, in a few brief sentences, how the subject of medical missions—*the combination of healing with preaching*—is presented in the Word of God. The

more he studied the infallible missionary guide; and the more he contemplated the perfect Model Missionary—for He hath left us an ensample that we should walk in His steps—the more he became enamoured with the delightful form of service to which he now consecrated his life. But let us, for a moment, turn to the Scriptures. When the disciples of the Baptist approached the Saviour with the inquiry, "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up and the poor have the gospel preached unto them" (Matt. xi. 3-5). He healed the sick and preached the gospel and pointed the inquirers to that combination as proof conclusive that He was the Sent of God. The combination was not fortuitous or incidental; it was foretold; and it was a striking way of delivering part of the message He brought us from the Father,—that He came "to bear our sicknesses" and to be "the Saviour of the *body.*" This mode of procedure was wondrously fitted to secure a friendly consideration to his claims among the ignorant, the indifferent, or the hostile; and was full of wisdom and tenderness. It is well to note that this is not a solitary instance of the combination of healing and preaching, got up to settle doubts in the minds of John's disciples. In the life of Jesus it is "*use and wont,*" and their attention is directed to it as a sample of what He is doing every day, and occasionally to such an extent that there is not time "so much as to eat bread," and His

relatives think "He is beside Himself." It is not necessary to multiply quotations. One must suffice. "And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people. And His fame went throughout all Syria; and they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy; and He healed them" (Matt. iv. 23, 24.)

This combination of healing with the preaching of the gospel is not only largely exhibited in the ministry of Jesus, but was enjoined by Him upon the Apostles who practised it in the home and foreign mission field; during their Master's lifetime, and after His ascension to glory. Their commission is particularly clear on this point,—"As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of God is at hand. Heal the sick; . . . freely ye have received, freely give" (Matt. x. 7, 8). "He sent them (the twelve disciples) to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick" (Luke ix. 2). Very similar are the instructions given by the Lord to the seventy home missionaries whom He sent, two and two, into every city whither He Himself would come. "Heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

The case of Paul is very instructive. Most of his life, after his conversion, was spent in pioneering mission work, in which the "healing" element was likely to be of much

use, and we find he was endowed with that power in a remarkable degree. In Ephesus, an important heathen centre, where opposition was strong and his difficulties many and great, it is said, "God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul; so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them" (Acts xix. 11, 12). An apron or handkerchief having touched the Apostle's body is carried to a sufferer and suffices to effect a cure. This indicates a marvellous latitude for the exercise of the healing power, and yet it is evident there were limitations to it. This great Apostle, who was not a whit behind the chiefest of the apostles, was not able to cure Timothy, though much depended on his enjoying vigorous health. We infer this inability from the fact that Paul left him in his infirmity, and fell back on the very humble "Recipe"—"Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake." Why not heal him right off? Why not send a "handkerchief" to him? Again, we read, "Trophimus have I *left* at Miletum, *sick*." Very strange, if there be no restrictions imposed on this power to heal! Why cure Sergius Paulus, a heathen, and *leave* his *Christian friend lying ill?* More striking still; Epaphroditus was sick, nigh unto death, and Paul's heart was breaking lest he should die, and he should have sorrow upon sorrow. Why not try the efficacy of the handkerchief here? Paul assuredly *would* have cured him if he *could*. There were not many such labourers as Epaphroditus, and so he could ill be spared from active duty; and Paul's affection made sure that everything possible would be done for him,

yet the sickness presses on; "*nigh unto death*" and the apostle's sorrow deepens. These restrictions tend to show that the exercise of the healing power was much limited within the domain of the *Church*. On the other hand it seemed to enjoy unlimited scope in its approaches to an outlying heathenism. The combination of healing with preaching was plainly intended to be a *pioneering* agency. "Into whatsoever city ye *enter*, heal the sick."

The significance of these lessons, as pointing out the path of duty to us, is not weakened by the fact that all the "*healing*" was performed by supernatural power; for, in those early days, the same power that enabled the missionary to heal, enabled him to speak in "an unknown tongue." But the withdrawal of the miraculous from this latter element of missions does not free us from the obligation "to go into all the world," and, by the use of our natural faculties, acquire the ability to speak in foreign tongues. So in regard of the power to heal—it must be now gained by diligent study. The Scriptures thus seem to show very plainly that the best way of reaching the heathen, and, consequently, that the most effective form of mission agency is to combine healing with the preaching of the gospel. Most certainly this was the practice of Christ and the apostles; and it must surely be unwise to disregard the plain teaching of that practice regarding the best means of spreading the gospel. Mr. Elmslie, as we have said, bowed to the Scripture teaching, and resolved to acquire the power of healing—to become a medical missionary. The cause at that time was little known and little esteemed;

but he was fully persuaded in his own mind; and this clear conviction helped to uphold him during the storm that burst upon him when he made known his intention to study medicine. To face four years of study, *with winter and summer courses,* besides the heavy expense of a *medical* education, seemed madness to his friends, and they vehemently opposed him in his resolution; but hitherto the Lord had helped him, and to be a workman thoroughly furnished for the Master's service appeared to him worth any amount of effort and self-denial. Accordingly he braced himself up to his work. Again he taught in the Academy, received private pupils, stitched the '*uppers*' of boots and shoes, and pored over his books. Sixteen hours of work daily was the rule in those busy years. *Study* was rather a relaxation than anything else. Long-continued custom had begotten a love for it, and obstacles seemed to add a certain zest to his pursuit of knowledge. But during this preparation period there were seasons when the cares of poverty pressed heavily; and faith, hope, and patience required to be in fullest exercise.

At one time, when sorely bestead, he made a journey on foot all the way to Inverness, where a brother of his mother's lived in comfortable circumstances. His purpose was to lay his case before him, and to ask temporary aid, to be restored with interest when God should give him power to win money for himself. He was kindly welcomed, and invited to spend some weeks in the family, but no inquiry was made as to his circumstances, nor was any assistance offered. He could not muster fortitude to

break to his uncle the subject of his necessities; and so he returned to Aberdeen with an empty purse and a "full" heart, to work harder, if possible, and to pray more earnestly. Remembering the hopes and the bitter disappointment of that journey, he used to say that a rich man could hardly give greater comfort, or do more good than by extending a helping hand to "A STRUGGLING STUDENT, REALLY IN EARNEST IN HIS WORK, AND WITH HIS MASTER'S SERVICE AS HIS DEAREST AIM." These words are in capitals, to express Mr. Elmslie's strong views as to the *kind* of students to whom help would be a benefit. They must be "*struggling*" students, who, above all things, love the Master and His work. He came to know that some who had no love for Jesus might take up the profession of religion, to be helped into the profession of medicine. They did not "struggle," and had not the remotest intention to struggle, but were mean enough to accept the fruits of self-sacrifice on the part of others, that they might live in comfort and self-indulgence. He held very strongly that no student with a trace of manliness in him, would accept such help from others, save in real necessity, and then only as an accommodation.

It is necessary to advert to the difficulties with which Mr. Elmslie had to contend, but very pleasing it is to note how cheerily he grappled with them. Writing to his friend, Mr. Ritchie, from Ballater—whither he had gone for rest—in 1859, at a time when dark clouds in abundance clustered around his horizon, he says: "I am living here very much like a hermit. But, for all that, I feel very happy, except now and then when a cloud comes over

the horizon of my mind. I then feel a temporary sadness, which, however, soon passes, as when a cloud crosses the disc of the sun. O for another such laugh as we had the first day we were here, it would do us good. It's a delicious thing, a good hearty laugh. You will be thinking I am getting mighty wise, having so much time and inclination for reading. Far from it. It takes a great deal of reading to make one wise. One retains so little of what he reads, that it is a long, long time before the grains of gold gathered assume any considerable bulk." Writing to the same friend a few days later, he says: "I was extremely glad yesterday to see you before me in 'black upon white.'"

"I knew you had been doing business by the address on the envelope—it was so smart and commercial like, as much as to say, Get out of the way, you poor student, you can't transact business like me; what do you think, I am a man with an income of a hundred—a hundred and twenty pounds! every farthing—that's something worth writing. No more two guineas an hour. No more rushing from house to house, like one begging his bread from door to door, in a cold night in December. No, no; nothing so beggarly; I am a little gentleman now, and shall be able to spend my winter evenings within doors as far as is agreeable to my taste. I say I almost saw all that, and a great deal more, depicted on that commercial envelope of yours. And when I opened, I found my most sanguine expectations fully realised; you being the proud master of £120 a year, with twenty-two urchins to drill scholastically. Your bread's baken, Andrew, I said, for

the next year, at least. Now I think you acted wisely in accepting the offer, although you should hold the situation only for a year. And I will tell you why. Your responsibility is increased, and that not to such an extent as to crush you under its weight. It's of great consequence, I consider it, to have one's responsibility thus gradually increased. It fits one for a farther increase, when he has successfully carried his previous burden. Why is it that some men, and especially ministers, so completely fail in sustaining the weight of responsibility that is suddenly laid upon their shoulders? Just because their shoulders are strangers to the weight, and the weight is too much for them at first. I suppose you see what I am driving at."

At the election of Lord Rector for the University in 1860, Mr. Elmslie took a somewhat prominent part. In Aberdeen, on such occasions, the votes are given by "*Nations*,"—a nation representing the students from certain defined districts. They sometimes differed greatly in numerical strength, This year, for example, *Mar* contained 149 matriculated students, *Moray* registered only 49, and yet in electoral value, they were equal! On this occasion, two nations voted for one candidate, and two for the other, but there was a majority of 38 students in favour of one of the candidates, so that when the Principal intimated his intention of settling the difficulty by giving his casting vote against the candidate supported by the majority of students, the Mar and Angus nations resolved to dispute said vote as "inexpedient, incompetent, and illegal." Funds were raised to meet the law

expenses, and Mr. Elmslie was appointed treasurer. It is amusing to note the carefulness with which, in letter after letter, he impresses on the agents in Edinburgh that he and his companions are not to be held responsible for the payment of a single farthing beyond the monies actually received.

The election was carried against his party, and on the 16th March 1861, the professors and students assembled to hear the Rector's inaugural address. At the close of the preliminary services, when the successful candidate was just going to speak, Mr. Elmslie, being a procurator, ascended the platform, and very deliberately read a protest against the validity of his election. He then, with a low bow, placed the document in the hands of the Principal, and walked out of the room, followed by a considerable number of students. But many of the same party remained to see what was to be the upshot of their proceedings; and not a few, to give *impressiveness* to their protest, had come to the hall armed with peas, shot, stones, and other such-like persuasive but most illogical arguments, and the result was a "*row*," prodigiously out of keeping with academic propriety. Although Mr. Elmslie was entirely blameless in regard to these low proceedings, the amount of censure awarded him was *singularly* liberal. "Nothing," writes his companion in the struggle,—now the Rev. Mr. Mackie of St. Mary's E. C. Dumfries—"nothing could be more alien to Elmslie's feelings and sense of duty than any breach of university discipline. He took no part in it, and restrained it to the utmost of his power." Referring to these student days,

Mr. Mackie writes, "My early acquaintance with Mr. Elmslie impressed me equally with esteem for the greatness of his intellect, and the goodness of his heart. He was slow of speech, but swift in judging. Often, when plans were proposed, he would simply say 'No' very slowly, and then render a single reason which left no room for any other reply than 'I see.' He was one of the most satisfactory friends I have ever had in life; for you could count upon him at all times. I cannot recall a single instance in which his counsel seemed to fail me when we were acting together under very trying circumstances, with very few opportunities for consultation. His memory was remarkably tenacious of any agreement as to co-operation, as he was remarkably tenacious of his purposes. One always knew where he would find him."

In the end of July of 1862 he passed his second professional examination. "It was," he writes to Mr Ritchie, "a long, stiff, but I am happy to say, a successful pull. We had nine hours hard work,—to me at least it was hard. There was no little manual work, apart from the mental effort required in summoning up so many facts and putting them together in a connected form. I was exceedingly fortunate in the subject on which I was examined (*vivâ voce*). I answered the questions as fast as they were put to me, and altogether got on splendidly until I felt sorry when the examinations were ended, because I could not get any longer opportunity of showing off how thoroughly I was '*up*.' This was a bit of vanity, but pardonable, I think; was it not? At the close of the examination, on being called into the Senatus Chamber, I was informed by

the Dean of the Faculty that I had passed with '*much credit.*'"

At an early stage of his studies Mr. Elmslie had heard of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, an organization which paid the class fees, text books, and cost of licences of young men desiring to prepare themselves for the mission field. The reader is already aware that it was no easy task for Mr. Elmslie to open up his difficulties to others, but pressed by necessity, and encouraged by friends, he laid his case before the society in Edinburgh, and on the 7th May 1860 he got the following reply from the secretary, Dr. Coldstream, "I was instructed to inform you that the committee cannot consent to relax in your favour, their regulations as to residence in Edinburgh, during the Medical Curriculum, and the requiring their students to abstain from private teaching." It is due to the gentleman who sent this official notice to state, that he spoke a word of kindly cheer from himself which helped to lessen the bitterness of disappointment.

"Afflictions are not joyous but grievous;" sometimes, however, they are very profitable: and there is nothing for which Mr. Elmslie gives more frequent or more hearty thanks, than for his "afflictions"—for the very trials, the record of which awakens our sympathy. Soon again he was battling as cheerily with his responsibilities as if he had received no disheartening repulse. Some twelve months after, an influential friend in Aberdeen brought his case a second time before the Board in Edinburgh. This gave rise to a very instructive correspondence, but our present object requires us to cull from it nothing more than

the simple fact, that it was judged expedient to give him a grant in aid of £15.

Having passed his second professional examination with honours, he came to the last year of his medical course, rejoicing, as students usually do at that period, in the thought that practically his battle was fought. I was anxious, he writes, "to spend the winter in Edinburgh, as it was in all likelihood my last before going abroad." And so he came south prepared to accept gratefully, as a temporary accommodation, such benefits as the Missionary Society could bestow. Mr. Elmslie feared there might be some risk in coming to attend medical classes in Edinburgh, if he purposed—as he did—to return to Aberdeen for his final examination and degree; but his desire to be even for one season under men like Syme, Simpson, Miller, &c., overcame his hesitation, and in November 1862 he became an inmate of our humble home in the Dispensary in Edinburgh.

CHAPTER IV.

MEDICAL STUDENT LIFE IN EDINBURGH.

It seems becoming to give a brief notice of the society from which Mr. Elmslie got temporary assistance, or rather to permit the society to say a few words for itself. It began in November 1841. Its objects are thus stated: "The objects of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society shall be to circulate information on the subject of medical missions, to aid other institutions engaged in the same work, and to render assistance at missionary stations to as many professional agents as the funds placed at its disposal shall admit of." After existing for twenty years it thus reports itself: "The Society has now entered upon the twentieth year of its existence. The retrospect is at once humbling and encouraging. Humbling in respect of the small extent to which the objects contemplated have been carried out, and of the imperfections of the machinery now in operation; encouraging, because the principle for which the society had at its formation to contend, has now been generally acknowledged by the friends of missions as a sound one."

The year before Mr. Elmslie came to Edinburgh, this society was amalgamated with another and independent Medical Missionary Society, which, though young in

years, gave strong evidence of vitality. The two societies being "germane in their objects," they became one, and after the union, the following prospectus was issued, bearing the imprimatur of the whole directorate :—

"The object of the Society is to promote the propagation of the gospel amongst heathen and other unenlightened people, through the agency of well-qualified medical practitioners, who are either partially supported, or aided by grants of medicines, books, and instruments.

"The society aids and directs the education of promising young men who resolve to devote themselves to medical missionary service.

"It provides for the half of the salary of a medical missionary at Madras, whose labours, extended over four years, have been greatly blessed—5760 persons having received aid last year. This mission deals with a portion of the heathen population of Madras, beyond the direct influence of any other missionary agency.

"The society maintains a dispensary in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, in which religious instruction is combined with medical treatment. During last year this dispensary administered medical aid to 5332 patients, all of whom had the Word of Life set before them. A well-qualified superintendent, with assistants, takes charge of the dispensary, which supplies an admirable training school for the society's students. The attendance at the prayer-meetings, held for persons in their working-clothes, is very encouraging. There are not wanting proofs of these means having been blessed to the awakening and conversion of souls.

"The society organises monthly meetings for the benefit of the medical students attending the Colleges in Edinburgh, who are addressed on various subjects, more or less illustrative of the principles and progress of Christian Missions." Reminding our readers that this refers to the state of matters some twelve years ago, we return to Mr. Elmslie

The mission work of the dispensary he enjoyed greatly; but only a little of it was permitted to him, or to any of the students, lest they should be diverted from their medical studies. In all mission dispensaries it is the practice, when the patients have assembled, to hold a short religious service with them, which affords an excellent opportunity for commending Christ. It fell to Mr. Elmslie to conduct this service once a week, and it was quite a refreshment to himself to do so; but he was not effective as a speaker on such occasions. There was a monotony in his delivery that disposed to drowsiness, and a want of point and power that surprised those who knew his logical cast of mind, and his varied stores of information. But in another part of the work he was quite an adept. The superintendent, distressed at witnessing large numbers of neglected youths lounging idle about the district where he laboured, resolved to do something for their spiritual benefit, and Mr. Elmslie joyfully assisted. The lads were frightfully wild. On the Sabbath evenings especially, work being suspended, they gathered in the neighbourhood in large and numerous groups. "It was *impossible* to be indifferent to their presence. Their noisy demonstrations *compelled* attention; and though we might

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contrive to pass them, utterly regardless of the interest of their souls, we were obliged to be most considerately mindful of the interest of our own '*shins*.' It was not safe to go near them, for they were continually fighting, and wrestling, and plunging about in the most alarming fashion." Fourteen of these lads sat down to tea with Mr. Elmslie every Sabbath night in one of the rooms of the dispensary, and this attractive opening service was followed by a Bible lesson. At first they were inclined to be troublesome, but the quiet firmness with which he grasped the reins made the most reckless feel that opposition was hopeless. His mastery over them was complete; and without any visiting efforts on his part, the attendance was wonderfully regular. Several of his pupils were at least outwardly reformed; and one, it is hoped, got real spiritual blessing. He gave up his evil practices, attended to his business, began to go to church, and became a respectable tradesman. Dropping in at the close of Mr. Elmslie's meeting, as the writer often did, it was a touching sight to witness the band of lawless outcasts kneeling reverently around him, whilst he poured out the deep yearnings of his heart on their behalf to Him who came to seek and to save the lost.

In the household visitation of his patients, Mr. Elmslie soon became a great favourite. He had suffered, being tried, and was therefore able to sympathise with those in trial. Young as he was, he could to some extent use the language of the apostle, "That we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith

we ourselves are comforted of God." He was welcomed amongst the poor not merely as a doctor, but as a friend. The children clung to him, and he had many pets amongst them who amused and refreshed him. "I am very sorry, indeed," he writes of one of these, "to learn that wee Sandy has been taken away from you. He was a great pet of mine, and I think the wee man liked the doctor. I trust Sandy is singing to-day in heaven, not 'There is a happy land, *far, far away;*' but *this is* the happy land. I do sympathise with you and Mrs. —— very sincerely, but what is in heaven is certainly not lost. Heaven has now a greater hold upon you, and if Sandy's going away helps to make you think more of Jesus, and to desire and strive to live a godly life, then wee Sandy will not have lived and died in vain."

Mr. Elmslie was usually so wide-awake, that it was not often he was found off his guard. But in the course of this session he was fairly caught *napping*. The incident is trifling, but it shows how a good and diligent student may get into an awkward predicament through mere thoughtlessness. Mr. David Young and he were grinding in one of the empty rooms of the college. They were overheard discussing a knotty question, when —— laid his hand on Mr. Young's shoulder, and said, "If you will both promise to be *good boys*, I think I can help you in 'grinding' up that difficult bit." "How?" was at once the inquiry. "Dr. —— has a splendid preparation, and I'm sure he won't object to *diligent* students seeing it sometimes." (Rather generous, to be obliging with another man's

goods!) Next day they were duly introduced into Dr. ——'s sanctum, and the magnificent preparation placed before them. Their friend then withdrew, and they fastened the door on the inside. It was a golden opportunity; but "we had not done much," says Mr. Young, "when a sharp footstep came along the passage towards us. We instinctively held our breath, and looked at each other. The surprise deepened when a key was hastily thrust into the door of our sanctum, but being snibbed, it could not be opened, and Dr. —— went along the passage calling loudly for our obliging friend, who found it *necessary* to be engaged elsewhere at that moment, and did not appear. Meanwhile I rose and unfastened the door, and Dr. —— soon returning, entered and found us sitting before his model. He held up both his hands, and exclaimed, "What is this? My almost priceless preparation, which I would not allow my most intimate friend to touch!" By this time the culprits were standing; and, after a becoming pause, Elmslie began to sing *Miserere*, but was cut short at once. "That will do, gentlemen; you may go." They crept out in the meekest attitude possible, and certain uneasy misgivings regarding the propriety of their conduct, suggested some anxious glances behind them during their departure.

The time for his final examination in Aberdeen, in the spring of 1863, drew near, and the hopes and fears that usually agitate students on such an occasion, Mr. Elmslie felt with peculiar force. He knew that the stand he made at the rectorial election had not gained favour for him in the

senate; and he feared his coming to attend medical classes in Edinburgh might not be relished by the medical faculty: and therefore, during the whole session, he had studied earnestly. "I never," he said, "studied harder in my life." He did so because he wished to maintain his reputation as a student. How natural, also, that he should desire to see the end of his severe struggle, not to support himself merely, but his little household; and, besides, he longed to be free to go forth, without let or hindrance, to the blessed work of winning souls. Knowing how much depended on this, his last appearance, he says, in another letter, "I studied with might and main." He went in to his examination, he did his best; he thought he had done well but, to his inexpressible astonishment and grief, he was "*plucked*,"—an ugly word, but it is the term we students best understand; it comes closest home to our consciousness, and carries in it the concentrated essence of all that is undesirable in our student life;—*plucked* in Aberdeen in the two subjects which unhappily he had not studied there; rejected in Aberdeen in midwifery, for which, during the session, he won Sir J. Y. Simpson's diploma, and a certificate of merit to boot; rejected in Aberdeen on medical jurisprudence, for which, in Edinburgh, by fair competition, he carried off the *gold medal*. It is not our province to comment, and we studiously abstain from it; it is ours simply to chronicle; but a single word of sympathy from a personal friend of Elmslie's may not be out of place:—"Dear Elmslie," writes Professor Miller, "I sympathise with you most keenly in your heavy trial. . . 'God defend the right,' was a stout and good

old battle-cry, and He will." Mr. Elmslie returned to Edinburgh.

On rejoining us in the dispensary, there was much prayer for divine guidance, for it was a time of great perplexity. He was strongly urged to go back to Aberdeen, and take his degree in July. This, it was truly said, was the easiest course, so far as work was concerned. It was certainly the *cheapest*, and that was a consideration he could well appreciate. For a time he felt the sore pangs of suspense as to the path of duty; but the more he thought over it, the more evident it became, that were he to go back to Aberdeen, so shortly after being publicly rejected, it would appear that he was getting his qualification as a *favour*, and not as a *right*, and that all through life a certain suspiciousness or doubtfulness would attach to his degree,—and therefore to his professional standing, —seeing it was so immediately preceded by a "*plucking*." He could not return to Aberdeen. The following short note to his mother, which is the first he wrote after his rejection, shows the quarter in which he sought support and guidance:—"*M. M. Dispensary, 16th May* 1863.—DEAREST MOTHER,—I was delighted to get your cheering note, and very glad to hear that you feel comforted in mind, though very lonely. Let us cling close to Jesus, let us draw out of His fulness, and never forget that He cares for us,—for you, and for Stewart, and me—infinitely more than for the flowers which are looking so lovely just now. We may look upon ourselves as belonging truly to Him. May we not, dear mother? Then let us believe that all things will be made to work together for good for us,

even this—sore trial though at present it seems. May God bless and comfort you by His Spirit, dear mother.—Your affectionate son, WILLIAM."

When it was finally determined that he should take an extra year of study and graduate in Edinburgh, he withdrew as soon as possible from all official connection with the dispensary, and took lodgings in Brown Street; borrowing money from private friends to enable him to meet the responsibilities so unexpectedly thrown upon him. This was, to Mr. Elmslie, perhaps the hardest winter of his life. There was no difficulty, it is true, in finding those who were willing enough to lend to him, but a man must borrow with great hesitation and consideration, who honestly intends to repay, as Mr. Elmslie did; and, besides, one of an independent spirit is the less inclined to borrow the greater his need. Then Mr. Elmslie's mother was feeling so much her loneliness, through his continued absence from home, that he strove to the utmost that *she* should be comfortable, whatever might become of himself. Friends could not fail to notice that it was to him a season of serious self-denial, and once and again, with the view of moderating the severity of the pressure upon him, found means to convey help to him without letting him know whence it came. These love tokens were accompanied with the single sentence, "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." Soon after the packets reached their destination, he ran along to us to ask us to help him to give God thanks.

Before settling down to the hard study of the winter, he cleared off his first professional examination in the Univer-

sity at Edinburgh, and sent his mother the following account of the appearance he made:—"6 *Brown Street, Edinburgh, Nov.* 4, 1863. MY EVER DEAR MOTHER,—Bless the Lord with me for His great goodness to me! I have passed (my first professional) at the University of Edinburgh, and more than passed, for the professors passed high encomiums on the excellence of my papers. Prof. Balfour was so satisfied with my paper on botany, that he merely showed me some microscopic preparations, and asked me to name them. Prof. Playfair said my paper on chemistry was so good, that he did not intend to put a single question more. On learning that I had been a pupil of Prof. Brazier's, he said I reflected great credit on my former teacher. Oh, mother, these were little words, but how sweet they were to me! In my heart, all the time I listened to them, I was blessing God for having given me power to write such papers, and thus to corroborate all that had been said in favour of my character as a student. The paper on natural history was without one error, and Prof. Allman, in my *viva voce*, was fully satisfied with my answers. How thankful I am and ought to be. I don't think I ever studied so hard as during the past five weeks. The subjects to which I had to devote my attention were extensive, and I knew that much depended on my success. The thought of that nerved me. I prayed constantly and earnestly that the Lord would bless my efforts, and He has! . . . . Please let me have dear Stewart's letter, that I may write him a long answer. . . . . My communion last Sabbath was not so happy as I could have wished; my mind was too exhausted for full enjoyment, but I was enabled

to feel myself a sinner, and once more to take Jesus to be my Saviour."

Few could say more truthfully than Mr. Elmslie that he prayed "constantly and earnestly." This session, especially, when labouring to redeem his character as a student from the slur cast upon it by his rejection, he seemed to feel the need of constant waiting upon God. He prayed as much as if study were of little use; he studied as hard as if to pray were vain. He furnished a good illustration of "Praying and Working." This winter he became secretary to the "Medical Student's Devotional Society," and did what he could to promote its interests. There was something touching in Mr. Elmslie's *manner* in prayer. He spoke in his natural voice, without a trace of the artificial in its tone. His sentences were short and very simple, which gave a child-like character to his supplications; and it was encouraging to note the *confidingness* with which, in humbleness of spirit, he made known his wants to his Father in heaven.

The following short letter to his mother notes the progress of his studies:—"6 *Brown Street*, 29*th February*, 1864. My dearest Mother,—Your last note was very cheering to me. The same post brought me one from Stewart, telling of his safe arrival at his ship, for which I join you in thanking our Heavenly Father. I continue to feel less nervous, and am able to study very hard. God will bless those strenuous efforts, and, as you say truly, dear mother, the time will soon slip away, and we shall see each other again. Take great care of yourself till then, dear mother. My examinations take place early in April, but I don't

intend, at present at least, to appear again in Aberdeen till I am doctor of medicine from the university; that can not be till the 1st August. Dr. Candlish is to deliver the first of his course of lectures on the Fatherhood of God to-morrow, and a great treat I expect it to be. We have lost Mr. Dykes; you will be sorry to hear his health has obliged him to leave St. George's, where his preaching was so much appreciated,—and he has gone to rest in Italy for the present. God bless and comfort you with the precious consolations of His Spirit!—Dear mother, your loving son, WILLIAM.

One subject for prayer which was never omitted was *guidance* as to his future sphere of labour. Only two of the places brought under his notice require mention—Bombay and Kashmir. Friends interested in the extension of medical missions were exerting themselves to raise £2000, to guarantee a fair start to a medical mission in Bombay; but, till the sum should be completed, even those who looked upon Elmslie as the very man for the sphere, and longed to possess him, had not faith to enter into a definite agreement with him. Gladly would Mr. Elmslie have gone to Bombay, for he considered it one of the most important heathen centres in India, where there was full scope for the exercise of all the gifts and graces wherewith God had blessed him. He more than once spoke of the *unbelief* that shrunk from fixing him, when the hand of God was so manifest in all the antecedent movements connected with that mission. Kashmir was under his notice for a considerable time. This was also a new mission.

"It was in the year 1862," says the Rev. Mr. Clark, "that the Kashmir Mission was commenced by an address which was sent to the Church Missionary Society, signed by most of the great and good men who then held in their hands the government of the Punjaub. They knew that the best means of benefitting Kashmir was the gift of God's Word, and the exemplification of Christian charity. Kashmir, from the earliest times, had been an outlying province of the Punjaub, and had been made over by us to the present reigning family not twenty years before; and Christian people desired to place within reach of the people in Kashmir the same blessings which they had endeavoured to give to the Punjaub. It was during a journey on the mountain-road between Murree and Abbottabad, that the idea first occurred to *Dr. Cleghorn*, that Kashmir was one of those countries where the influence of medical skill would greatly avail to aid the introduction of Christ's gospel."

The "Church Missionary Society's Committee of Correspondence, April 5, 1864, resolved—That, adverting to the Christian zeal and extraordinary liberality of the friends of the Society in the Punjaub towards the establishment of the Kashmir Mission, and their judgment of the importance to its success of a medical missionary, this Committee will make the present case an exception to their general practice, and will be willing to enter into communication with Mr. Elmslie, with a view to his appointment to the Kashmir Mission, provided that he is prepared cordially to act upon the missionary principles of the Society." The movement in this country was

promoted by Professor Balfour, Dr. Coldstream, and the Rev. G. D. Cullen, all of whom took a kind interest in Mr. Elmslie, and the result was, that he was appointed for five years a *lay* agent of the Church Missionary Society, and hence his Presbyterianism was not much of a difficulty. But there was a permanent drawback connected with the mission in Kashmir: "He seems," writes Dr. Coldstream "to be somewhat staggered by the rajah's law of exclusion from his possessions for six months of each year; but I have encouraged him to believe, that it may be quite possible for him to find abundance of occupation during that period of exclusion, in territory under British rule or protection."

"I can bear testimony," continues the worthy doctor, "very fully and with confidence, in favour of Mr. Elmslie, as having apparently all the gifts and graces which one desires to see conjoined in a medical missionary."

His medical examinations in Edinburgh, at the College of Surgeons and University, were duly passed with credit (he did "splendidly," he wrote to his mother), and he was capped in August 1864, and there was therefore now no ambiguity circling round his professional Status. Instead of writing to his much-loved mother, he rushed home to enjoy her company during the few weeks he could now afford before sailing for India. The following passage from a letter to Mrs. Coldstream shows the direction of his thoughts at this time:—

"27 *Blackfriars Street, Aberdeen,* 31*st August* 1864.—It does greatly gladden my heart to know that you have been making me and my future labours the subject of

earnest supplication at the throne of grace. I very much need your urgent petitions in my behalf, for although I have used my prayerful endeavour all along to have myself qualified for the special work to which, I trust, I have been called; nevertheless, when I get but a dim glimpse of the numerous and heavy responsibilities and great difficulties of my future position as a labourer for Jesus among the benighted heathen the irresistible exclamation of my heart is, Who is sufficient for these things? Quickly, however, I have the cheering response whispered into the ear of my faith by the loving and sympathising One, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I rest in that declaration of our Saviour. My dear mother, I am happy to be able to say, loves the Saviour, and does not grudge to give up a son to work under His banner, who has done so much for her soul. Who would not be willing to give up all to Jesus when He makes the demand? You can easily fancy how very much this willing surrendering of me to the Lord by my dear mother diminishes the sorrow which we mutually feel at the thought of being so far and so long separated. Jesus sweetens everything."

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO INDIA.

As mentioned by Dr. Elmslie in his letter to Mrs. Coldstream, it greatly lessened the trial of parting from his mother, that she came at length to be willing to give him up to *foreign* service. Long after his own mind was satisfied that he was called to labour amongst the heathen in distant lands, the mother failed to see that there was any need that her darling son should go so far from home. Sometimes she tried to introduce the subject, to plead with him from *her* standpoint; but whenever she approached it, he held up his hand, and, with an earnest deprecating gesture cried, "No! mother, no." Having got, as he believed, his marching orders from the "Captain of Salvation," he could not confer with flesh and blood. "Let her tell Jesus," he used to say; "*He* will put all right," and He did, for she gave him up willingly; and fondly she blessed him. It aggravated the trial on both sides that Mrs. Elmslie's other son—a sailor—was then far away from home; but William did his utmost to arrange for her comfort after his departure. His first note addressed to her after rejoining us in Edinburgh bears date, "*Friday night*," and was written after special prayer by a few

friends, that the Lord would graciously sustain and comfort her: "My dearest mother . . . . cheer up. I am well, and our loving Father is supporting me graciously in this hour of trial. He will sustain both of us if we lean on His almighty arm. I leave in an hour for London after very laborious work in Edinburgh. Every one is very kind to me. God bless and comfort you.—Your loving son, WILLIE."

"*Southampton, 19th September* 1864.—MY EVER DEAREST MOTHER,—When I dropped you my last note I was indeed in a very great hurry, for I had but a few minutes before leaving for London. Dear Mr. Ritchie's coming with me has been a source of great pleasure. I heartily wish he were coming all the way to India. After transacting all my business in London, we went down to Windsor, and spent the remainder of Saturday and Sunday with Uncle Stewart and Emma, who welcomed us most cordially. Vine Cottage is a little paradise of a place, I wish I could transport you to it, dear mother; how much good it would do you. We went to church in old Windsor where we heard a pitiably poor sermon. In the afternoon we went to St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle; there was no sermon, but the music was very grand. I believe most of the members of the choir are professionals . . . .

"I am really well now, dearest mother. I trust you are leaning on God and rejoicing in Him. *Rejoice in the Lord alway.*—Your ever loving son, WILLIE."

"*Southampton, 20th September* 1864, '*Poonah.*'—Just about to sail. Sorry about you, dear mother; only kept up by the knowledge that the Lord Himself is with you.

Lean hard on the Lord, and may He spare us to meet! The Lord bless you and comfort you. I shall write from Gibraltar in a very few days.—Your ever loving son, WILLIE."

"*Poonah, off the coast of Portugal, Sept.* 24.—MY EVER DEAR MOTHER,—We expect to arrive in Gibraltar to-morrow morning, and I cannot let an opportunity pass without posting a few lines for you.

"I have great reason for thankfulness to our gracious Father for all His kindness since I left you. With the exception of one day's sickness, I have kept well even through the heavy swell on the Bay of Biscay. . . .

"I daresay you feel curious to know how I like boardship life, and who my fellow-passengers are. We have Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Dutchmen, and old Indians on board, and among the servants there are natives of India and China. Poor things, they are so looked down upon; I long to be able to speak a kind word to them, and to tell them that God loves them. There are two others in the cabin with me,—one a Christian man, an officer from the Punjaub, who knows the missionaries there. He also knows Dr. F——, and speaks highly in praise of him.

"We have three clergymen with us, one of whom is Archdeacon of Madras, to whom Major R—— proposed that we should have morning prayers, and this has been begun. Only a few have, as yet, attended, but it was pleasant to unite in thanking God for His great goodness, and to claim fulfilment of the promise that where two or three are gathered together in Christ's name, He will be in the midst of them. To-day we had a larger attendance. . .

My own morning reading is the Bible; I also have had great pleasure in reading 'Gentle Life.' Our usual routine is: at 9, breakfast; 10, prayers; reading till 12, the hour for luncheon; on deck reading or conversing till 4, when the summons to dinner is heard. I must tell you what a fix I was in the first day at dinner. You know what a fear I have of being called on to carve; but where do you think I found my place at table, but right before a dish of fowls! I had to do my best, but have managed to avoid that seat ever since. After dinner there is the same round of reading, talking, or playing chess. I long to be in India, settled to work, for this kind of life is mere vegetating. I mean to begin the study of Hindustani next week: this will be my chief work for some months to come. Pray for me, dear mother. It is a very difficult language; but you remember the miracle of the gift of tongues. The Archdeacon is to preach to-morrow. I am sorry to think we are to arrive at Gibraltar on a Sunday, as I shall not be able to go and explore.

"I shall take up the thread of my story before we reach Malta, so as to have a letter ready for you when the mail goes out. . . .

"Good-night, dearest mother; may you enjoy much of the presence of the good Spirit.—Your ever loving son, WILLIE."

"*Mediterranean Sea, S.S. Poonah, 28th Sept.* 1864.—MY EVER DEAR MOTHER,—We have had a very calm and pleasant run from the Rock, but now we are being so roughly tossed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, that it is with difficulty I can write. . . . The Archdeacon and cap-

tain arranged that worship should be in the evening on Sunday, as there was a great deal of noise and bustle on the morning of the Lord's day. In the evening, accordingly, everything was beautifully arranged. A large awning was spread over the quarter-deck, a box erected as a desk, having in front a large lantern, and the Archdeacon preached a very good sermon from those words, 'What think ye of Christ?'

"After service I had an interesting conversation with a young Dutch lady, who is evidently dying of consumption. She told me she had lived a very thoughtless life, but the glorious light of the Gospel seems to be dawning on her mind. I trust it is so, for her sun is fast setting. . . . I have begun Hindustani, and am kindly helped by Major R.

"The Lord bless and comfort my dear mother.—Your ever loving son, WILLIAM."

"*To the same.*—Yesterday forenoon we arrived at Malta, and I had the pleasure of visiting Valetta, its principal city, which is composed chiefly of military forts of the greatest strength. I am told by military men on board that the island is considered impregnable. Passing along the main street of Valetta, we saw the Governor's palace. The women almost all wore black mantles over their hair, in some cases fastened with flowers. Every second person we met was a priest: there are 1600 in the capital alone. We visited the great Church of St. John's,—a truly magnificent building, so far as costly embellishments go; but it is florid, and not in harmony with the sacred purpose of the edifice. It reminded me of

Notre Dame in Paris, but neither of these buildings please me so much as the Duomo in Florence, of which you have a photograph. A host of importunate beggars besieged us as we entered St. John's,—arrant rogues they seemed, every one of them. The son of Louis Philippe was buried in this church, and over his tomb there is an exquisite piece of sculpture.

"We spent a very interesting afternoon with Mr. Gibb, who took us to see the depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the superintendent of which is an old soldier, a soldier of the cross, too, and of the right stamp for such a post. Four thousand Bibles were sold the year before last, and through his laborious exertions no fewer than twelve thousand were disposed of last year. There cannot but be fruit where God's word is sown, accompanied as the sowing is, by many an earnest prayer for the increase. Mr. G. next took us to see the Public Library of Valetta, which belonged originally to the knights of Malta, and in which I saw copies of the writings of the Fathers in Divinity. There is a university in Valetta, and a capital normal school, in which, in addition to a good education, the boys have lessons in shoemaking, printing, and carving. . . .

"We had to leave the young Dutch lady at Malta, as she was too ill to stand a further voyage. I trust the Lord has begun a good work in her soul, and that Mr. W., who has promised to act as minister to her, may be the means of helping her heavenward. I am often with you in thought, dearest mother, and trust you are enjoying peace and happiness. Turn your heart to Jesus, as your flowers turn their heads to the sun, and let your language be,—

"'Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!"

—Your ever loving son, WILLIE.

Visiting Alexandria and Cairo, he writes of the interest with which he saw the classic remains in these cities, the palm trees, the camels, the crowded bazaars, and the many other characteristics of an eastern country. As a medical man he could not fail to notice the sad state of the eyes of many of the Egyptians. The whole voyage was full of novelty to him, and he tried, by minute descriptions of all he saw, to cheer his friends at home.

On the way up to Calcutta the vessel called at Madras. "I was one," writes Dr. Elmslie, "of a party who went on shore. We had but a short time to spend on land, so we had to be active. We first went to the Free Church Mission premises, which we found easily, owing to my recollection of the description given of them in the 'Free Church Missionary Record.' The Rev. Mr. Miller welcomed us most heartily. You may remember that he was a member of a literary society which met weekly in the College, of which Salmond and I were also members. He kindly showed us all the mission premises. We saw the various classes at work and were surprised at the extent of the students' scholarship. Everything is in first-rate order. We then drove on to see Mr. Paterson of the Medical Mission in Madras. We were fortunate in finding him at home, and both he and Mrs. Paterson were cordial in their welcome. Of course

our whole conversation turned on medical missions, but it had to be short, as we were soon hurried off to our floating home."

Again he writes to his mother:—"*S.S. Simla, 27th Oct.* 1864.—My ever dear mother,—Hurrah! We are expected to reach Calcutta to-morrow forenoon. Since writing from the wild barren Aden I have feasted my eyes on the luxuriant verdure of Point de Galle, and breathed the 'spicy breezes' of which Reginald Heber sang, and now here I am drawing near to the field of my future labours. . . . During the voyage I have read a story called 'Trevelyan Hold,' in which you will find a not inaccurate description of my old master: 'Gentle Life;' 'Leisure hours in town,' do get, you would enjoy it, dear mother; 'True Yoke-fellows;' 'Life of Judson.' Pray, dear mother, that I may be like the noble Judson in all in which he resembled our blessed Saviour. 'Lady M. Wortley Montague's Letters' also have interested me much. You remember it was she who introduced 'Inoculation' from the east. Last, and best, I have read in my Greek Testament. The study of it has given me much enjoyment. Tell me everything when you write; the smallest details about yourself and all my friends, and dear Stewart, will be interesting to me. I hope you are not mourning over my absence, dear mother, but rather thanking God for sending me on the best and noblest of errands,—to win some hearts among the perishing thousands of Kashmir to the loving Saviour. Oh, dear mother, I long for the time when your heart and mine shall love Jesus purely and with all their strength. Pray very earnestly that our

gracious Father may pour out upon us the sanctifying influences of His Spirit."

On the 28th October, about 3½ P.M., Dr. Elmslie landed in Calcutta, and in a letter to his friend, Mr. Ritchie, he refers to the ravages of the terrible cyclone, which just a short time before had swept over that region :—"It was a sad, sad sight, indeed, to see innumerable and unmistakeable proofs of the wild and irresistible fury of the recent cyclone, as we sailed up the Hoogley to the Indian metropolis. The whole surrounding country appeared to be in ruins. Houses were unroofed, others completely blown down, gigantic trees totally uprooted, and ships of the heaviest tonnage lay high-and-dry on the river's banks. By the liberality of the Europeans and Parsees, much of the consequent sufferings of the poorer classes have been relieved. The beautiful gardens at Calcutta are a total ruin. It will take a year at least to clear the ground of the trees that have been felled, and a hundred years to restore some of the most beautiful and valuable. How very friendly and unsectarian all evangelical denominations are here. All who profess to love and serve Christ seem to form one loving brotherhood, as it ought to be."

CHAPTER VI.

FROM CALCUTTA TO KASHMIR.

As the secretary of the Church Missionary Society was up country when Dr. Elmslie arrived in Calcutta, and none of the mission circle expected him so soon, he found no one awaiting him, and so for a time he went to a hotel. To his mother he writes:—"On Sunday we went to the Free Church Mission Church and heard a good Scotch sermon from the Rev. Mr. Don. After service I was introduced to Dr. Robson, who is Free Church Medical Missionary in Calcutta. Dr. and Mrs. Robson kindly asked us to spend the day at the Free Church Mission House, where we were introduced to the native Christian students, and to one who is not yet in Jesus, but who is groping his way to the Saviour out of heathen darkness. I accompanied Dr. Robson and two of the native Christian students to a small open meeting-house, situated in the native town. Here Dr. Robson read one or two chapters of the Holy Scriptures in Bengali to a crowd collected outside. Many listened with great attention as if pondering what they heard. After Dr. Robson had finished, one of the students addressed the assembly in Bengali on the words to which they had been listening. His address

seemed earnest and eloquent. Questions were asked and objections raised, and, while the two students were busy in answering them, Dr. Robson was giving away religious tracts in English to those in the crowd who could read English. In the evening Dr. Robson took me to the Deistical Church, where thirty young men were gathered together. The services were begun by a hired musician, who played on a kind of native harp accompanying it with his voice. After this, one of the members read prayers, the congregation repeating them after him. Prayers ended, another of the company read what would correspond to a sermon, but which consisted of a description of the miseries of the pitiable sufferers in the recent cyclone, and a collection was made on their behalf. The members of this association are men thoroughly convinced of the absurdities of Hinduism, but to whom the pure and man-humbling doctrines of Christianity are unattractive and therefore rejected. Oh that the Lord would open their eyes that they may see!

"On Monday, the 31st, the Governor-General arrived in Calcutta, and Dr. F. came at once to see me, and I got a very cordial reception from him.

"*Journal, Nov.* 2, 1864.—Visited the Medical College and the Sailors' Home with Dr. F.

"*Nov.* 3.—Read in 1st Epistle of John (Greek); met several members of Church Missionary Society Committee, among whom was Colonel Bacon, who has been in Kashmir, and thus able to give me some information about the state of its people. My Lord, fit me for my work among them, I beseech thee!

"*Nov. 6th.*—To-day read Duff's Missionary Addresses. Oh for his enthusiasm as a missionary! I do love Thee, my Saviour, and think I am quite willing to take up my cross and follow Thee, if only thou fulfil Thy considerate and loving promise to be ever with me! Thou WILT fulfil it, dear Jesus! Went with Dr. Cleghorn to church. How my heart warmed when I saw him and Mrs. C.,—children of God from dear old Scotland. We spent the evening in reading God's Word and in prayer. It was a feast to my soul. Oh! that our gracious God may richly answer the prayers we then offered up for an outpouring of blessing on missions everywhere, and especially on the Medical Mission to Kashmir Oh! that He may qualify me for the difficult work which lies before me, granting me heavenly wisdom!

"*Nov. 8th.*—Read an interesting account of the analysis of some specimens of Cinchona Succirubra Bark, grown in Ootacamund. The result of the examination proves that this species of C. bark, cultivated in India, is far superior to the same species reared in South America. Six per cent. of alkaloid was obtained from it, of which three parts were quinine. Cultivation seems to have the desirable effect of increasing the percentage of quinine.

"*Nov. 8th.*—Was present at the Missionary Conference, which is composed of all the Evangelical Missionaries in Calcutta. They meet monthly in each other's houses.

"Dr. F. thinks I ought soon to set off for Lahore, where I shall enjoy the advantage of a large hospital, with opportunities of performing surgical operations, and where I shall be near the scene of my future labours. This

arrangement commends itself to me, therefore please send letters to Post Office, Lahore. . . . Dear mother, you are often in the thoughts and ever in the prayers of your loving son, WILLIAM."

Dr. Elmslie spent a fortnight of much enjoyment with Mr. Vaughan of the Church Missionary Society in Calcutta, and during this time visited all the important institutions of the city. He was much interested in the work carried on by Dr. Robson, then Medical Missionary in connection with the Free Church. Of a visit paid to one of Dr. Robson's patients, he writes thus :—"The young man was a student of the university. I asked if he had studied the Bible, but he confessed that for some time he had not given it serious consideration. He said he had found great difficulty in some portions of the New Testament. I asked him to specify one of those portions, and he immediately mentioned that passage where our Lord enumerates the marks of a disciple. I rashly hazarded an explanation, but it would have been wiser to have avowed its difficulty, as it was a subject I had not studied in its theological bearings. How much I have to learn? How much I need Heavenly wisdom! I meet many who are far better qualified than I for carrying on the glorious work of evangelisation. Nevertheless, I believe there is a niche for me, Father, even me! Thou knowest my heart, O Lord; and Thou knowest that I love Thee!

"*Nov.* 18.—Punctually at 7 A.M., the Hon. Mr. Muir, Dr. F., and Dr. C. rode into the compound of the Church Mission House to bid me farewell, and Dr. F. and Dr. C. accompanied me to the railway station. We crossed

to Howrah by ferry, and at 8 o'clock I was hurried away from those dear Christian men who, during all my stay in Calcutta, were ever doing me kindnesses." . . . And their kindnesses accompanied him; for "It was arranged," writes Dr. Cleghorn, "at a little conference in the Church Mission House, consisting of the Rev. Mr. Stewart, Dr. Farquhar, Dr. Cleghorn, and Dr. Elmslie, that Dr. Elmslie should start yesterday, the 18th. The route was prepared, and special friends were advised of his expected arrival. A little company of us here have more than once commended Dr. Elmslie to God in united prayer. We partook together of the communion on Sabbath, and at the railway station we felt it to be a solemn duty to wish this new labourer 'God-speed,' and to pray for large success. We have suggested that Dr. Elmslie should remain for several months at Lahore to learn the language, see the system of instruction at the Medical College, and perhaps find a native agent to accompany him to Kashmir when the season opens."

On the way to Lahore, he ever after remembered most gratefully the kindness received from all his brother missionaries. His next letter to his mother is dated Amritsar, Dec. 20, 1864, and in it he recounts some, out of many, of the interesting events of the journey:—

"Since I last wrote to you, my time has been spent in travelling nearly fourteen hundred miles, receiving hearty welcomes from dear Christians at every halting-place, visiting schools, dispensaries, hospitals, and prisons. One of the most interesting sights I saw in Calcutta was the examination of the college instituted by Dr. Duff, and the

distribution of prizes to the most deserving students by Sir John Lawrence. It is the first time that a governor-general of India has done the like in a missionary institution, and we may hope that it betokens a new and brighter era in the history of the land. I believe there are scholars from this institution in almost every corner of Northern India, and that they are noted for their learning, and for their Christian character.

"My first resting-place on the journey from Calcutta to Amritsar was at Benares, the Rome or Mecca of India. It is the stronghold of Hinduism, and the most bigoted city in India, so that you can believe I saw much to sadden me, much, too, to make me glad; for missionary operations are being carried on most vigorously. I must tell you an incident which happened when I was visiting one of the great temples there. As the crowds of worshippers entered the temple, I saw that every one was furnished with flowers, some in garlands, others in bouquets, which were meant as offerings to the god, or to make them fit to appear before it. The room into which we were conducted was dimly lighted. I could only just perceive a block of wood or stone, shaped in the form of the head of a fish. It stood on the ground, enclosed by a little fence of stone work, and near it stood a priest, who, on seeing me, stepped forward, and threw a garland of flowers round my neck before I was aware. Fancy me decked as if ready to worship this contemptible deity! He,—this sensual-looking priest, implored me for money, which, however, I did not give.

"At Allahabad I spent some very happy days in the house of the Hon. Mr. Muir. I was asked to conduct a

prayer-meeting among the soldiers, which I consented to do, but with very mixed feelings. I do desire to commend Christ by word as well as by deed, but I am such a poor speaker. However, I do not think this a sufficient reason for refusing, when offered the opportunity of speaking for the Lord. With God's help, I shall try to speak more for Him than I have ever yet done. I spent some pleasant days at Delhi, Umballa, and Jullunder, where I had the privilege of meeting Sir Herbert Edwardes, who was staying with my kind host Mr. Elliott. Sir Herbert is a great friend to the Kashmir Medical Mission, and spoke freely of his views as to our policy there. His opinion corresponds with that of Mr. Clark. From Jullunder I went to Loodiana, and, along with the American missionary, Mr. Woodside, visited the Rajah of Kapurthāla, who seemed anxious about the real good of his people. . . . . With all my heart wishing you and dear Stewart a very happy New Year,—Your own loving son, WILLIE."

"*Amritsar Journal, Dec.* 16, 1864.—Drove with Mr. W. to see the Mission School. On our way, ascended one of the very lofty minarets, from which we had a wonderfully extensive view of the city and its neighbourhood. The famous tank and splendid *Golden Temple* of the Sikhs lay at our feet. We visited the temple, but, before entering, we were asked to change our leather shoes for cloth slippers, as the cow is considered a sacred animal with the Sikhs. The temple is situated in the midst of the famous tank of Amritsar, and is approached by a pier paved with most beautiful marble. It is one sheet of gold and mirrors within. A man wearing a large crimson turban was seated

in front of an immense cushion, on which lay the Sikh Bible, or Granth. Around this man several other priests were seated, and near them there were three musicians, who continued to play in a strange monotonous style.

"The offerings brought and laid before the Granth by the poor worshippers were not very munificent, consisting chiefly of flowers, or rice, or paise. The chief priest uncovered the book, and read a portion of it, not much to our edification.

"There are two sects of Sikhs, the followers of Nanak, who was, considering his opportunities, an enlightened man, and a lover of peace; and the followers of Govind, who held that the Sikh religion should be promoted by the sword. His sword is kept in a separate temple. . . .

"We next visited the Mission School, where I examined three of the classes, and found them very well grounded indeed.

"18*th Dec.*—Went to English Church, where Mr. Wathen preached from the words, "The Lord is at hand," an impressive sermon. Afterwards I enjoyed some sweet communion with God. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. C., Mr. R., and myself formed a little party for Bible reading, and had a very interesting conversation on Rom. iii.

"21*st.*—Hard at work at Hindustani. Read paper on Kashmir, kindly lent me by Mr. Clark. O Lord, how much he and I need Thy Holy Spirit to be infused as a spirit of wisdom and of strong faith.

"25*th.*—Partook of the Lord's Supper, and afresh dedicated myself to the Lord who died for me. Realised how unworthy I am, how imperfect my life is! O Lord,

make Thine own child something like his Father; give me much more of the family likeness! Went in afternoon to native church, and heard Daud Singh, the native pastor, preach. The boys and girls from the orphanages formed the principal part of the congregation. The church is most suitably planned, so that heathen listeners may gather in the verandah, and hear the word of God.

"26*th*.—Studied hard all forenoon. Aid me, Lord!

"Mr. C. received peremptory orders from Jummoo to remove all his furniture from the bungalow in Srinagar, in which he had deposited it on his departure from the valley. This is trying and perplexing. I would refer it all to Thee, O Lord; for the matter is Thine, not mine. I am lamentably ignorant, but Thou art omniscient. At present the horizon looks black and lowering, but affairs committed to God's care cannot but go well in the end. Read Hügel's Travels in Kashmir.

"30*th*.—Went with Mr. C. and Mr. F. to have an interview with Sir R. Montgomery, who received us cordially, and made many inquiries respecting the various missions with which we are individually connected. . . . O Lord, make me a better servant and missionary! I mourn over my leanness: fill me with Thy Spirit, that I may bring forth fruit to Thy praise! Read Hügel.

"*Jan.* 1*st*.—Had some delightful hours alone with God. Oh, for a closer walk with my God and Saviour!

"3*d*.—Hindustani for three hours. Home letters at last. Dr. Burns Thomson's first Medical Missionary circular. May the Lord copiously bless it! Spent some hours in a native druggist's shop in the city, and learned a great deal

about the medicines used by Hakims. While there, a funeral procession passed, followed by a number of women dressed in very coarse garments, and wailing bitterly. Am told their grief is not all genuine; some of them were paid mourners."

Dr. Elmslie reached Lahore on Jan. 18th, and wrote next day:—"*Lahore, 19th Jan.* 1865.—At Lahore at last, and hoping to have some earnest hard work before it is time to go to Kashmir. We are likely to meet with many difficulties in our missionary operations, but the Lord is on our side, and He will turn the hearts of those high in power, so that the good news of His dear Son may be told to the inhabitants of that lovely land. I had a brief interview with Mr. M'Leod, the lieutenant-governor, to-day, and also visited Mr. Cooper, who was for some time British resident in Srinagar. He said he would readily give me letters of introduction to the leading men in Kashmir, if I were merely going there as a physician, unconnected with a Christian mission.

"*Feb. 3d.*—Have undertaken a class in Mr. Forman's school; got on pretty well, having studied carefully beforehand: first wrote out the lesson in Hindustani, and had it corrected by my Moonshee. The boys are so dirty. Dear mother, what would you think of them! yet they are often profusely decorated with ornaments of gold and silver.

"*14th.*—Your troublesome cough back again! I can't tell you how sorry I am for that. I am delighted to hear of J. W.'s success: he must press on, and make 'Excelsior' his motto. And is it true that my little name-daughter

has been taken away to swell the numbers of the lambs in the fold above? I remember a sweet verse of a hymn which you may like to send her mother—

> "'Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
> Death came with friendly care;
> The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
> And bade it blossom there.'

"I shall write to her mother, whose kindness to me I can never forget. . . I am labouring hard at the language, and have a teacher—a Moonshee—for two hours daily. I teach for two hours in the Mission School, and sometimes spend as much as three hours in the Government Hospital, which I visit daily, in order to become familiar with Indian complaints. I meant to spin you a long yarn about the country and the people, but must defer till my next.—Your ever loving son, WILLIAM."

"*Lahore, Feb. 28th.*—So thankful, my dearest mother, that you feel better. Summer is coming, with its genial sunshine and bright blue skies, and all the gladness which nature in our dear Scotland can display, and you must go to the country and see it all. I should like you to go to Ballater, and see the beautiful everlasting mountains I love so much. Yes, you will go, and write and tell me all about them. How I long to see hills! This country of India is just a dead level,—as smooth as the table of your best room. When journeying from Calcutta I saw some hills (though very diminutive ones); my heart was gladdened within me, they reminded me so much of Deeside. The other day I read a good criticism of Enoch Arden, one of Tennyson's poems, which I read to you on the banks of

the Feuch, near Banchory, when you and I visited that lovely spot. How I delight in recalling those bright days in our past! If it please God, dearest mother, I hope we shall again visit the 'Falls,' and again speak together of God's wonderful goodness to us both. I shall soon see higher mountains than you or I have ever yet beheld—the great Himalayas, in the midst of which lies cradled my future home, or perhaps I should say my field of work I know you would like to read about it. The books which I find give one the most interesting information are, Jacquemont's Travels, Moorcroft's, and Vigne's ditto. If God spare me I purpose writing a book more comprehensive than any of them, as I shall have valuable opportunities for gathering information if spared to remain for a sufficient length of time in the valley. . . . Let me have much of your earnest prayers; I shall need them and expect them. By praying, dear mother, you will immeasurably help me, even more than if you were travelling with me over these strange lands. How the people of this dark land need the gospel, which alone can elevate and purify them! You can form no idea of their wickedness, but it corroborates the description given by St. Paul in Romans i. Much is being done for them, both by Government and by Missionaries, but so deep-seated is the evil, that you see as yet but little resulting from those efforts,—the evil seems to absorb the good just as a burning sandy waste absorbs the rain which falls on it. There are no fewer than 604 female schools in the Punjaub, but what are they among the millions? and if taught by heathen teachers, what result can we look for? You would laugh many a time, dear

mother, at the significant looks and smiles of my little brown-faced charge at the Mission School, when I attempt to launch out, and make blunders in the language in so doing. I never mind, but hold on my way, for some direct mission work I *must* do, however feebly. It is encouraging to me that those signals of my mistakes are becoming fewer and fewer. When I go to Kashmir I shall have a new language to learn, and it will be much more difficult to acquire, because there are no grammars nor dictionaries of Kashmiri. Those I must make for myself, and have already done something towards this work.

"I forgot to recommend to you a delightful book, written by that good doctor in Edinburgh, George Wilson; it is called 'Counsels of an Invalid.' Get it if you can. . . . My warmest love to you, dearest mother."

"*April* 5, 1865.—So —— is after the loaves and fishes, is he? Tell him he will never cease to repent it if he draw back from the service of the Lord, to which he has devoted himself many times. I trust the Lord may show him that it is a glorious service, from which none should swerve. Poor R. B., his race has soon been run, but to-day he is reaping the inexpressible joy of being saved by Jesus. It is this assurance which makes life on earth bearable. It is the bright hope of this that has sustained me up to this time. It is very remarkable that every letter from home has told me of some well-known friend's death; this makes me anxious, but, as you say, we are each one in God's hands, and this thought should allay our fears, and calm the disturbed mind. 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' I feel sorry and astonished to

hear that Mrs. —— is so proud. But, dear mother, we are all frail in some way. Oh, to be really like Jesus! in humility and in everything else in which it is possible for us to resemble Him. To strive after this is really our life-work.

"It was resolved at a harmonious meeting of the committee, which met on Friday, that I should start for Kashmir on April 11th, and travel by Rawal Pindee and Murree. A proposition was made that I should go along with the Bishop of Calcutta, who is to spend a month in the valley for the benefit of his health, but I was opposed to this plan, for this reason, that the natives look on him as a great public functionary, in short, as one of the highest in the Government; and I fear, if I were to accompany him, that the natives of Kashmir would consider me too a servant of Government, and so my mission would be frustrated. The committee agreed with me. My policy in Kashmir is to be one of peace.

"*Journal, April 20th.*—Travelled from Lahore to Rawal Pindee in a Government gāri, a curious lumbering conveyance, drawn by the most wretched and stubborn of horses. From Rawal Pindee partly by hill-cart, and partly by mule. The hill-cart certainly excels the gāri in speed if not in comfort. It is something like an Irish car on two high wheels, and although the road to Murree is all more or less steep, the horses seemed almost to fly along the way. It is curious to find one's self mounting terrace after terrace of the steep mountain side, and to look down on the great landscape of the plains you have left. Rhododendrons, honeysuckle, clematis, geraniums, acacias on every

side, mingling with the grand Alpine firs. Murree itself is a Swiss-like station, every house built in some cleft of the mountain side; from it you see the everlasting snows not very far off.

"21*st*.—Left Murree with the Rev. Mr. Handcock of Peshawar. After ten miles ride reached Dewal about midnight.

"22*d*.—From Dewal to Kohalla; a beautiful ride all down mountain side; passed through quantity of snow. Saw tiny yellow Potentilla Tormentilla, also the Pteris Quadrifolia, and Primula Vulgaris; very few birds to be seen among the pines which clothe those mountains through which we passed; the odour of the pines most charming. Half way to Kohalla saw the river Jhelum wending its way from Kashmir. Arriving at Kohalla, found the rest-bungalow preoccupied. Dined under a tree. Afterwards Qadir Bakhsh addressed the coolies and people from the village. One of the men was almost totally blind from cicatrices on the cornea; an artificial pupil would have done wonders for him.

"*April 24th*.—After seeing most of our baggage off on coolies' backs we crossed the rapidly flowing Jhelum in a ferry-boat, the oarmen of which seemed wonderfully dexterous. In climbing the rugged road to Dhanna had many a fall, and arrived in a bruised and tired condition, but said that I should be glad to see any of the sick people in the village if they came after breakfast. It was now 11 A.M., and an hour after, a large company had assembled some sixteen of whom became my patients."

In a communication to us, written as he passed up

country, it came out on every page how much Dr. Elmslie magnified his office as a Medical Missionary. From the time he left England till now, when he enters Kashmir, he never let slip an opportunity of gathering or giving information about Medical Missions, and anything hopeful regarding their extension gladdened his heart. "When at Jullunder, on my way to Lahore, I met with the Rev. Mr. Woodside of the American Presbyterian Mission, whose sphere of labour is Kapurthala. You are perhaps aware that the Rajah of Kapurthala is favourably disposed to Christianity. He contributes very largely to missionary objects, and has built a handsome church entirely at his own expense. His Highness has also built a large and commodious house for a Medical Missionary. I trust a suitable agent will soon be appointed to this place. The sphere is an excellent one. As David (Young) is nearly finished, I have asked Mr. W. to write to him. At Allahabad I met the Rev. Mr. Williamson, Presbyterian Chaplain in one of Her Majesty's regiments, now serving in India. He belongs to the Established Church of Scotland. But there is little or nothing of the '*Isms*' in India. Love to the Saviour is the shibboleth. Mr. Williamson became so full of Medical Missions that he resolved to write to Dr. Norman M'Leod about having a Medical Missionary sent to the Established Church Mission at Sealkote." When Dr. Elmslie returned to Scotland in 1870, he had the joy of meeting for an hour or so, in Edinburgh, a young Medical Missionary—Dr. Hutchison—just starting for Sealkote.

CHAPTER VII.

KASHMIR—ITS PEOPLE, ETC.

It may be well to precede Dr. Elmslie into the valley that is to be the principal scene of his future labours, to get a glimpse of the country, the people, the Government, &c. that we may the more intelligently accompany him in his work.

The valley of Kashmir is situated to the north of the Punjaub, between north latitudes 33° and 35°, and east longitudes 74° and 76°. Its height above the level of the sea is about 5355 feet. The range of mountains to the south of this far-famed valley, and separating it from the Punjaub, is called the Pir Panjal, the average height of which, above the level of the sea, is about 12,000 feet. The two main passes in this mountain range are the Banihal, at an elevation of 9200 feet, and the Pir Panjal at a height of 11,400 feet. The valley itself, which is very flat and fertile, is about 50 miles in length and 20 in breadth. Through the middle of the valley flows the broad bosomed Jhelum in a westerly direction. On both banks of this river, and equally distant from either end of the valley, stands Kashmir or Srinagar, the capital of the country. Although Srinagar, as a city, is possessed of un-

commonly great facilities for excellent sanitation in a magnificent river and numerous canals, it is nevertheless extremely filthy.

The climate of the valley of Kashmir is characterised by great salubrity. From the middle of June till the middle of August, the heat in the valley is sometimes a little disagreeable. The nights, however, are always cool and pleasant. The temperature is sometimes as high as 90° indoors during the time specified.

The total population of the valley, excluding that of any of the surrounding countries, and the inhabitants of the mountains is 402,700.

This number is divided thus:—

1. Sunnees, or Mussulmans as they call themselves,	312,700
2. Sheeas, sect of Mussulmans,	15,000
3. Hindoos,	75,000
Total population,	402,700

Population of Srinagar:—

1. Sunnees,	95,400
2. Sheeas,	7,000
3. Hindoos,	25,000
Total population of Srinagar,	127,400

In Kashmir there are 29,430 shawl weavers.

"The clothing of the Kashmiris, both men and women, consists essentially of one long loose woollen garment, which extends from the neck to the ankles, and is not very unlike a woollen night-gown. So far as this article of clothing is concerned, men and women are dressed exactly alike. The men, however, frequently wear a kamarband round their waists when they have a journey

to make, or some piece of work to perform which requires more or less of activity. The sleeves of the garment being wide and capacious, the wearer can with the greatest facility take his or her arms out of them, and place them alongside the body, in immediate contact with the bare skin. . . .

"The houses of the Kashmiris are not at all calculated to afford efficient shelter to their occupants against the inclemency of the weather in winter, being for the most part built of wood, and being besides generally in the most rickety and tumble-down condition imaginable. So far as the writer is aware, they are entirely destitute of fire-places, and when a fire is kindled inside one of them, the smoke must find a way of escape, either by the door or the window, which is never of glass, but, as a rule, of trellis work, which is often very pretty, and for which Kashmir is justly famous.

"Coal being unknown in the valley, wood is the material generally employed as fuel. The very poorest of the people, however, collect in the summer and autumn the ordure of cattle, which they mix with straw and then form into round cakes, which they dry in the sun's rays and carefully preserve against the coming winter. . . .

"The Kashmiris being extremely poor and inactive, and the climate at different seasons of the year being unpleasantly and bitterly cold, the inhabitants of the Fair Valley are in the habit of carrying about with them, wherever they go, earthenware pots, which they have denominated kangris. These kangris or portable braziers are made of clay of varying fineness, and are usually covered with

wicker-work, more or less ornamented according to the price of the article. Men and women, young and old, rich and poor, Hindoo and Mussulman, all have their kangri, and all consider it indispensable in the cold season. The fuel consumed in the kangri is charcoal, and the heat evolved is often considerable. . . .

"When the weather is extremely cold, it is customary for both men and women, while walking about out of doors, to carry the kangri under their loose woollen gowns, and in close proximity with the bare skin, the effect of which is often to produce a kind of cancer on those parts of the body most frequently subjected to this kind of irritation."

In the "*Christian Intelligencer*" for March 1871, there is an anonymous paper of much beauty and power from which the following particulars are gleaned:—"Let me speak first of the beauties and excellencies of the valley, and let me afterwards tell why, notwithstanding all these, Kashmir has left a sad picture on my mind. First—The country itself. Where, taking it as a whole, is anything more beautiful? I do not mean to say, that after all one has heard of it, there is not a shade of disappointment as one enters the valley by the Murree route; for it is not until you are fairly in the midst of the valley that you appreciate its beauty. To say that it is like an emerald set in silver, is to give but the faintest idea of the exquisite beauty of that bright green plain, with its broad stream, the Jhelum, running through it, and encircled on every side by snow-capped hills. Beautiful as a whole, it is far more so in its details. Its great swelling quiet river rippling down from one end to the other; its glittering

lakes overshadowed by giant rocks of every shape and shade; its grand groves of chinar (the grandest tree I have ever seen, its colouring so full of contrast, its shade so perfect, its size almost incredible); its orchards of fragrant fruit; its numberless mountain streams and rushing brooks (for it is indeed a land of fountains and streams of water); its quaint picturesque villages, with their houses almost like the fanciful Dutch houses of our children's toys; its massive ruins carrying one back into another world, and about which the English visitor is almost inclined to endorse the superstition of the natives,—that they were not built by men, but by some race of giants who lodged those great stones in the places from which man has never been able to remove them,—all these make its beauty as varied as striking; such a variety as perhaps is seen nowhere else in the world. And then, whichever way you branch out from the central valley up its smaller vales, there is still the same or even greater beauty. Rushing rivers with snow cold water flinging themselves over rocks and stones; little villages hid under the shade of towering walnut trees; and, as you get further up, peaks reaching up to heaven, glaciers, from under which bellow forth dark dazzling streams. Or, if we climb the hills round the valley, we come upon beautiful *murgs*, as they are called, plains on the tops of hills, covered with wild flowers, among which you may wade above your knees and in ten minutes gather such a variety, as your two hands cannot clasp,—forget-me-not, Canterbury bells, buttercups, columbine, and a hundred other dear old English friends,—while round the edge of these bright green meadows rise up the dark green deodars.

Or we go up bleaker hills, and come upon great mountain lakes (tarns we should call them in Yorkshire), so cold, so solitary, so awing.

"But there are other things in Kashmir to please besides the scenery. The people are certainly a peculiarly fine race. The men strong and handsome, capable of carrying with ease a maund, or even more, for fifteen miles over steep difficult hills, with such sturdy limbs as contrast almost ridiculously with the long thin tight-trousered legs of the Sikh soldiery. They really are, too, a most ingenious and clever and tasteful people. This is evident not merely from their exquisite shawls, but from the good taste of their papier-maché, and silver work, and jewellery, so far superior, not merely in execution, but in design and taste, to that of their Hindustanee neighbours. The women, perhaps, owe most of the fame of their beauty to their contrast with the expressionless faces of Hindustanee women; but still no one can go into Kashmir without seeing some few faces that strike him as very fine, not merely from the fresh colour and animated expression, but from the real excellency of the features. The climate, too, is unquestionably very delightful. . . . I doubt whether an English summer is, on the whole, so equable and pleasant. . . .

"Lastly, the produce of the country is almost everything that heart could wish. As regards grain, it is especially a rice-growing country, but really almost every kind of grain may be and is grown there. No greater testimony to the extreme fertility of the country can be given than the fact that, notwithstanding the terrible extortion and oppression

to which the people are subject, the agricultural part of the population is well clothed, and generally far from lean. But, of course, what strikes a visitor is not the grain, but the fruit, and of this there is the greatest variety and abundance. . . .

"But there is a great 'but' to all these which spoils everything. With all this light there is a deep shadow. And why should I stop and hesitate to mention and to repeat that which comes up first into my mind—the disgraceful oppression of the people. Yes, disgraceful to *us* English, for we sold, literally sold, the country into the hands of its present possessors; and selling it, sold with it the flesh and blood of thousands of our fellow creatures,—sold them into a perpetual slavery. Disgraceful, too, that it should lie under the shadow of our well-ruled provinces, and yet be so ground down; that the ruler should be a tributary of ours, and yet be allowed so to tyrannize.

"It is impossible that this oppression can cease so long as the Maharajah keeps up an army so utterly disproportionate to the size of his country. He must grind the faces of the poor to sustain such a large permanent force. That the army is ill-paid, discontented, inefficient, none can doubt, but still the men must have something given them to keep them in service. . . . This year, at a review which was on a Sunday, in honour of Sir H. Durand, the powder flask of one man blew up while a regiment was formed in square, and the explosion passed from man to man until more than eighty were prostrate. The army may do very well to bully the Kashmiri, or plunder the

weak native states around, but it would never even think of standing before a British force. . . .

"But what is this oppression that I have spoken of? It is this—that at one swoop half of every man's produce goes into the Government treasury. Half of everything, not merely of his grain, but even of the produce of his cattle, or whatever he has; so that from each cow he must give every second year a calf to Government, and from every half dozen of his chickens three go to the all-devouring sirkar. More than this even, his very fruit trees are watched by Government and half taken for the Maharajah. A poor Kashmiri can call nothing his own. But, in reality, it is not only half a man loses, for at least another quarter is taken by the rapacious government officials who have to collect the nominal half. Shakdars, Kárdárs, Ziladárs, soldiers, and others, all come in for their share. The wonder is, how the people exist at all. Of course I am a credulous missionary, and believed every story I heard, but I should like to find the man in Kashmir who could deny these facts. But it is not only the poor peasants who suffer; perhaps the condition of the shawl weavers is worse still. They are all the servants of the Government, which supplies them with material, and doles out to them a scanty pittance of two annas a day, and then sells them the rice (which it has taken from the peasants) at any price which it chooses to set upon it. These shawl weavers are a lean wan race, recognisable at once from their sallow complexion, thin cheeks and desponding look. Of course the idea at once suggests itself, why do not all the people

run away and come into India? But if they had the chance, can you wonder at their almost preferring to starve in their own home paradise rather than live in the furnace of India? Yet numbers of Kashmiris do prefer India to their own lovely land, simply because in India every man can live and be his own master, whatever else he has to put up with. But few are the happy men who can get away. A few are allowed to go into India, if they leave their wives and families behind as a guarantee for their speedy return, but only a few. As I was leaving Kashmir, two or three of these shawl weavers smuggled themselves out of the country as my coolies. I knew they must be shawl weavers from their pinched faces, and so did the soldiers stationed at the top of the Pir Panjal to prevent people escaping into India, and the guard would have stopped them, but that they had no coolies to give me instead of them to carry my loads.* . . . Of course, this oppression gives the whole country a look of poverty. No one can help being struck as he enters Srinagar by the dilapidated look of the place. . . . There is no respectable quarter, not a single good street; scarcely even a single respectable bazaar, considering the size of the place. And what is true of Srinagar is more than true of all the smaller towns. They are ruinous in the extreme.

"In the country hundreds of acres of land are mere swamp, or almost unused pasture ground that might smile

* Coolies are used everywhere, for there is not such a thing as a road, nor a cart in the whole of Kashmir, though in the valley itself it would be the easiest thing to make good and permanent roads. The country is level and kunkur abundant.

with corn. Everywhere the fruits are degenerating, because the people don't care to cultivate that of which they obtain so little; and an old Kashmiri told me that he could recollect the day when there were eighteen different kinds of grapes, but now most of them have died out, and there are only four or five kinds to be had in the whole valley. . . .

"But there are other things in Kashmir which most terribly detract from its pleasure as a place of residence. The dirt is beyond description. Who can tell what Kashmir smells are? Not the odours of roses, such as one has expected to fill the air; but, oh! such, that the dirtiest of London courts is sweeter than the cleanest of Kashmir villages. The clothes, too, of the people are filthy; not that the filth shows much, for all their garments are of grey wool, which is a most perfect concealer of dirt; but not a few of their diseases are the result of their uncleanliness, and how often I have almost shrunk away from them, as, in my dispensary, while I have been examining a patient, I have seen the lice crawling on his clothes and his fleas skipping over to me. Of course, if you can avoid all intercourse with the natives, then dirt is not such a continual source of annoyance, but to us it was a daily trouble. But yet there is one thing which makes a Christian man far more sad than those things I have spoken of, and that is the frightful immorality of the people, and the even less excusable wickedness of our countrymen. It may be that the latter is not *so* bad as it was—that vice is less open and shameless than it was a few years ago—but it is so open and so bad that no one need be afraid to speak of it

It is a fact that none can conceal, that numbers of young men only know Kashmir as the place where they can gratify every unhallowed passion; and an army surgeon, high in the service, told me that numbers of young officers went up every year to Kashmir in perfect health, and, after six months in its splendid climate, came down into India only to be invalided home, and many to suffer more or less for life from their own wicked folly. . . . Well might I be taunted, as I was, when I tried to preach the gospel in villages far distant from the capital, with the unblushing wickedness of my own countrymen. How steeped the people themselves are in sin none can tell but those who have seen them as I have done. How one corroding sin seems to be eating out the vitals of all classes, casual visitors to the valley would perhaps scarcely guess. They may say, as every one does, that there are no such liars and deceivers in the world, as in Kashmir; no, not even in India; but the utterly rotten state of social life they will probably have little idea of.

"But let me leave this and just say a few closing words as to mission work. It seems to me that the Church Missionary Society have most wisely associated themselves with the Punjaub Medical Missionary Society in sending a medical man as missionary to this difficult and delicate field of labour." . . .

The *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for 1st August 1866 gives the following brief notice of what had been attempted in the way of missionary effort amongst the truly necessitous Kashmiris, up to the season that preceded Dr. Elmslie's arrival:—

"The two first missionaries of the Church Missionary Society by whom the valley was visited, the Rev. W. Smith of Benares, and the Rev. R. Clark of Peshawur, reached Kashmir in the spring of 1863. At the end of the summer Mr. Smith returned to his station at Benares, and Mr. Clark, after an ineffectual attempt to remain in the valley during the winter, was compelled, by the opposition of the authorities, to return to the plains.

"In the month of April 1864, Mr. Clark, accompanied by Mrs. Clark, and having with him some reliable native assistants, re-entered the valley, having secured beforehand a house which he had rented from the proprietor. On their arrival at Srinagar they were at once mobbed by a crowd of a thousand people, who threatened to set the house on fire, some of them coming within the compound and throwing stones. Further disturbances being threatened, a French gentleman resident in the city, accompanied by two of his friends, waited on the authorities, and remonstrated with them on their permitting such tumultuous proceedings, not only insulting to the missionary, but endangering his personal safety and that of his family. The mob-greetings were accordingly stayed, but other means were adopted of obstructing the missionary in his work, in the hope that, becoming discouraged, he might abandon it, and, retiring from the valley, allow all things to fall back into that condition of spiritual death in which they had for ages lain. Men were stationed on the bridge close to his door, to prevent any one from coming to visit him, or, if they persevered, to report their names to the Wuzeer. His servants could not succeed in purchasing the mere

necessaries of life, and M. Gosselin's servant had to be sent to the other end of the city to buy àtà for them. So determined were the authorities to prevent all intercourse between the missionary and the inhabitants, that when, on the occasion of a large fire, in which many poor people lost their all, a little sum was collected and distributed among them, they were compelled to refund it, because the native Christians, with Mr. Clark, had contributed to it.

"Meanwhile, although in the presence of so great irritation public preaching was not attempted, yet inquirers came in, some of them entreating that they might be baptized at once. One of them was beaten by his master, who threatened to kill him if he persisted in frequenting the missionary's house. This young man, Husn Shah, during the previous year had been imprisoned for the same offence, having been forcibly taken out of Mr. Clark's house under the written orders of the authorities. During the time of his imprisonment he had been repeatedly beaten, and had logs of wood tied to his feet.

"At length, at the suggestion of the British Resident, Mr. Clark offered to vacate the house within the city, provided suitable accommodation was provided for him outside the city, near the Shekh Bágh. And yet, while thus in every way consistent with his duty, endeavouring to conciliate, he had the pain of learning that Husn Shah was again imprisoned. They offered him, indeed, his liberty, on the understanding that he would not again visit the Christian missionary, nor try to escape to the Punjaub; but, on his refusal, the logs of wood were again fastened to his feet. Through the interference of the British Resident, he

was, after some days, liberated, and his first act was to revisit the missionary."

Although the Resident, Mr. Cooper, wrote to the Maharajah, asking that Mr. Clark might be allowed to remain, he was "inexorable, and as he had by treaty the right to insist on the withdrawal of Europeans from the valley during the winter season, he claimed to exercise it in relation to Mr. Clark, who was thus compelled to return to the Punjaub."

One of the reasons urged by the Resident for the extension to Mr. Clark of the privilege of remaining in the valley, is interesting:—"His Highness is not perhaps aware that the wife of Mr. Clark is an accomplished physician, and has devoted her life, her strength, and her talents to the relief of the sick and the suffering. I suggest, therefore, my dear friends (the Diwans), that you represent to his Highness that while he is consulting the religious feelings of his Srinagar subjects, and perhaps the general peace, in maintaining, as long as may be necessary to his Highness, the principle or custom that Europeans should not be allowed to reside in the city without express permission of the Government, his Highness would be inflicting a real injury on his people, if he withheld his permission from Mr. Clark and his family to continue to reside during the cold weather, because the humane exertions of the lady have already been attended with wide benefit and comfort to the Maharajah's people." The lady, who still seeks to improve her medical knowledge, would not, in 1864, have endorsed the compliment that she was an "accomplished physician," but she may

take the comfort of knowing that her medical services were useful and much appreciated. It gives us peculiar pleasure to record this, for the encouragement of female medical missionaries. Her husband, writing to Mr. Wm. Coldstream from Srinagar, in May 1864, informs him that "Mrs. Clark has begun a dispensary, which is crowded daily, and takes up daily three hours of her time in *hard* work. To-day there were many cases,—one man came twelve miles from a village, and a poor woman, thought to be dying, having recovered, the dispensary stands high in public estimation. The native apothecary, who is supposed to cure all the Maharajah's soldiers at one pice a-head daily (*when the M. H. is here*, for they have no medical attendance at other times), came to-day, and wants to send his son for instruction. All this will do good." But it is time to accompany Dr Elmslie in his interesting work.

QADIR BAKHSH,

The Kashmiri Catechist.

CHAPTER VIII.

WORK IN KASHMIR.

"On the 12th April," writes Dr. Elmslie, "I left Lahore for Kashmir, the future scene of my medical missionary labours. . . Through the kindness of the Rev. R. Clark of Amritsar, two of the most promising of the boys belonging to the Missionary Orphanage are to accompany me as assistants. The Rev. Messrs. Newton and Forman, of Lahore have very obligingly transferred to the Kashmir Medical Mission, for the season, one of their catechists. He is a Kashmiri by birth, and, on that very account, suitable for the work in which we are to be engaged. He is able to speak fluently the language of the valley, and is intimately acquainted with the habits and character of the people. (*See Woodcut.*)

"*24th April.*—To-day we crossed the Jhelum, and entered the territories of the Maharajah of Kashmir and Jummoo, and made our way to Dhanna, our halting-place for the day, by a very rough path. From what had happened on previous years here, I fully expected my difficulties to begin. But in this I was most agreeably disappointed, for I found the Maharajah's servants both civil and obliging. On my arrival, I had intimated to the principal man of the village that as

I was a doctor, I would be happy to see and treat all the sick people, whom he might bring to me after breakfast, from Dhanna and its neighbourhood. In a very short time, sixteen patients were collected outside the rude and dirty bungalow where we were lodging. After breakfast, Qadir Bakhsh, the catechist, having congregated the sick, and the coolies who had carried our baggage from Kohalla, read to them a suitable portion of Scripture, and addressed them from it in a plain, easy, and intelligible style, quite level to the capacities of these ignorant people. The little group listened to the words of divine truth with great interest and attention. The service was closed with prayer. Our small supply of medicines and instruments having been laid out, the sick were brought out one by one and examined. One case, of a very trifling nature in itself, is worthy of a passing notice, because the relief afforded by surgery was immediate, and duly appreciated. The case was one of excessive elongation of the uvula, which caused a most troublesome cough, and compelled the man every now and then to perform the act of swallowing. The lengthened member was shortened with ease, the cough ceased, and the act of deglutition became less frequent. The patient took his leave with many expressions of gratitude.

"*25th April.*—This morning early we packed up, and set out for Maira, the next resting-place. We had no difficulty with coolies, although the number required was considerable. About 9 A.M. we reached our destination, and resolved to breakfast in Maira, and then to push on to the next village. The catechist somewhat hastily

proceeded to address a small group of natives whom he happened to find congregated together. He had not proceeded far in his remarks, when the Tekedar of the village told him he must stop immediately, which he had the good sense to do. I am fully persuaded that if the people and the Maharajah's servants had been aware that the sahib was a doctor, and would give them both advice and medicine gratuitously, we should have had no veto put upon our evangelistic work. I learned a lesson by this incident by which I intend to profit. After breakfast we had a small reception of patients, when words about the love of God in Jesus were spoken to the patients individually, and those who were able to read got religious tracts and copies of the Gospels. The moonshee of the place told us he had learned to read and write in a neighbouring school, where he said there were as many as two hundred scholars. This high number of pupils is scarcely credible. At 5 P.M. we arrived at Chakar, somewhat fatigued with the two marches of the day. The first thing I did was to summon the chief man of the village, and to tell him how many coolies I should require next morning, —generally about forty,—and collect all the sick of the place and vicinity in the compound of the rude bungalow next morning.

"26*th April*.—To-day, after seeing twelve sick persons, we departed for Hatti, which is the next resting-place on the way. Arrived late in the evening.

"27*th April*.—On getting up this morning, and going outside my tent, I found a number of sick persons sitting on the ground, affected with various maladies. Before

giving advice or medicine, the catechist, according to custom, addressed them from a part of God's Word. The attention was marked, and every now and then one here and another there in the interesting company would exclaim, 'Durust,' 'Sach bāt.' May God, by His quickening Spirit, vitalise the seed sown for His own glory's sake! Arrived very late at Chikote, but in time to see the Tekedar, and to give him the usual orders about coolies and the sick.

"28*th April*.—At the usual reception of patients to-day, one old man presented us with a quantity of walnuts,—a present of no great value, but nevertheless indicative of grateful feelings towards the doctor.

"29*th April*.—Left Chikote this morning about 5 A.M. On the way met a man who inquired very particularly if I was the doctor, as he had heard there was one coming, and he very much wanted to consult him about his little son. The boy happened to be affected with a well-known cutaneous disease, for which I strongly recommended soap and water. From what I have already seen of the people of Kashmir, poverty and dirt are the two great enemies I shall have to contend with as a doctor amongst them. On arriving at Uri, pitched my tent under some apricot trees near to a shady chinar. We soon had a visit from Juliar Khan, the Thanadar of the district of Uri. He came to consult me about his eyes, and another disease of which he had been ill for a long time. Advice and medicine were given him. The Tekedar of Uri having also presented himself as a patient, received appropriate remedies,

and was requested to give intimation of our readiness to see the sick of the village and neighbourhood.

"*30th April, Uri, Sunday.*—Got up very early this morning, and on going outside the tent found a large company assembled under the surrounding apricot trees. We soon had the small deal table and chair with the medicines and instruments placed in a convenient spot, and the sick and their friends were arranged all round. Everything being ready, the catechist read the third chapter of John's Gospel, and showed the necessity and nature of the new birth. The people, as usual, were most attentive, and listened with manifest pleasure to many of his remarks. After prayer, the sick were examined and treated as well as our present circumstances would permit. Among the fifty sick persons, who consisted of men, women, and children, there was an old Mullah, or Mussulman Priest, who, on being asked if he possessed a copy of the Koran, replied in the negative. I said, I suppose if you had the Koran you could read it. 'Oh, no,' he said, 'I am not able to read at all.' I could not help saying to the old man, whose hair was like snow, and whom in my heart of hearts I pitied, How can you be a Mullah if you are totally unable to read? I received no reply. It was not a little amusing to watch the countenances of the listeners, who first smiled, then looked at each other, nodded, laughed, and then exclaimed, 'Bas,'—enough. Such priest, such people. I have already been struck with the fewness of those who are able to read. How are these poor people, who are dying for lack of the knowledge of the Saviour, to

be fitted to read His Holy Word? Juliar Khan, our friend of yesterday, came to pay his respects and to say that he felt better from the remedies which were given him. After breakfast we assembled for family worship, and seeing Juliar Khan with a few of his followers sitting under an adjacent chinar, I sent him my salam, to say I should be most happy if he would join us in the worship of God. No sooner did he receive the message than he rose and came to us, accompanied by nearly all his retainers. I read the fourth chapter of John's Gospel, to which he paid the greatest attention; after which the catechist concluded the services with prayer. We then had some little conversation on the Koran and the Gospel, but not being very communicative, he soon took his departure, again expressing his gratitude for the advice and medicine which he had received the day before. Lord, fructify the seed sown for Thine own glory's sake! The Maharajah's officials very civil and obliging.

"1*st May*.—Road still lies along the Jhelum, and is beautifully wooded. Among the trees I passed I recognised the peach, fig, and fir, and, twining amongst these, the vine. The beautiful red flower of the pomegranate delights one's eye at every turn, and the rose trees are budding into beauty. Passed a lime-kiln at work to-day, and behind a large ledge of rock I came upon a Fakir: There he sat with his back to the road, covered with rags, thereby meaning to show his indifference to this world. Poor fellow! he has discovered part of the truth,—that this fleeting world cannot satisfy, but he does not know the way whereby alone his soul can find satisfaction and

be made perfectly happy the while, enjoying the present world according to the mind of God, who has filled the earth with so much that is lovely and loveable. Came to a dilapidated Hindu temple. A flight of steps led up to a large gateway. In the centre of the inner court saw the shrine, which is also approached by a flight of steps. The stones are of immense size, and granitic. The priest forbade me to enter, so I stood at the door, and heard the monotonous voice of the man who was performing service. He concluded by blowing into a large univalve shell, producing a sound exactly like that of a trumpet. I was reminded of Elijah and the false prophet on Carmel.

Reached Nowshera at 11 A.M., and after bathing, proceeded to treat the sick who had been collected by the Moonshee, who informed me he was the only adult in the village who could read, and that he had opened a school and had at present six scholars. I gave him a copy of the New Testament in Hindu, and promised to give him a present on my return to Nowshera if he should satisfy me he had carefully read and studied the book. How very important it is to influence for good those who are, like this young man, the only channels of learning to the people. As usual the coolies and sick having been placed near each other, the catechist proceeded to address them, after which the coolies received their pay and were allowed to depart. Thirty-six were then seen and treated.

"*May 2d.*—The scenery becomes more and more lovely as you near Baramula; the Jhelum, which you have known hitherto as a boisterous rapidly flowing river, is here gentle

and placid. Poplar and willow trees abound, and the nearer mountains are richly wooded, reminding one of the Trossachs near Loch Lomond. The system of irrigation carried on here seems to be first rate. Before reaching Baramula a steep hill has to be climbed which bears marks of the work of water; the different strata of sandstone of which it is composed vary in degrees of coarseness, and there are many water-polished pebbles to be seen. As you reach the summit, suddenly the far-famed valley of Kashmir bursts upon your view. I thought of Moses at Pisgah getting his view of the promised land. There lay the valley, bathed in sunshine,—the full-bosomed and now gently-flowing Jhelum meandering through its midst, and its lofty guardians, the snow-capped Himalayas, towering around. I gazed long on this wonderful scene, and with David praised the Lord for the excellent beauty of His works. I earnestly prayed that His rich and effectual blessing might rest on the work I was about to begin.

"*4th May.*—To-day we sailed in sight of Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. When about three miles from the city we halted to breakfast. While seated at my morning meal I observed two women pass me carrying baskets on their heads full of provisions for the market. Shortly after they had passed, my attention was arrested by cries in the direction in which they had gone, and on looking round, observed two men busy rifling the women's baskets. On landing in Srinagar my first business was to find a house suitable for my work. To be so, it must be situated near the city. I learned that the bungalows belonging to the Maharajah,

and which he assigns to the Europeans visiting the valley, were either already occupied or reserved, at least those nearest the city. I have to go elsewhere therefore, and was very fortunate in getting part of a bungalow quite close to the uppermost bridge of the city. For the scanty and rude accommodation I had to pay twenty rupees a month, an exorbitant rent in Kashmir. The accommodation consists of one large room, which serves for drawing-room, dining-room, study, sitting-room, bedroom, &c., three verandahs, and four very small closets situated round it. Down stairs there is a large verandah. Being anxious to have a proper bargain made about the house, I sent for the owner's agent, and desired him to sign an agreement, which one of my assistants had drawn out. I was afraid that should I not have a sure bargain made the proprietor of the house might raise some objections when he should see the work which I intended carrying on. The man told me that no agreement of this kind could be made in Kashmir without the presence and consent of the Maharajah's Baboo I need scarcely say I felt very anxious about the result of his being present. He was, nevertheless, sent for and came. When all was amicably and satisfactorily arranged, as I thought, the Baboo said to me that I should require to state in the written agreement that I was prepared to quit the bungalow on the 15th of October next. Seeing that it would be worse than useless to make any objection, I took my pen and wrote as he desired, feeling greatly ashamed that I belonged to the country of which Kashmir is a tributary. It is most devoutly to be wished that the policy of our country towards

such states as Kashmir were more becoming a great and Christian nation like Great Britain. How contemptible and inconsistent as a nation we must appear to such a people as the Kashmiris.

"*9th May.*—To-day is memorable in the history of the Kashmir Medical Mission, from the fact that I opened my dispensary this morning. I had given notice that I intended receiving patients from this date. The verandah on the southern aspect of the house was prepared for the sick people to meet in. Punctually at seven o'clock A.M., I, Qadir Bakhsh, and my two native assistants went into the verandah, after supplicating together the blessing of God on the work which we were about to initiate in Srinagar. The catechist read the opening verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, and made a running and suitable commentary on the passage. The service was closed with a brief prayer for the divine blessing. I now retired to the small verandah on the east side of the house, which I had had fitted up—very rudely, I must confess—as a dispensary. Here the patients were seen one by one. The number present to-day was ten. In the course of the day the Baboo called to see me. During his visit he told me that some Padre Sahib had been preaching in the Bázár, and that the Diwán had commanded him (the Baboo) to inform the gentleman, whoever he might be, that he was not to repeat his Bázár preaching. I ascertained afterwards that the Rev. W. Handcock was the clergyman referred to.

"*10th.*—Received a note from the Rev. W. Handcock to say that as he had been prohibited by the Diwan's order

from preaching any more in the bazaar, and as his servants found it impossible to obtain supplies of food, he had resolved to quit Srinagar on the 12th inst. 'If they persecute you in one city, flee into another.' With Mr Handcock's fate before me, it would be most unwise on my part to permit my catechist to preach in the bazaar. It appears to be the best course in the circumstances, however desirable it may be that it were otherwise, to be content with the day of small things in Kashmir, and to wait patiently and prayerfully for a brighter day to dawn on this most unhappy country. After the morning reception of patients, I, accompanied by Qadir Bakhsh, visited two of the bazaars of the city, not for the purpose of preaching, but to know the people and to spread the news of our dispensary. Began to read English with my native assistants.

"13*th May*.—Began my Saturday itinerations to-day. We hired a boat, and sailed in the direction of the Takht-i-Suliman, and landed at a small village, where we had a meeting of the villagers, among whom four applied for medicine. I purpose to devote the Saturday afternoons to these short itinerations to the neighbouring villages, that the people may hear the gospel in their own tongue, and know of the Medical Missionary Dispensary in Srinagar.

"16*th May*.—The number of patients thirty, the majority of whom were sepoys. I begin to suspect that this is the result of some plan or other to prevent the Kashmiris from coming to our dispensary. We shall see. The devil is doubtless busy. The Bishop of Calcutta, accompanied by his private physician, arrived at a little past seven, to

see our operations. He heard the greater part of the address which the catechist was delivering when he entered. The passage of Scripture being commented on was Our Lord's Prayer. His lordship adjourned to the surgery after prayer, and remained till he had seen a number of the sick examined and treated. Received a note in the course of the day from Colonel Gardner, requesting medical advice for his child.

"17*th May*.—Began tract distribution to-day in the Bazaar. The people received them gladly. I make it a point not to give away any books unless the receiver can read them. The people are very friendly indeed.

"18*th May*.—The number of patients this morning was forty. Excised a cystic tumour from a young man. Having explained the object and effects of chloroform, I asked him if he wished me to give it to him. After some slight hesitation he consented. In all probability this is the first time a native Kashmiri has been anæsthetised in the valley with chloroform.

"19*th May*.—The Lord Bishop of Calcutta paid the Dispensary a second visit this morning, along with his private chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Hardy. Paid my first domiciliary visit to-day to see the young man from whom I had excised the cystic tumour yesterday. Was gladly received.

"20*th May*.—After this morning's reception we hired a boat, and set out for a pretty large village called Hazrat Bal, which is situated on the shores of the large lake near to Srinagar. We took a supply of medicines and tracts with us. On landing at the place, a shady tree

was selected, near to the shrine, and there my chair and the medicines were placed. While Qadir Bakhsh was giving information of our arrival and objects, I went to see the neighbouring buildings. There I saw the principal Mullah, or priest, with a few of his subordinates. We had some conversation together, after which I left them, thinking that by this time Qadir Bakhsh would have collected the people. On leaving the shrine and its priests, I found Qadir Bakhsh standing under a shady walnut tree addressing a numerous company of hale and sick folks, who were quietly seated on the ground round him, listening most attentively to his words. The Mullahs, as soon as they heard what the catechist was speaking about to the people, rushed amongst them, shouting out that they were to go away immediately. Their efforts were successful. All left us except one poor woman, who appeared to be imbecile. She would not move. One priest applied very liberally a rope, which he carried in his hand, to those whose movements were slower than he thought they should be. It was a sad scene, and the only antidote I could think of for my feelings of indignation was prayer to that God who was looking on and seeing all that was taking place against His blessed gospel. Qadir Bakhsh, the two native assistants, and myself, all knelt down under that same shady walnut, and prayed God to forgive these enemies of His truth and change their hearts. Only three sick persons availed themselves of the opportunity presented to them of obtaining advice and medicine. We got into our boat and made for home, much depressed by what had happened.

"24*th May*.—Mr. Jenkins, the British Resident, called on

me to-day, and in course of conversation expressly told me I was not to ask or expect any support from him, in his official capacity, in my medical missionary operations.

"25*th May*.—No fewer than eight women were present amongst the patients this morning. The number of female patients is gradually increasing. Had two surgical operations to-day, for which chloroform was administered. No objection was made to its being exhibited, either by the patients or their friends, who were present at the operations. Indeed the natives are taking most kindly to this invaluable auxiliary to surgery. Was informed by a friend that the priests of Hazrat Bal had complained to the Diwan about my catechist, accusing him of having said all sorts of untrue and unseemly things respecting them. These charges are entirely false, and are made with the view of having a stop put to our Medical Missionary itinerations. The Lord thwart their purposes.

"26*th May*.—The young man from whom I extirpated the cystic tumour, called to-day to show himself. He presented me with two rupees as a token of his gratitude. I merely touched them and returned them. The poor fellow seemed at a loss to find words to say how grateful he felt towards us.

"27*th May*.—Thirty-four patients this morning. The subject of the address, The Fall of man and his redemption by Jesus Christ, God's Son. In the course of the day, the Rev. Mr. Cowie called, in company with one of the Maharajah's servants, for the purpose of hearing what I had to say of the Hazrat Bal transaction. It appears from what is told me that a very black account of my doings

had been given by the Mullahs to the Diwan—they also said that my catechist had called His Highness, the Maharajah, anything but good, and had uttered every sort of abuse to the Mussulman priests—abuse too bad to be even mentioned. Having been present myself, I am able to say that the kind old man did not make one unfavourable allusion to the prince of these realms. Indeed, I have given strict orders that whatever we of the medical mission may either see or hear with respect to the government of this country, we are not to speak about the matter in our dealings with the natives. Of all things in Kashmir, truth is the scarcest, so that one has to be continually on his guard as to what he believes. In Kashmir, I only believe what I see, and sometimes hardly that. The Diwan's messenger, having heard my version of the affair, took his departure.

"29*th May*.—The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Yeates of Moultan, and Captain Lewin of Amritsar, came to see our operations. To-day the bishop returned the Visitor's Book, in which he expresses himself as much pleased with what he had seen of my work.

"30*th May*.—The number of patients present this morning fifty-three, of whom seventeen were women. The subject of address, the Vision of Dry Bones. The attention of the people great. At 12 A.M. called on Mr. Jenkins, the British Resident, according to request, regarding the Hazrat Bal transaction. He informed me of the nature of the charge the fifteen mullahs of Hazrat Bal had brought against my catechist, of which mention has already been made in a previous entry. Mr. Jenkins then requested

me to promise I should give up these Saturday itinerations, which I refused to do, as I knew for certain that the charges brought against Q. B. were a fabrication from beginning to end. I promised this much, I should not pay a second visit to Hazrat Bal during the season. I also stated I was most ready to give due consideration to any official document coming from the heads of the native Government prohibiting me from itinerating. How humiliating and inexplicable it is, that states tributary to India should be allowed to do that which, if the Sultan of Turkey were to attempt, would be sure to call forth a sharp remonstrance from the Secretary for Foreign Affairs at home.

"31*st May*.—Opened my small hospital to-day. It accommodates from four to five patients. The verandah, in which the patients used to assemble to hear the address, has been fitted up for this purpose, while the long verandah downstairs is in future to be our meeting-room, being much larger than the one above. Vaccinated the two children of the Brahmin at the head of financial matters in Kashmir.

"3*d June*.—To-day, went with the catechist into the city, and spoke to a good many maimed persons and others whom we met in our peregrinations. The people listened very attentively and politely to us. Gave away a good many tracts and larger treatises on religious subjects.

"6*th June*.—Whilst distributing tracts, and speaking to the people in the bazaar, was requested by a goldsmith to go and see his wife, who, he said, had become totally blind. Went with the man to his house, and was permitted to enter with him. His wife turned out to have

double cataract. The case is in every respect fit for operating on.

"8*th June*.—The number of patients present this morning was sixty-three, seventeen of whom were women. As usual, the people were very attentive to the portion of Scripture which I read. With the aid of chloroform, removed another tumour in the forenoon. Have great reason for heartfelt thankfulness to God, inasmuch as hitherto nothing untoward has happened with respect to my medical work.

"14*th June*.—To-day, eighty-three patients were present, and of that number thirty-nine were women. The greatest quietness prevails during the religious services.

"15*th June*.—With the aid of chloroform, removed a large staphyloma. The people are becoming acquainted with the fact there is a medicine that takes away pain by making them sleep, and readily take it when it is required. Heard to-day that orders had been issued by the heads of the native Government that no sepoy is to come to me for advice and medicine.

"17*th June*.—A poor coolie, who had been accidentally shot in the thigh, died this morning in hospital. His relatives would not grant a *post mortem* examination. It is impossible for medicine to make much progress in India as long as it continues to be so difficult to obtain specimens of morbid anatomy.

"19*th June*.—Assisted by the Rev. Mr. Yeates, performed resection of the wrist-joint. The patient was a young woman. Her parents were present during the operation.

"23*d June*.—One of the principal pundits of the city

sent his boat for me to come in to see him, as he was very ill. Accompanied by Qadir Bakhsh, I went, and found the old man sitting in a summer house, propped up on his bed, and surrounded by his male relatives. There was no female friend near him. I examined the old man, and prescribed for him accordingly. Whilst so engaged, the catechist was busy talking with some of the relations about Christ and the gospel. We gave copies of the separate Gospels to four of those men. How very different a Christian sick-chamber would have been from this one !

"29*th June*.—To-day, laid up with fever. Obliged to send away the patients who had assembled.

"2*d July*.—To-day, the collection for the Kashmir Medical Mission was made at the station church; the Rev. W. G. Cowie, M.A., chaplain, preached.

"11*th July*.—I still feel so weak, that I have deemed it necessary to have a change, and set out to-day for the south-east of the valley, intending to go as far as Islamabad. I purpose to go by slow stages, and to halt at the villages and towns on my way, and distribute tracts and medicines. Qadir Bakhsh, my two assistants, and servant accompany me. We take along with us a large supply of medicine, tracts, and gospels. Having asked God to bless us and our journey, we took our leave of Srinagar, intending to make Pampur our first resting-place. We reached Pampur about 6 P.M., and immediately pitched the tent amongst a clump of willows on the river's bank. We had not been long encamped before a little company gathered round us, and we had some interesting conversation. Q. B. was the chief speaker. Pampur is a town of some

importance, situated on the right bank of the river Jhelum. It is said to contain 300 houses, and 2000 inhabitants. It is celebrated for the saffron-fields adjoining it, and carries on a small trade in shawls.

"12*th July*.—To-day, we had two receptions for the sick, at which forty-five patients were seen, and received advice and medicines, after the usual religious services. Those who were able to read received books also. The people most civil and obliging. The governor of the place happened to have been a patient of mine in Srinagar, but as he had to leave Pampur for the capital on business, he kindly sent a servant of his to wait upon me, and assist in every way. Qadir Bakhsh and I, between the two receptions, went into the town, where we gave away tracts and copies of the Gospels. We had some quiet friendly discussion with one of the mullahs belonging to the musjid. In the evening, six Hindu pundits came to see us, and Q. B., who can speak about nothing but Jesus and His love, had a most animated discussion with one of them, carried on in the most friendly way.

"13*th July*.—To-day, had another reception, at which a large number of sick folks attended. Treated fifty-eight new patients. At 12 o'clock noon, entered our boats, and sailed up the river towards our next halting-place.

14*th July*.—"Went with Qadir Bakhsh, to examine the ruins of the temple of Avantipura, which is said to have been built to the honour of Siva in the eighth century. The stones, or rather blocks, of blue limestone, of which this grand structure was formed, lie heaped one on another, but in such a state of preservation, that one is inclined to

believe that its present state of ruin has been caused by earthquake, and not by the dilapidating hand of man or time. The Rev. Mr. Cowie has collected a large sum of money for the purpose of excavating some portion of the buried ruins; and one whole side of the square of the colonnade which surrounded the shrine is now laid bare. The remains of the splendid pillars are worthy of Athens or Rome; large blocks of carved stone lie between them, and towards the north side there are the remains of an arched gateway, through which must have been the entrance to the inner temple. It stands almost entire. The ground-plan is about fifty-four feet square, and the height is supposed to have been sixty-eight feet. On two buttresses, at either side of the interior, are traces of carved idols. Avantipura was once the capital of Kashmir.

"18*th July*.—I forgot to mention that, through the kindness of Drs. Brown and Dallas of Lahore, a native doctor had been sent to help me from the Punjaub. He arrived in Srinagar a day or two before our departure. On arriving at Islamabad, we had encamped on the left bank of the river, which was the only convenient camping-ground near the city. We are awkwardly situated for the sick, as the river lay between us and the city. In consequence of this drawback to our position, we had to cross the river daily; and, as there was a large grove quite close to the city, we met there for worship and the reception of the sick. Qadir Bakhsh addressed the group, and was patiently and quietly listened to. Islamabad lies on low

ground near the river, which is here a comparatively small stream. The surrounding country is well wooded, and finely cultivated. Behind the town is a long lacustrine promontory, stretching back for several miles, and on this platform, at its upper end, is built the ancient temple of Martund. It is by far the most perfect ruin of its class in the valley—the inner temple being still almost complete, and on the walls it is not difficult to trace the remains of carefully carved images. The surrounding walls are much broken, but have evidently been formed of the splendid blocks of hewn and carved limestone which lie heaped in every direction. The temple faces the sun, in whose honour it was built about 350 A.D.

"20*th July*.—To-day, we loosened our moorings, and sailed away from Islamabad, not without the hope that what had been done and said would, in God's good time, bear fruit. The Maharajah's servants were exceedingly civil and obliging, and the kotwal spoke very kindly of the Rev. R. Clark, who had visited Islamabad the previous year.

"22*d July*.—The previous evening, we arrived at the village of Kákapur, which is situated on the left bank of the river Jhelum. On arriving, intimation was given that the hakim would receive patients in the morning. In the morning, a company of fifty was gathered under the shade of a gigantic plane tree on the bank of the river, near to our boats. The catechist read the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, and then explained the nature of the new birth, with its fruits. The people most attentive, and apparently interested. Twenty-six persons applied for advice and

medicine. The poverty and filth of the people great. The majority of the cases ophthalmic.

"27*th July.*—(Srinagar). In the afternoon, performed Chopart's operation for caries of the bones of tarsus. The patient was a girl, whose father and mother were present during the operation. Chloroform was administered to the patient, who went off very quickly. In operating, my difficulties are legion, for I have everything to do myself.

"10*th August.*—Twenty-seven men and twenty-seven women present. One man from Baramula, another from Islamabad, the two extremities of the valley. Addressed them myself from the opening verses of St. John's Gospel: one of the Diwan's principal officers was present, and when he heard me speak of the Son of God made manifest in the flesh, it was too much for him: he quietly rose and took his leave."

"11*th August.*—Number of patients thirty-two. Subject of address from St. John xv., 'This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.' I always take care to select such passages as embody the cream of the Gospel—the Father's love, and the Father's Gift, Jesus the Son of God, Jesus God, His voluntary sacrifice of Himself for all who shall believe on Him, the free invitation to all to come and be saved. I touch but little on Mohammedanism or Hinduism. I think the spread of the gospel would be hindered by my doing so, and that more progress would be made if there were less of polemics in missionary operations. Let the gospel be fully preached, and we shall see

that Christ is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

"12*th August*.—Twenty-seven men and seventeen women present to-day. After dispensary work, my assistants and I sailed up the river to see the ruins of Pandrenton, an old Hindu Temple; distance no more than three miles, but it took us four hours to reach the place by water, the Jhelum meanders so. The temple is situated in the midst of a small lake, which is covered with reeds. It is built of large blocks of stone, and shows, in its style of architecture, a close affinity to the form of the common Hindu temple of Bengal, *i.e.*, the square block surmounted by a pyramid roof. The floor is under water; lying near the edge of the small lake, we saw the god, a stone image, with red paint marks. It is still worshipped much. Returned by land. Saw quantities of hemp growing, and also some plants of '*thorn-apple*." Met many worshippers returning from Amarnath, one of whom told me that six men had been killed in ascending to the Holy Cave by the falling of some rocks.

"15*th August*.—Fifty-three patients to-day. Addressed them from St. John iii. 16, 17. Felt my own heart glow with love to the Saviour, as I tried to commend Him to others. It is very trying to speak to an assembly on matters in which they have not the least sympathy. But the promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway,' is fulfilled.

"22*d August*.—Learned to-day from one of the Maharajah's military servants that the report I had heard some time ago about the sepoys and people having been pro-

hibited from coming to me was quite correct. Besides, it turns out that a sepoy had been placed at the end of the wooden bridge adjacent to my bungalow, to keep a watch upon my movements. Both the sepoys and people have up to this time paid very little attention to the prohibition. The collection made by the Rev. Mr. Cowie, the chaplain, for the Kashmir Medical Mission amounted to Rs.113, 6a.

"26*th August*.—To-day, there were forty-four women and thirty-two men present at the morning's reception. A native gentleman called on me in the afternoon, to tell me he had spoken to the Diwan or governor of Kashmir, about my being allowed to remain during the winter months in the valley. I had operated on this man some time before, and he took this way of showing his gratitude. He said to my friend I could not obtain permission from the native Government to stay in Kashmir throughout the year, for the following reasons: 1. Because it would be contrary to the treaty; 2. Because there is a famine in the country, I might not be able to get provisions in the winter; 3. Because more than one European has lost his life by remaining in Kashmir during the winter months; and 4. Because it is contrary to the Maharajah's wish that Europeans should stay in Kashmir in winter. The sepoys and people who have derived benefit from the dispensary talk of petitioning the Diwan to allow me to remain.

"29*th August*.—The number of patients present to-day was ninety. The address was delivered as usual, and the attention marked. Had two surgical operations—one the excision of a fatty tumour, and the other an operation for ectropion. Yesterday, was asked to conduct service in the

usual place of worship—the chaplain being absent. Was greatly agitated at first, but became calmer as the service advanced. Read the first chapter of Bonar's 'God's Way of Holiness.' I greatly relish that book for its clear and thorough exhibition of divine truth. To-day, seventy-three patients, diseases chiefly ophthalmic.

He thus writes to his mother:—"*Sept.* 23*d*, 1865.—I am able—still very imperfectly, it is true—to tell the poor Kashmiris of God's overflowing love to sinners. The sinful heart is hard, but I firmly believe that, if anything will break it, and soften it, and make it holy and loving, it is the exhibition of God's infinite love to lost man. In speaking to others of Jesus and His unutterable love, I feel my own soul glowing and going out towards God in yearning desires for greater holiness, greater likeness to my blessed Redeemer, and for a complete consecration to His service. My heart's most earnest desire is, next to my own salvation, that God would honour me to lead many to the Saviour before I die, and I am hopeful of one or two of those among whom I labour. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but it is God alone who can give the increase. Pray for the increase, dearest mother.

"I have good news to tell you; the chaplain here, the Rev. Mr. Cowie, is going home, and as he purposes visiting Aberdeen, he has kindly promised to call on you, and tell you all about me and the mission work. He has given me his horse and saddle—this horse was the property of Sir Colin Campbell during the mutiny. I forgot to tell you that a native gentleman has had a handsome signet ring made for me as a mark of his gratitude for my hav-

ing cured him of a chronic and painful disease. My work goes on steadily; no spiritual fruit as yet; but, perhaps, I should not say this, for a Kashmiri, who fearlessly declared his faith in Christ in an open bazaar yesterday, endured a terrible beating from his fellow-countrymen, and still seems to stand fast. I had fifty patients this morning. They always listen attentively, but I can see by the countenances of many, that the word is not received with gladness. It would indeed be a miracle if it were, for the gospel strikes at the root of all that those benighted people look to for happiness in the next world or in this, and reproves them with a voice of thunder for the wicked life they live now. I have now no hope of being allowed to remain during the winter. Dear mother, pray that the Lord may mollify the Maharajah's heart.

"24*th*.—To-day had sixty patients. Oh, dear mother, that we could wholly live to God and for others! How happy, truly happy, we should both be now and *on the other side*. Pray for me, dear mother. The devil would fain tempt me to think that this is fruitless work, and that I am a fool for not living for the present world, with its honours and wealth. Lord, we believe, help Thou our unbelief. Blessings on you, dear mother! Let us think more of Jesus, and of heaven, and of the life beyond! then we shall certainly be happy.

"25*th Sept*.—Heard glad news to-day from the catechist, to the effect that my Kashmiri pundit had declared to him that he firmly believed the gospel was true, but that he was afraid to make a public profession of his faith in Jesus for fear of the consequences. He is but a Nicodemus in

faith. Lord strengthen him. I was not at all surprised at this news, for the pundit generally spent his Sundays with us in reading the New Testament, and speaking about Christianity.

"29*th Sept.*—Long conversation to-day with my servants on divine things. We spoke of baptism; its import, and what makes a man a true Christian. My pundit, a sepoy, a merchant, and native doctor, listened with manifest interest.

"6*th Oct.*—Was called to see the Maharajah's chief military officer in Kashmir. He confirmed the report formerly spoken of. I could not help jocularly saying, that according to our European notions, the Maharajah's army must be in a state of insubordination from the colonel downwards.

"16*th Oct.*—Was requested by the Brahmin, who is at the head of financial affairs in Kashmir, and on whom I had operated a short time before, to go with him and see one of the female members of his family who had sore eyes, according to his account. I was only too glad to go with him, in order to get an entrance into this Hindu family.

"17*th Oct.*—To-day left Srinagar. The Brahmin of yesterday accompanied me out of the town, and expressed how grateful he felt for the benefit he had received from the Medical Missionary Dispensary. I purpose returning to the Punjaub by the Pir Panjal, and following the same plan as I did on my way into the valley, *i. e.*, of having receptions and addresses at each of the resting-places."

Before starting with Dr. Elmslie on his return to Amritsar, the following testimonies to the value of his

work in Kashmir, and of Medical Missions in general, may be suitably introduced :—

The Bishop of Calcutta entered the following remarks in the visitors' book :—"During my present stay in Kashmir I have twice been present at Dr. Elmslie's reception of patients, and bear willing testimony to the great interest and practical usefulness, as well as to the wise and Christian character of his proceedings. He presents Christianity to the people in its most obviously beneficent aspect; and for this union of care for men's souls with the healing of their bodies the gospel narrative furnishes us with the very highest justification and precedent. It is but little that we can, at present, do to make known to the people of this country the blessings of Christ's salvation; but I quite believe that Dr. Elmslie is knocking at the one door which may, through God's help, be opened for the truth to enter in. I heard two Hindustani sermons from his catechist, addressed to the sufferers from various maladies, who were gathered in the verandah, one on the Lord's prayer, and the other on the parable of the sower. Both were excellent, simple, unpretending, suited to the hearers, placing before them plain Christian truth, and without any offensive remarks on their own religions, or the very slightest political allusion. The fact that there are not (and, under present circumstances, apparently cannot be) any properly educated doctors in Kashmir, makes Dr. Elmslie's presence here an act of Christian benevolence, quite apart from its missionary character; and I cannot but hope that this, joined to the quiet efforts of the chaplain to keep alive in English travellers a feeling

of Christian faith and responsibility, will at least remove from the minds of the people any prejudice against the Gospel which may, I fear, have been excited by the too frequent misconduct of Englishmen visiting the valley. On all accounts I heartily commend Dr. Elmslie's efforts to the sympathy of all thoughtful persons, and I feel sure that he will be guided by prudence, as well as zeal, and will not forget what is due to the wishes of the Government of the country, while, at the same time, he will of course maintain the directly Christian character of his work."

The subjoined was written by the Rev. W. G. Cowie, M.D., chaplain on duty in Kashmir:—"Dr. Elmslie has asked me to state here any suggestions I may have to offer respecting the system pursued by him at his daily receptions of patients. I have been present on several occasions during the last four months, and much pleased each time by what I saw and heard. I frequently ask natives of Kashmir what they think about the Medical Mission, and am invariably told by them that they consider Dr. Elmslie's work a great blessing to the poor of Srinagar, and of the valley in general. I am not acquainted with the working of any other mission whose system I consider so hopeful as that adopted by Dr. Elmslie; and during my expected sojourn in England and Scotland (in 1866-67), it will afford me the greatest pleasure to advocate the claims of the mission on the Christian public in every way I can."

One more testimony may be introduced, by the Rev. G. Yeates, M.A., missionary, Moultan:—"As a brother mis-

sionary, I feel great pleasure in adding my testimony to the value of the Medical Mission in Kashmir, as conducted by Dr. Elmslie. While in Srinagar, I have frequently been present at his receptions of patients, as also at Islamabad, when he visited that town, and have enjoyed the meetings very much. I have seldom heard gospel truths more faithfully preached than in the addresses to the patients, which, along with the prayer that followed each, could not have been better suited to the audience. The spirit of love was manifested in all that was said, while the more tangible appeal to the senses which followed, in the way of medicines and advice, afforded a strong proof of the intention to benefit them which, under God's blessing, cannot but result in good."

CHAPTER IX.

WAYSIDE MINISTRIES AND WORK IN AMRITSAR

In India Dr. Elmslie had two homes—if indeed he had a home at all, for he spoke of himself as being, like Noah's dove, without a resting place for the sole of his foot—two homes and three spheres of labour. For six months in the year he lived and worked, as we have seen, in Kashmir. Then going each season to and from this, his main centre of action, he had no home whatever—sometimes like his Divine Master he had no place to lay his head—but he had a precious sphere of usefulness in wayside ministries amongst the sick and suffering, of which he gladly availed himself; and then for a few months in the year, in Amritsar, or some other city, he opened a dispensary and carried on his Medical Missionary operations. Leaving the beautiful valley we shall accompany him as he moves by the Pir Panjal towards Amritsar, exemplifying as he goes the *heaven-appointed* plan of missions—HEAL AND PREACH.

"*Journal, October 20th,* 1865.—Road to Haripur rough, but the scenery more and more beautiful, reminding me of the dear Scotch Highlands. No shelter at Haripur, so breakfasted on the path-side and set out for Aliabad Serai which is near the very highest point to which we ascend

the Himalayas. Road all precipitous and rough, a pony indispensable for comfort, but not quite free of danger, for as I was urging my tuttoo up one of the knotty points of the mountain he fell back. I threw myself to one side and escaped all injury, but the pony went rolling down the rocks for some distance. The scenery from Haripur to Aliabad is very grand; the towering mountains are covered with magnificent pines, and deep down in the ravine below, there dashes a wild river, its course fretted by many a boulder. About five P.M. I reached the Serai, tired and longing to rest, very hungry, but my servants had not arrived. The night was bitterly cold, and I had to spend it without even a blanket to cover me, for my servants had stayed at the foot of the last ascent and did not arrive till morning."

"A little beyond Aliabad Serai the traveller reaches the summit of the pass, about 12,000 feet above sea level. On it there stands a watch-tower, inhabited by the guardian of the pass. The view is inconceivably grand, it entrances one, making one forget all the fatigues of the journey and rejoice in the glories of God's creation. India's plains lie stretched before you, with an intervening foreground of marvellously verdant mountains, while towering above and around are the thousand snowy peaks of the Himalayas. The descent is not so easy as it seems at first. The paths are precipitous, and often dangerous, and always lonely. The marches from one Serai to another are sixteen miles." On arriving, tired and footsore, Dr. Elmslie often found that his servants were far behind him, and he was thankful to accept the hospitality of the natives, and to partake

of milk and chipatties gladly supplied by them. At every resting place he called the sick, and did what he could to relieve their sufferings, while his catechist addressed them from the Word. He writes, "I am delighted to be able to follow Qadir Bakhsh in his addresses now: his similes are always apt; for instance, to-day when speaking of faith he said, 'Faith is like a seed which the Holy Spirit takes and sows in the heart; from the seed grows the Christian tree, and the fruit of the tree is good works.' Though tired, I felt impelled to say a word or two about God's unspeakable love. The people listened with marked attention." Again he writes:—"*October 25th.*—Soon after leaving Rajaori we saluted a company of Chinese Mussulmans on their way to Mecca, and again we met in the Serai at Sialsui—a wretched mud building in which I took refuge from a thunderstorm. Qadir Bakhsh told me he had had a long conversation with one of them, and it had ended in his asking him for a Testament. He could read and speak Persian, he said, so I called him and had some conversation. I learned that he came from Foochow, one of four Mussulman cities in China, and, anxious to show his repentance for sin, he had set out on the pilgrimage to Mecca. I tried to show him the utter impossibility of any man obtaining eternal life through mere repentance without an atoning sacrifice, such a sacrifice as our blessed Saviour had offered up. He listened to Qadir Bakhsh and me silently, and again expressed his desire to possess a copy of the 'Injil.' Not having any with me in Persian, we gave him a copy of the Old Testament, and he was much pleased. He read the Decalogue with great interest. Poor

fellow, he said he had been nine months on his pilgrimage already. What a lesson in earnestness! Lord, bless thine own word to this deluded follower of the false prophet.

"While conversing with him, the Kotwal of the village and his followers had come in. Afterwards we had a remarkably interesting conversation with a very intelligent Kashmiri, who had been listening attentively to all that was said to the Chinaman.

"*October 28th.*—One of our Chinese friends who follow in our track, has an attack of tonsillitis, for which he applied for medicine, which he got, along with a few words intended to reach the seat of the spiritual disease. This is my Indian birthday. Help me, Lord, to do more in the coming year, towards spreading the news of Thy marvellous love to lost men!

"31*st October, near Thāh.*—Crossed the Chenab by a rudely constructed ferry boat; the road to Thāh comparatively good, but long and broken by tributaries of the Chenab. There is a wonderful difference between the cultivation of the neighbouring country compared to that of the territory through which I have come. An extensive system of irrigation is carried on by the native farmers. About three o'clock I arrived alone at Thāh, where I was intending to pass the night, but found that the 'Sahib Log' went to a village at some distance. So at least the rogue of a bombardār informed me. After a ride of ten minutes, I reached the said village and dismounted under the shade of a clump of trees, requesting my conductor, the son of said bombardār, to go back to Thāh and send me some milk and fruit, also some grain for my horse, as I feared

my servants would not arrive till late. His promises of a speedy return with all I wanted were not fulfilled, and I sat there alone, tired with my journey, from four till seven o'clock, when Qadir Bakhsh arrived, much to my joy. He at once set out to forage, but without success. Having tasted nothing since early morning, and seeing no prospect of dinner, I set out with Qadir Bakhsh to see what we could effect by our combined forces. I shall never forget the furious rage dear old catechist acted, greatly to the terror of all who came near him. When no one was looking he turned round and laughed heartily to me. It was an amusing scene even to a hungry man as I was, and as the fruit of it, one woman brought us, partly from fear, partly from pity, some milk, a charpae and some straw, and with these we had to be content for the night. I drank my milk, thanking God for all His goodness during the day, and went to sleep under the shade of the trees. In the morning found my followers had arrived through the night. Walked most of the way to Sealkote with a mussulman, and told him about Jesus and His great salvation.

"*November 5th.*—Early this morning arrived at Amritsar. Busy preparing house in city for dispensary, &c. Mean to live there in order to be near my patients.

"*Amritsar, 20th November,* 1865.—MY EVER DEAREST MOTHER,—Since my return from Kashmir I have had a very sorrowful work to perform; one of the young missionaries connected with the work here, had had an attack of dysentery, and had been ordered off to Dalhousie in hope of benefiting from the mountain air. But he became worse and worse. I went up to this hill station in order to help

his poor young wife in nursing him, and if possible, to bring him down to the plains again, but it was too late; he died three hours before I arrived. You can imagine the scene of sorrow. Mr. Wathen was a very promising young missionary, and we all feel deeply our loss in his death. After a few days my friend and his, Mr. R., came down, bringing Mrs. W. with us.

"3*d January*, 1866.—God continues to give me in His great goodness an ordinary quantum of health and spirits. I know nothing so conducive to both, as the assurance that God is reconciled to you, and you to God, through the precious blood of Jesus. How is your soul prospering? Is Jesus becoming more and more precious, and is the world becoming more like a wilderness to you? We have been taught this lesson very solemnly of late. Another of our number has been summoned home. The Rev. W. Stevenson of Peshawur died some days ago of fever. Mr. Clark's fine little boy too has been taken away. These events solemnize us greatly, while they remind us also of God's great mercy in sparing us a little while longer. Yet St. Paul is right when he says that to depart and be with Christ is far better than to remain here in this sinful imperfect world. My work is slowly progressing in Amritsar. Yesterday I had twenty-nine patients, all of whom listened attentively to the word read and explained. You will be happy to hear that I am now able to read the native language, and to make short comments on the passages of Scripture, and also to close our meetings with extempore prayer. I have four assistants here besides the native doctor, and for these lads I have begun two classes,—one for the study of

materia medica, and another for anatomy. I find the people here more bigoted than in Kashmir. They would much rather pay a small fee than listen to the address and prayer, although they love money ardently. Next week I hope to open a class for chemistry, in hope of gathering some of the lads in the city who speak English, and who intend taking a degree in the University. It is said I shall have a large class, and I think I may thus come into closer relationship with many young men.

"You express a *hope* that we may be found in Jesus. Why should we doubt it? Jesus is ready to receive us. We know He is more willing to bless than we are to receive the blessing. The Father has constructed a stupendous machinery for the express purpose of bringing us to Him; we *will* go to Jesus and dwell where He dwells.

"*February 19th,* 1866.—Did I tell you that I had commenced a course of lectures on chemistry? There are twenty-six names on the list, and I trust my object may be realized in counteracting some of the evil influences of much of our scientific literature.

"*July 19th,* 1866.—As the Lieutenant Governor, with his court, is expected to be present at the Durbār, which will be held here next week, we purpose having a meeting of our Medical Mission Committee, when a new Secretary and Treasurer is to be appointed. I trust I shall not be called on to undertake this work, for I feel sure it would hinder me from doing so much direct mission work as I should be able to do if free of all money matters and correspondence. They say in Amritsar that I am to meet with much opposition from Government this season in

Kashmir. If the work is the Lord's, then all things must ultimately work together for His glory. He can restrain the fury of men, saying to them, as He did to the great deep, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further.' I am often with you in spirit, often with you, dearest mother, at the throne of grace, breathing out desires for a blessing on you. How very near we are in Christ.

"I had a visit from three priests of the golden temple to-day, who presented me with a quantity of sweetmeats and flowers, and after the usual civilities, we entered into conversation about 'Nanak Sahib' and the Grunth; I trying to tell them something of the gospel. They were, however, bent on something else. After telling me of the liberal bakhshish so many great sahibs had given them, they at last, provoked at my not taking the hint, asked me point blank what I would give them. I replied in some such words as Peter, 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee,' and assured them of my willingness to give them medicine for body and for soul. They gathered up the sweetmeats and flowers, and stalked off, not a little disappointed.

"*January 23d*, 1866.—To Dr. Cleghorn.—It would have afforded me unbounded pleasure to have met you, and talked over with you the concerns and prospects of the mission, of which you have the honour of being the father, and I that of being the agent. . . .

"We had a most delightful week of prayer the week before last. We felt indeed that the Lord was in our midst. We shall expect great blessings after such united supplications on the part of God's people, according to His

own gracious promise. On the 31st inst. we are to have another day for prayer on behalf of medical missions, according to the appointment of the home society. Would that God would pour out His Holy Spirit on our Universities, that men may come and offer themselves for this glorious work!

"*March 6th*, 1866.—*To be ready!* What does this imply? Does it require some great effort or labour on my part to become ready for the coming of the Son of Man? Nay, I have only to believe in Jesus; He is my righteousness. In Him is all the Father requires. Blessed Jesus, how very very precious Thou art to me! Why should I ever hunger or thirst, when in Thee is fulness of all I need. Why should any perish, seeing that Jesus has done and suffered so much that we might have life. Let me, with humble, thankful, loving, joyful, and faithful heart, take this full salvation, and even *now* feast upon it, even *now* become rich through it, even *now* rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory!" This precious thought regarding our completeness in Christ came out in an interesting form during his student days in Edinburgh. A patient of his was subject to attacks of cramp, and on one occasion fainted from the severity of the pain. When the sufferer emerged from unconsciousness, he found the hand of the young doctor resting gently on his clammy brow and exclaimed, 'Oh, doctor, to be ready, and to get away from this terrible suffering!' The doctor answered softly, '*You are always ready* IN JESUS, *you will never be ready* OUT OF HIM.

"*March 7th*, 1866.—Still labouring away in Amritsar, but intend to close my dispensary soon, and to pack up for the

journey over the mountains. I continue to enjoy excellent health, and am very happy in soul. Jesus, my Saviour, becomes dearer and dearer to me every day. My faith in Him is growing stronger, and my delight in my work is also increasing. I am persuaded that to labour for Christ in this world is the greatest honour and the surest and speediest way to becoming strong and happy in the Lord.

"Last week we had a series of grand meetings here. Numbers of Europeans and native gentlemen met together for the purpose of discussing many points bearing on the social condition of this province. The first day was devoted to the delivery of speeches, and reading of addresses on different social questions. We met in a large tent, and the brilliant colouring of the dresses worn by the natives made the scene a most picturesque one. On the second day, prizes were given to all who had distinguished themselves at the recent examinations. The third day was the crowning one, because the wise and noble Governor of the province (a Scotchman, Mr. M'Leod) honoured the meeting with his presence. On that day and on the next, I had the honour of dining with the Lieutenant Governor. On Thursday, he kindly offered to drive me to a conversazione, given to the native gentlemen. He made me sit by him in the carriage on his right hand, and spoke to me of Scotland. But now, dearest mother, I must stop short. My message for you is Genesis xv. 1, a lovely, true, and comforting word. Pray for me and for poor Kashmir. O may God richly bless you in soul and body. —Your ever loving son, WILLIE.

"*April 2d*, 1866.—To Dr. Cleghorn.—I brought my operations here to a close a short time ago, just immediately before we had our last meeting of committee. One day, while I was engaged in giving my lecture on chemistry, which I continued to do till the last, two of the honorary Magistrates of Amritsar waited on me, as a deputation from (what we should call) the Town Council, to request me to prolong my stay in Amritsar. I need not say that this was exceedingly gratifying to me, as a doctor and as a Christian; and my heart was filled with gratitude to our heavenly Father, who had graciously granted me such favour with the very people whose temporal and spiritual welfare are so dear to my heart. Thinking that I was connected with the Government, and that I was about to leave Amritsar on account of a Government order, the deputation said that they were prepared to draw up a petition to Mr. Egerton, the commissioner, and to have it signed, soliciting him to use his influence in getting the order for my departure cancelled. I explained all to them, and expressed my sorrow at not being able to be in two places at the same time; but that I felt it to be my duty to go to Kashmir, where my proper work lay. The time may be near when we shall see a large Medical Mission Hospital in Amritsar. There is room and need for it. . . . Just another item of news about our pet, and I must have done. Sir John Lawrence has sent a message to Mr. Macleod, the Lieutenant-Governer of the Punjaub, to request the Resident, this year, to inform the Maharajah of Kashmir, that his hostility to Christianity is not neutrality, and that his policy towards missions is unworthy of a prince of his en-

lightened views. This is the spirit of the message, but not the very words. 'The Lord reigneth!'

"*Lahore, 3d April,* 1866.—Once more I am on my way to Kashmir, to delight in its beauty, and to cope with its sin and wretchedness.

"We had our annual meeting of the Kashmir Medical Mission a few days ago, and to me it was a very great pleasure to find that all the members were satisfied with the manner in which I had conducted the work in Kashmir. I need not tell you how glad I am for this, not so much on my own account as on account of the work I have so much at heart. 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not.' God is my wisdom; the constant cry of my inmost heart is, 'Make me truly wise to win souls, *keep me from doing a right thing in a wrong fashion.*' It does cheer me to remember that you, at least, are praying for me; we have to fight against a strong foe; the devil and his emissaries have long held the fort in Kashmir—poor perishing Kashmir, for whom I could weep all day. I have made my first attempt at Report-writing, and, like all my works, it displeases me: I suppose I never shall be pleased with anything I attempt to do or be, till I stand before God, clothed in the perfect righteousness of Christ; *then* I shall be *perfectly satisfied.*

"I have sent off my servants and luggage to the borders of Kashmir, and, God willing, hope to set out myself about the 5th inst. I am well, and enabled to lay hold with a firmer grasp on the precious promises of God.

"By-the-bye, if you have not read 'God's Way of Peace,'

and 'God's Way of Holiness,' do get them. They have helped me wonderfully. Ever praying that the God of grace and comfort may be with you, I remain your ever loving son, WILLIE."

"*April* 9, 1866.—To-day left the hospitable roof of my friend and joint Secretary, Dr. Gray, and set off on the journey to Rawal Pindee. Had a long time alone for prayer that God would greatly prosper my own soul, making it spiritually fragrant and verdant, that thus I might be enabled to serve Him more truly. Oh, that He would grant to me and all who work with me a double portion of His Spirit, without whose vitalising influence no eternal good can accrue from our efforts. My beloved Saviour, in Thy strength I go up—*strong in Thee.* I enter an enemy's country to fight with Thy weapons the common foe.

"10*th.*—A military man is my fellow traveller. Wishing to unfurl my colours, I asked a blessing aloud at breakfast. He did not like my doing so. My soul is very sunshiny just now. God be praised.

"13*th.*—Long march to Haripur. Sat down under a clump of trees and read Schönberg-Cotta Family. The female characters in it are beautifully drawn. The approaching campaign in Kashmir much in my thoughts to-day, and I have had great joy and peace in making over the care of it all to the great Care-bearer. Blessed Jesus, *go with me!*

"*April* 16*th.*—I look on no trial now in the same light as formerly, when I had not tested fully how good the Lord is! The child of God is lifted above the world when there subsists between him and his Saviour a vital union

—the union of faith. This union makes the believer invincible. He may be cast down, but he will speedily rise again, to become stronger than before. This is the effect of the divine schooling. It educates the man for the battle of this life, as well as for the life which is to come.

"18*th.*—Left Abbottabad with the Rev. Mr. Wade of Peshawur. Road to Manserah very beautiful, passing through extensive pine forests, scenery more and more grand. Reached the Jhelum about 3 P.M., and crossed it by the rope bridge. The current is rapid and the river eighty yards across at this point.

"19*th.*—Busy all morning with sick people who had obeyed my summons in great numbers. Qadir Bakhsh addressed them on the opening verses of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. Journey from Muzufferabad to Do Patta long, and our ponies insufferably bad. About half way my animal stumbled, and down he went. The severity of the blow fell on my right shoulder and side, and at first I really thought some part of the bony apparatus had been fractured. It was some time before I could move, but at last remounted and rode till I could bear the excruciating pain no longer. Walked slowly to the resting place.

"20*th.*—Spent to-day in bed, resting my arm and doctoring myself. Qadir Bakhsh addressed the sick, and the native doctor prescribed so far as he could.

"*April* 21*st.*—Starting at 7 A.M., reached Khanda at 1 P.M., having walked all the way. Very much better to-day. The Nawab of the district sent to ask me for two bottles of wine for his horse. Had some doubt that the article was for himself, not for the horse, and was glad to

be able to say I had no wine with me. The chief men of this village confirm my suspicions that the wine was for himself, although he is a Mussulman. Told the people, who came to pay their respects to us, something of God's love to fallen man, and gave notice of a reception of the sick to-morrow morning.

"22*d*, *Sunday*.—Early this morning had a gathering of the sick. Twenty-three came, and Qadir Bakhsh addressed them. The Rev. T. R. Wade held service in the afternoon. Another reception of sick in the evening.

"24*th*.—Much hawthorn on the way to-day, the fragrance of which was delicious. Visited the tomb of a Mussulman, and was allowed to enter. Within the court a square building of trellis-work, which we entered, and then within a screen, we saw the tomb.

In the evening saw twenty sick people, and addressed them from John iii. 15. Gave two men who could read, copies of St. John's Gospel. Lord, water this seed sown!

"*April* 25*th*, 1866, *Gingal*.—Terrible thunder storm overtook us on our march to-day, saw a splendid trough cut out of the solid rock. Reception of patients as usual.

"26*th*.—Scenery on the way from Gingal to Baramula perfectly sublime. The proud mountains bearing their glistening crowns of snow, the nearer ones clothed with dark-coloured majestic pines. Passed some very ancient ruins, which we thought bore traces of Buddhist origin. Immediately on our arrival here, engaged four large boats for ourselves, servants, and luggage. After tea loosed our moorings and sailed away up the river, which, on account of the melting of snow, is much larger than usual.

"27*th.*—What a rest after the toils of the journey this delicious sailing is! Spent the day in admiring the surpassingly beautiful scenery of this fairest portion of God's earth, and in prayer for its spiritual emancipation. One cannot help seeing that the marvellous capabilities of the country are but partially developed, the cultivation is very imperfect, the buildings seem everywhere to be falling into ruins, and the people are rendered indolent and heartless by oppressive taxation."

CHAPTER X.

SECOND YEAR'S WORK IN KASHMIR.

It is our privilege, during another season, through means of his journal and letters, to accompany Dr. Elmslie in his Medical Missionary services in Kashmir.

"*Journal, April* 28, 1866.—Reached Srinagar to-day. Committed my work to the God of missions, and felt calm, trustful, hopeful.

"On reaching the bungalow I had rented last year, found I could not have it again. Disappointed, I sailed up the river and at last secured a bungalow, which I think may do as a make-shift. It is the most remote of the houses set apart for bachelors, and I chose it because there is plenty of ground round it for my patients (if God grant me any) to assemble, without annoying the other visitors. The house needs repair, so Wade and I resolved to pitch our tents till it is ready. Dined outside our tents; weather most beautiful; mountains still covered with snow. . . .

"Here I am once more in this sinful country, for the very purpose of exhibiting some of the loving power of the Gospel. Oh, be pleased to bless and quicken me, and to pour out Thy quickening Spirit on this people, that they may undergo a spiritual resurrection, and live henceforth

to the glory of Thy name. Be pleased, O Father, to direct me in all my plans; may souls be converted; this is my one great desire; but, dear and loving and wise heavenly Father, if it should seem good to Thee to withhold from me this great honour and joy, help me to say from the heart, Not my will but Thine be done! In Thy strength I resolve to be more diligent than ever I have yet been, laying hold of every opportunity of doing good both to the souls and bodies of men, and in prosecuting my linguistic studies.

"30*th.*—Heard to-day that the man who rented me his house last year is forbidden to do so again, as it is too near the city!

"Whilst engaged in treating a poor sepoy this morning, was waited on by a messenger from the Diwan. After common civilities, we spoke of everything *except* my mission. Was this wise? Or should I speak out? God guide me, for I know not what is best. The pundit, who taught me Kashmiri last season, brought me to-day the translation of the Gospel of St. John, which I had engaged him to make.

"I find, after much inquiry, that there is no special Kashmiri character, and that the religious books of the Hindu people living in the country are written in Sanscrit, which most of them can read. Kashmiri is always expressed by the Persian character; and Persian itself is specially the language of the Mussulman portion of the community.

"*May* 2*d.*—Busy arranging bungalow, and hope fairly to begin operations to-morrow. Relish Leighton's work

very much: his spirit is Christ-like, full of love and good will to men. Blessed Jesus, give me this likeness to Thyself. My patience is greatly tried with the slowness of the work-people. Had I come here merely for my own pleasure it would be bearable, but when my work is hindered by it then my wrath is roused. Had actually to write to the Baboo to-day about supplies of food,—so helpless is an Englishman, ay, and a Scotchman too, in the hands of the Kashmiris.

"3*d*.—The fruit trees are now laden with blossom. Busy getting ready a tent for the sick to assemble in to hear the Gospel before coming to the dispensary. Have taken the outside of a large Swiss tent, and by means of chiks and poles have formed a kind of pavilion, likely to prove serviceable.

"Wade and I had a long walk after dinner, and on our way home took it into our heads to count the trees on both sides of the long Poplar Avenue. On Wade's side he counted 8 chinars and 882 poplars, and on my side there were 7 chinars and 788 poplars. There are great gaps to be seen among them, and many more must speedily die, as they have been barked. In the evening read Persian with Wade.

"4*th*.—In our walk to-day intimated to all we met that our dispensary will be opened to-morrow. Examined some guns at the Fort, and found them perforated and unfit for use.

"5*th*.—Opened dispensary to-day. Mr. Wade, Qadir Bakhsh, Jewan Lal, Thomas, and Benjamin, met me in the lower room of the little house we are now occupying,

and we together prayed God to command His blessing on the work we were about to begin. We then adjourned to the tent, and Q. B. addressed the few patients who had come. My blessed Saviour, I delight to think Thou wilt one day reign here, and this land shall then be inhabited by men wise unto salvation: now, how ignorant, deluded, superstitious this people is!

"Afterwards Wade and I went to the top of Takht-i-Suliman, said to be 800 feet high, and I verily believe it, for the ascent is by no means easy. The formation is trap, like the Edinburgh Castle Hill or Arthur's Seat. Near the summit sheep and cattle were grazing, and on the very top there are two poplar and several fruit trees in a thriving condition. Met with some fine specimens of the Iridaceæ; those Irises cover the graves of all Mussulmans buried in the valley, some are pure white, others are violet. Read Cunningham's essay, describing the wonderful temple which crowns this hill.

"6*th*.—Fourteen new patients to-day; one a case requiring a serious operation. I have offered him a bed in my tent till he recovers, and all he requires. He promises to return, but I cannot be sure, as patients often profess to acquiesce and depart never to re-appear. Qadir Bakhsh had a long and interesting conversation with some pundits to-day, on the subject of "God manifest in the flesh." Finished reading Dr. Coldstream's life. Lord make me like him in all in which he resembled Christ.

"Qadir Bakhsh informed us that three men had declared that they would become Christians but for fear of the consequences to their families.

"8*th*.—Two sepoys have been set to watch my house, and a Kashmiri, whom they saw conversing with Qadir Bakhsh, was beaten and driven away.

"Began my Materia Medica class with Benjamin and Thomas, and resumed lessons with my native doctor in ophthalmic surgery. Qadir Bakhsh told me to-day that the Maharajah coins new money every two years and issues it, receiving that of the previous years at about half its value.

"11*th*.—Took my moonshee in the *morning* to-day, but fear this plan won't do, for it interferes with my study of God's Holy Word, and I must allow nothing to come between me and the words of everlasting life.

"Visited a merchant from Cabul, who had had his ribs fractured in a quarrel. Several men were in attendance, but no woman. On his arms were two massive golden rings. A man's ornaments are like banked money; on a rainy day they are pawned or sold.

"Saw the man who bakes for the English, and, noticing the dirty state of his garments, expostulated. He said he dare not wear clean clothes, for if he did, he would be thought wealthy, and more taxes would be required of him.

"Friendly and quiet discussion with some Mullahs from the city to-day. Water with Thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

"12*th*.—One hundred maunds of silk are produced annually in Kashmir. The mulberry tree grows very freely here, and the silk-worm is largely cultivated.

"13*th*.—The Resident informed me to-day that I must not have the sick people so near the sahibs' dwellings. I

explained my case, and he said he would give orders at once for a house to be built or provided for my dispensary near the city. This is just what I wish. The catechist has been busy all day with inquirers about Jesus Christ and the gospel. Mr. Wade conducted worship to-day, and seven strangers attended; my pundit was one of them.

"14*th*.—Oh, for more of the Spirit of God, and more of the gifts of the Spirit, that I may be able to hold up Christ to this people. No fewer than seventy-four patients present to-day, and all listened to the gospel message. God bless it to them! My lithotomy case ran away this morning, so I am baulked of my operation. Heard from Dr. Gray to-day. He tells me that the Supreme Government have despatched a minute to the Maharajah of Kashmir, giving him to understand that they do not expect him to aid in the propagation of the Christian religion, but that they do expect him to remain neutral. The Resident called to-day, and asked many questions. I have made it a rule never to discuss Kashmir affairs except with those whom I know to be on the Lord's side. I listen to all that is said, but say little in reply.

"16*th*.—Eighty patients present to-day; excised a fibrous tumour from behind right ear. Tent crowded, and the word attentively listened to. For last four days a mullah from the city has come to converse about divine things. At first showed temper, but to-day he listened very quietly.

"18*th*.—To-day, because a carpenter had come to repair a boat for us without informing the Baboo, orders were

given for his being beaten; lashed on the spot he was, and hurried off to prison.

"19*th*.—Eighty-nine patients. Went to see the house which the Resident said was nearly ready for my dispensary, but could not find it.

"20*th*.—Informed by civil surgeon that the Europeans who have lately come to the valley object to my having my patients near their quarters. The ways of approach do not interfere in the least with the other bungalows, and it is my opinion that there is not the slightest danger from infection to the lives of those who occupy the other houses. I told Dr. R. that Mr. Cooper had kindly given orders for a dispensary to be built, and that I am now waiting for its completion, as I am most anxious to do all I can to please every one. Dr. Ray wished me to promise to pitch my tent in another part of the valley, there to carry on operations; that I refused to do. To remove my instruments, medicines, tents, and everything elsewhere would damage my work to a great extent, besides causing me a great deal of inconvenience. I said, however, that if Mr. Cooper gave an official order for me to do so, having first proved that my remaining was injurious to the Europeans, I should obey. He has power to provide me with twenty houses if he chooses, and why he is so dilatory about this one dispensary, I cannot tell. Father, I need wisdom; graciously grant it me!

"23*d*.—A great crowd of people present. Ninety-five patients, besides their friends. Attention to the word great. Operated on a case of soft cataract. Went to see

frost-bitten pundit in the city; the entrance to the house where he lay shamefully dirty. Removed a large portion of one foot which was almost severed from the affected part.

"24*th*.—One hundred and five patients to-day.

"23*d*.—Heard from Dr. L. that my lithotomy case at Rawal Pindee did well; patient quite recovered. To-day a poor cowherd from Gingal arrived, having walked all the way from Abbottabad to Baramula. On examination, found him to be suffering from stone, for which I operated. I had the poor man placed in my own tent. I feel very much now the want of an hospital, both for the success of the medical part of my work, and for the prosperity of the missionary element, but I must wait patiently on Thee, dear Father, for this.

"24*th*.—Lithotomy patient doing well.

"25*th*.—To-day my poor lithotomy patient died from gradual sinking. I fear this may interfere with my medical success, but all things are in God's hands, and there I leave this.

"26*th*.—Killed two non-venomous snakes, one 5 feet 10 inches long by $4\frac{3}{4}$ in circumference. Measured a chinar tree on my way home from a visit to the picturesque ruins at Pandrenton: at about 3 feet from the ground its circumference was 38 feet. Spent a pleasant evening at Mr. S.'s, practising singing for church. Ninety-four patients to-day.

"28*th*.—Very tired to-night. Another lithotomy case came this morning, and I operated. . . . . Lord, if it be

Thy will, prosper this case! much depends on it. Heard sad news to-day from Col. Rothney, under whose kind care I had left my assistant Sikandar at Abbottabad, because he was ill of fever. He gradually grew worse after my leaving him, and died on the 20th inst. He was a good lad, and I doubt not is now with Christ in glory.

To-day the Resident, Mr Cooper, promised the chaplain the proceeds of a large wager if he gained it, on condition that it should not go to the Kashmir Medical Mission. Yet he every other day receives medicines from my dispensary.

"*29th.*—Lithotomy case doing well. Ninety-nine patients present. Had a number of surgical operations.

"*May* 31*st*, 1866.—Yesterday, I began the translation of St. John's Gospel into Kashmiri, and earnestly pray that God may grant me the efficient help of His Holy Spirit, that I may be enabled to execute this work intelligently. To-day, there were 134 patients.

"*June* 3*d.*—Partook of the Holy Communion. Jesus is mine, and I am His!

"*4th.*—At this morning's reception, 150 patients were treated. I expected a lithotomy case, as a poor sepoy, who came yesterday, was suffering much from the disease, and promised to return for operation to-day. He did not come, so I sent my native doctor to inquire what had become of him, and ascertained that the Diwan had forbidden him to come to me. No surgery is done in the native dispensaries, so the poor fellow must continue to suffer from his enemy.

"*5th.*—Numberless boats went up the river to-day, filled with worshippers, on their way to Martund. Those boats are in form like Venetian gondolas, on a large scale. They are divided into three compartments, in one of which the boatman himself lives with his family and assistants; in the second, or middle compartment, the passengers sleep, cook their food, and eat it; and the third division may be called the verandah of the floating house. Those boats are literally crowded with human beings, men, women, children, all congregated in the height of merriment, and dressed in their gayest garments. Those who can afford it, hire boats for their private use, and in such cases, the inner compartment is carefully enclosed with matting, so as to form a regular zenana. But the poorer people are not particular about privacy. This festival will continue for some days, during which the people take a complete holiday.

"The number of patients to-day was 139. A French shawl merchant called on me to-day, to ask me to visit a sick man in the city. Mr. Wade and I went with him, and found the sufferer lying on a mat on the floor, surrounded by friends. On examination, I found that he was suffering from disease in the left lung—consumption. The native doctors had bled and purged him. I offered to undertake the case; he said he would consult his friends and let me know his decision. On returning home, we met Mr. C., who told me that the Maharajah had not yet allotted a site for my dispensary!

"I wrote to Dr. H. at Lahore to-day about the establish-

ment of a Medical Missionary Bursary in the college there.

"*7th.*—One hundred and ten patients were present to-day. Lithotomy case is quite well. I was grieved to hear this evening that the poor man in the city, whom I went to see, died two hours afterwards. The hakims had heard what I said as to the seat of the disease being in the lungs, and at once applied leeches: the poor fellow sank from loss of blood.

8th.—One hundred and forty-nine patients present. The numbers of surgical cases give me anxious work. To-day, I removed a cystic tumour from the outer angle of the right eyelid. Performed the operation, by depression, for cataract, for the first time to-day. Early this morning, my assistant came to tell me that the sepoy, before mentioned, had obtained leave from the Maharajah to come to me, and he had been brought to my tent on a charpae (native bed). I arranged to operate on him to-morrow morning. To-day, being Saturday, Mr. Wade, our assistants, and I, sailed to the Dal Lake, in order to visit Hazrat Bal, the scene of last year's assault. The temple there is considered a peculiarly sacred place, being the shrine of a hair of Mohammed's beard. It stands at a little distance from the shore of the lake; before it is a grassy slope, which might correspond to a village green in Scotland, and there worshippers annually congregate from all parts of the country. Behind the temple, and extending to some distance, is the straggling village. We walked through the bazaars, intimating a reception of the sick, but the re-

membrance of last year is evidently lingering among the people still, for we were told there were no sick there! We sailed to the other side of the lake, through the lovely floating gardens to the Nishat Bagh, where preparations are being made for the approaching visit of the Maharajah. It is a beautiful place, its buildings, gardens, groves, and fountains, give evidence of an age far beyond this era in Kashmir in point of art. The architect and landscape gardener of the Nishat Bagh, was Asaf Khan, who lived in the reign of the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan.

"10*th*.—This morning removed a stone from the poor sepoy, which weighed 3 oz. 6 drs.

"12*th*.—To-day I sent a subscription-list round the station, and received 145 rupees for the mission. O Lord, Thou art very gracious. Bless the mission spiritually also.

"15*th*.—Yesterday his Highness the Maharajah entered the capital, accompanied by the Resident and a number of Europeans. Twenty-one guns were fired in his honour.

"17*th*.—Heard to-day of the failure of the Agra Bank, in which I had placed my money. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. I fear the mission suffers in this failure. I dined to-day, after a pleasant sail to to the Shalimar Gardens, with ——, who has lost £8000 in the Agra Bank. Poor old man, he is in the dark. Lord, give him Thy light! What a good thing it is to have our treasure in the Bank of

Heaven, where there is no stoppage of payment, but where all is sure as God Himself.

"I requested the Baboo to arrange an interview with the Maharajah for Mr. Wade and me, but have received no answer.

"The Rev. Mr. Brinckman brought me 38 rupees to-day for the mission, being the proceeds of four copies of his book, 'The Rifle in Kashmir.' He has resolved to devote all profits from the second edition to the Medical Mission here.

"21*st*.—There were 152 patients present to-day. We were invited, along with all other residents in Srinagar, to a great dinner, given by the Maharajah: but, hearing that there was to be one of the objectionable 'naches' afterwards, we did not accept the invitation.

"23*d*.—To-day 163 patients were treated.

"14*th July*.—I received a letter from Mr. C., informing me that his Excellency the Viceroy of India had sent him 200 rupees for the benefit of the Medical Mission in Kashmir. How God is reassuring me that *He will provide!*

"15*th*.—A few days ago a gentleman invited me to dine with him. I went. He drew attention to some of the most vital truths in Christianity, and, to my sorrow, I found him at heart an enemy to the cause of Christ. I thank God He enabled me to bear clear testimony to my precious Saviour.

"During dinner my host informed me that the Maharajah was prepared to give me 1000 rupees a month if I would give up the missionary element of my work, and enter his service. Should such an arrangement ever be proposed,

God helping me, I will not agree to such terms, true though it be that for my dear old mother's sake I should be glad to have a little more money at my disposal. To cease to labour for Christ for the sake of a few perishable rupees would be, Judas-like, to forsake and to betray my Lord; rather far be poor as a beggar than that.

"I suppose this idea has been suggested to the Maharajah by what I heard had happened in his dispensary a few weeks ago. The native doctor being annoyed that most of his patients were leaving him for the Mission Dispensary, on account of the superior surgery, in an evil hour for himself and his patient, thought he would try his hand at surgery. He proceeded to open a boil in the groin of a sepoy; in doing so he cut into the femoral artery, and his unfortunate patient bled to death. I am told that the doctor was at once dismissed. Colonel Gardiner, an Englishman, or rather, I believe, a Canadian, who is in the pay of his Highness, came to ask me to vaccinate his little child. He told me the people have now the greatest confidence in my surgery and medicine, but that they dislike the missionary element in my work, the feature of it which I love the most. For some Sabbaths I have missed my pundit at our little services. On inquiry to-day Qadir Bakhsh told me that some men had become aware of his attending, and had threatened to report to the native authorities if he did not desist, so my Nicodemus has drawn back.

"22*d*.—My pundit, who has been deterred from attending our religious services, returned to-day, much to my delight. I think the truth is leavening this man's heart,

and that though his faith does not as yet prove strong enough to make him come out on the Lord's side, it will, nevertheless, suffice to unite him to the Fountainhead of Life.

"23*d*.—I have at last obtained a copy of the Kashmir alphabet, along with the Sanscrit equivalent.

"The Resident informed me to-day that the long-promised dispensary was ready, and asked if he could obtain anything else that I required. I wrote in reply that I felt most grateful for his having got the dispensary for me, and that, as he kindly offered to help me still further, I ventured to propose that a rude hospital might be prepared for the accommodation of those patients who come from a distance. He received the proposal graciously, and wrote again in the evening to say that he had spoken to his Highness about it, and that he had been pleased to grant permission for the erection of an additional shed."

When Dr. Elmslie went to take possession of the building proposed for a dispensary, he found it quite unfit for the purpose, the building being of wood so roughly put together as to admit rain freely. The second building was never erected.

Srinagar, August 11, 1866.—He writes to his mother :—

". . . You will be happy to hear that, in a medical point of view, at least, my work in Kashmir is prospering. In spite of opposition on the part of the local authorities, the work continues to progress. A few days ago I had as many as one hundred and eighty-three patients, and at this moment a fine-looking elderly Mussulman of rank, from the east end of the valley, has called to ask my ad-

vice. Many of my patients come from a great distance; and never a day passes without one or two surgical operations. The result is, that I am becoming more and more expert in this department. *At present three men are living in my tent who were totally blind, but now they see.* As to spiritual fruit, I wish I had something more definite to say. The people listen most attentively to our expositions of the divine Word, and receive our religious books gladly. Two Hindoos profess to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, but, as yet, lack courage to come out; and until they do confess Him openly, one cannot feel sure of their profession. I long, above all things, to see souls turning to Christ. What honour can be compared to that of leading a soul to Jesus, the Fountain of Life? You will be grieved to hear that the Kashmir Medical Mission has lost every farthing it possessed, through the failure of the Agra Bank; but, against this bit of bad news, we must lay this pleasant fact, that Sir John Lawrence has sent me the donation of 200 rupees for the benefit of the mission. I continue in very good health, although exceedingly hard wrought, having at present, in addition to my regular missionary work, that of the doctor of the station, who is now in another part of the valley. Remember me kindly to all my Aberdeen friends,—I never forget them. And give my brotherly love to Stewart, who is now, I hope, with you, cheering your heart by his presence, and helping you to church on his good, strong arm.

"17*th*.—I find that the Maharajah has placed sepoys at the different avenues leading to my house to prevent the people from coming to me. I have also heard that the

Diwan has issued an order that the pundits are not to frequent my dispensary, but to attend the dispensary which the Maharajah has opened for them in the city. The pundits held a meeting yesterday, and deputed some of their number to represent to the Diwan that no one was ever benefited from going to the native dispensary, but that, if the Maharajah prohibited them from going to the Padre doctor's, they were willing to obey."

"*Srinagar, Kashmir, 25th August* 1866.—My dear Thomson,—. . . When I tell you that I have really been overwhelmed with work ever since I entered upon the discharge of my proper duties in Kashmir, I am sure you will excuse me, and rejoice that I am so engaged. I am greatly indebted to you for the notice of the Kashmir Medical Mission, which appeared in the 'Medical Missionary Journal' you kindly sent me. Our little friend is always a very welcome visitor in this far-out-of-the-way corner of the world. The news that the Medical Mission principle is steadily making progress at home delights me much. God grant that it may continue to do so, till every mission station in heathendom shall have its Christian Medical Missionary. I am extremely happy to communicate a similar pleasure, by telling you that in this Indian province, which our heavenly Father has so highly favoured by bestowing on it Christian rulers, medical missions are becoming more and more recognised as a powerful adjuvant in the evangelisation of the heathen. Within the past year several applications to the Punjaub Medical Mission Society have been made for Medical Missionaries, or for pecuniary assistance, to enable the applicants to

apply to the parent society at home for men to occupy the existing vacancies. My dear Thomson, it makes one's heart bleed to think that so few young men are willing to devote themselves to this glorious work, and that our societies have comparatively so small funds at their disposal. Oh, that God would again raise up such men as the brothers Haldane were, to make a spiritual invasion of our universities and schools of learning to awaken the sleepy souls of our young men to a recognition of their duty, and an appreciation of the dignity and blessedness of denying one's self in the service of our blessed Redeemer. When will men be wise? When will they cease to be like the dog in the fable, which lost the substance for the shadow? It augurs badly for the religious future of our beloved native land that such men as Carlyle and Mill are the Rectors of two of our four universities. It made my heart sad to think, when reading the rectorial address of Mr. Carlyle, that so many young plastic, loving, and enthusiastic hearts were being fed with husks instead of the children's bread. Earnestness! unless it spring from love to God and man in our divine Saviour, Jesus Christ, is but the quintessence of selfishness and of all that we shall contemn as most hateful when we get to the other side, and stand before God. The man who tells his fellow men to be earnest in their worldly pursuits, is doing a superfluous work. The selfish, worldly, sensual, mammon worshipping, God-hating heart of man, as it is by nature, does not require to be told—be earnest as doctors, as lawyers, as merchants, as soldiers, for the prizes are only to the earnest, and it is the prizes that the natural man longs and

lives for. But man—we, whoever we are—requires to be told to trample with an iron heel upon his indigenous selfishness and worldliness. He does require to be told of the matchless love of God, as exhibited in the marvellous gift of His only begotten and well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ. He does require to be told of the endless claims that God has upon him. We do require to be told what is real truth and wisdom for us poor frail dying mortals. When one thinks of the vast power—moral, intellectual, and religious—being prepared and developed within the walls of our universities, how unspeakably important that every influence for good should be brought to bear upon our students. It strikes me we have not yet done all we ought to and might have done to them. My dear Thomson, can't you discover some way by which students may be more impressed, and have the claims of God and a perishing world forced upon their notice. In your letter you lament the want of men to fill existing vacancies in the medical mission field. Manifestly we must pray more faithfully and importunately to the great Lord of the harvest to send more labourers into His harvest. Why, if you had men, there are at least three openings in the Punjaub alone at the present time. It occurs to me that perhaps our heavenly Father may be teaching us, who are labouring in the foreign field, to put forth more strenuous efforts to rear as quickly as possible a native agency,—a native medical mission agency. Ever since I gave missions my serious and prayerful consideration, I have been convinced that one of the very first things a Christian Missionary ought to direct his attention and energies to,

is the educating of a band of natives to carry on the various departments of evangelistic work among their fellow countrymen. I left home with this conviction, and now my plan is ready, having surveyed what materials lie ready to our hands. It is very remarkable that at the very time I was writing a paper, which I intend reading at a Missionary Conference, to be held in Amritsar in November next, I should have received your letter bearing upon the same most important subject. . . . At present it would take me too long to give you all the details of my plan. Suffice it to say I propose having after a time, if possible, a Medical Missionary stationed at Lahore, the political capital of the Punjaub, where there is a very well equipped Medical College. The Principal and Professors I know well. They all take a lively interest in our Medical Mission, and what is more, one of the professors is at present engaged in collecting funds to be given as scholarships or bursaries to the medical mission students. The students are to be supplied by the various mission stations throughout the province, and from what I have heard, I am led to believe that there is scarcely a station which could not supply at least one promising young lad. But, God willing, we shall soon see. Another point which I intend bringing before the conference, is the training of native midwives, both for the native Christians, and to act as Bible women among the heathen. I will send you a copy of my paper, and shall be happy to receive any hints which may occur to you after perusal. Dr. Young will get a warm welcome from us on his arrival. May God bless him in himself and to India. Recruits!—the very name cheers and en-

courages one,—send more—send all you can. Love is unconquerable—the Christian's love. O God, fill us with love—fill us with Thyself, for Thou art Love. Fight, and toil on, my dear Thomson, hopefully, faithfully, joyfully, and lovingly too. We shall win the day, and follow Gentle to the other side—to the better land, to be for ever with our adorable and most precious Saviour." . . .

To his friend, Mrs. Cleghorn, he writes:—"*Srinagar, Sept.* 5, 1866.—. . . I have had my own difficulties since arriving in Srinagar in carrying on my work. They would not let the bungalow I occupied last year. I was obliged, in consequence, to go to a distance from the city, and was very much afraid that this would materially interfere with the poor sick people coming to me. But no, I expect there will be but few short of double the number of patients we had last year. We have had more quiet discussion this year than last. Many copies of the Gospels have been sought, and gladly received. As to my pundit, he is still with me. His spirit is like that of a Christian, but he has not yet had the courage to declare himself on the Lord's side. It is only the fear of the consequences of such a decided step that deters him from making a public profession of Christianity.

"The Rajah of Chamba has just made the handsome offer of 200 rupees a month, a free house, dispensary, and hospital buildings, with current expenses, to the Punjaub Medical Mission Committee, to induce them to begin a medical mission in his Highness's territory, similar to that in Kashmir. This offer ought to make our hearts rejoice. The committee are thinking of sending me to Chamba

during the ensuing cold season, and during my compulsory absence from Kashmir, to initiate the work while the Rajah is favourable. Let us, with all our hearts, return thanks to God for this great opening."

"*Srinagar, 10th October,* 1866.—My ever dear Mother, —I was delighted to hear how much you had enjoyed your stay at Ballater. I wish I could have been with you, to behold once more the beautiful scenery around our Queen's Scotch home, but I look forward to having that pleasure, after three years more of work in this land of my adoption.

"Another season has passed away. Much has been done this year in Kashmir, to commend Christ, our divine and precious, precious Saviour, to its ignorant and bigoted inhabitants. But the ground is very dry and thirsty, and although apparently the seed which has fallen has been very abundant, nevertheless it has sunk without producing any apparent spiritual verdure. Yet although this seems to be the case, God's own word will not return unto Him void. He *will* make it accomplish that whereto He sent it.

"This season my health and spirits have kept up well, although I have had not a few things to trouble me, and make me anxious at times. There has been and is, deep, deep down below the ruffling on the surface, such a serene and delightful calm, springing from faith in my beloved Saviour, and partly perhaps, from being devoted entirely to His exalted and holy service, that I enjoy in my heart of hearts much of that peace and joy of which a world, out of Christ, knows nothing. The devil has been tempt-

ing me much this past season. You know that India is in many respects an excellent field for a good doctor. He is sure to have a large income very soon if he acquire a good name by his professional skill. During this season through the blessing of God I have been remarkably successful in one or two cases. The result has been that the Maharajah, at the instigation of the British Resident, has made me an offer of £100 a month, if I will enter his service. This of itself was not to be condemned, but it was stipulated that I was on no account to make any effort to spread the knowledge of Christ among his people,—that is to say, *I was to forsake my Saviour's service, and enter the Maharajah's.* Ah dearest mother, although we would perhaps be the better of a little more money, £300 a year with Jesus, is better, ten thousandfold, than £1,200 without Him. It gladdens my heart to be able to give up some worldly advantage for Christ's sake. Oh what is money, or worldly glory, and a passing name, when all here below is transient, and unsatisfying; and God, and Jesus, and heaven with all its indescribable felicities and glories, alone are stable, eternal, and satisfying.—Your loving son, WILLIE."

Referring to the same subject in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Mallett, of date 11th May 1866, he writes, "The Rajah is prepared to give me the princely sum of 1000 rupees per month; but what are the conditions? To enter his service and give up speaking for Jesus. Heavy conditions; too heavy for me. My dear Mallett, Jesus, blessed be His name, is too precious to me personally to be sold for a *thousand* pieces of silver. Ah, Mallett, there is of a truth

that which overcomes the world—our faith, and blessed be God, He has given us some of it. Doubtless we should not be sorry to have a little more money; but heaven is ours, and our Father's *promise* is better than the Rajah's *cash down*."

CHAPTER XI.

WORK IN CHAMBA.

After leaving Srinagar, Dr. Elmslie came down to Amritsar, but instead of re-opening his dispensary, the Committee of the Punjaub Medical Missionary Society deemed it proper to send him up to Chamba, of which the reader has already heard, to carry on mission work there during the cold season. He thus writes from Amritsar to his mother:—

"17*th November*, 1866.—Ever dearest Mother,—I hope long ere this reaches, you may have received some of the letters which I wrote to you from Kashmir. I cannot tell you how grieved I am to learn you have been so long without hearing from me. I wrote to you regularly, but, as many of my other letters have also gone astray, I strongly suspect that the native officials have seized on them to discover what I say of Government matters to my friends. Your having received so few during the past season confirms my suspicions in this matter. You must not be anxious in future. I shall continue to write regularly, and you may be sure if there were anything wrong some of my friends here would let you know. I am brimful of health through the goodness of God. My heart is brimful of joy, my faith in our precious, precious Saviour is getting gradually

stronger and stronger, and I delight more and more in His honourable service. I have just reached Amritsar. If you have a map at hand you will readily ascertain the route I took in this journey from Kashmir. In the north-west corner of the map of India you will, by careful inspection, discover the position of the following places: Baramula, Uri, Poonch, Bimbhar, and Amritsar. This was almost all fresh ground to me. We had to cross a mountain pass about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, twice the height of your famous Lochnagar, and with the exception of my catching a very bad cold, everything went well. We followed the same old plan of holding receptions at each of the villages and towns where we rested on our march, for the purpose of doing some good in a medical point of view, and also, and chiefly, to scatter a few of the precious seeds of the life-giving Gospel by the way, in the sure hope of its springing up at some future time, and bearing fruit to the praise of God. The people everywhere received us gladly, took our medicine and medical advices thankfully, and listened patiently to our news of the Gospel. Those who could read received parts of the New Testament and tracts. Pray, dearest mother, to our heavenly Father for His rich blessing on the labours of your loving son. We are most powerful when most prayerful. I am now drawing up an account of the Kashmir Medical Mission during the past year, and writing a lot of letters in reply to a heap which had accumulated for me during my march.

"*Amritsar, 17th November*, 1866.—MY DEAR THOMSON, ... I heard delightful news the other day—news which will assuredly gladden your heart. Mr. Rudolph,

one of the American missionaries stationed at Loodiana, the Punjaub, told me that some months ago two Kashmiris came to him desiring to receive instruction respecting Christianity. They said they were Mussulman priests, that one of them had heard the Gospel for the first time in his life, at the Medical Mission Dispensary, Srinagar (during its first season), that what he had then heard had taken such a hold of him, that he felt an insatiable thirst for more knowledge about this new way of life, that as it was fraught with very considerable danger to be an inquirer after Christianity in Kashmir, he had resolved to find his way to the plains of the Punjaub, where he could with safety satisfy his thirst. Before setting out on his pilgrimage he prevailed on another of the priestly order to accompany him. They both reached Loodiana, were introduced to Mr. Rudolph, and he who had heard of salvation through a crucified Redeemer, at the Medical Mission Dispensary in Srinagar, was baptized after receiving sufficient instruction from Mr. Rudolph. He is now a most zealous and consistent Christian. His companion, too, is making progress in Divine things. Mr. Rudolph expects he will be baptized very soon. Here is some fruit *already*—never dying fruit. I cannot tell you, my dear friend, how brimful of joy my heart is, and how thankful to God too, for this great blessing. I feel now doubly strong, doubly hopeful, and doubly willing to labour on ministering to these wicked, dirty, and despised, Kashmiris. This is the Lord's doing. Let us wait on Him, let us wait *patiently* on Him. May not the prayers offered up by the friends of medical missions at your last winter's meeting have

had something to do with this? We shall know some day when we get to the other side.

"This morning, (the 19th), I received your paper on the *Status of native medical mission agents.* I do not mean to say anything on the subject just now, but will do so, soon after our conference, which is to be held next week, God willing. Very many thanks for sending it. The subject will be discussed at the conference. I hope to send a full account of our proceedings, so far as medical missions are concerned.

"*Amritsar, 3d December*, 1866.—EVER DEAREST MOTHER,—This very evening I set off for Chamba, my new sphere of labour for the next four months. In a former letter I told you about the Rajah's invitations, and about the mission I am about to inaugurate. It is apparently an interesting field of labour." . . . .

On reaching Chamba, Dr. Elmslie wrote as follows :—

"*Chamba, among the Himalayas, 3d July*, 1867.—MY DEAR THOMSON,—You will see from the heading of this letter, that I write from Chamba, which God in His providence has opened to Medical Missions. It is situated to the south-east of Kashmir, and to the north of the Punjaub. Chamba forms a country, through the midst of which one of the *five rivers* of the Punjaub—hence the name Punjaub—flows. The Ràvi is the name of the river. The whole valley is surrounded by lofty mountains—the genuine Himalayas—whose peaks are at present covered with snow. Up to this time, no snow has fallen in the valley. The winter is temperate, and very much what I suppose the best parts of the South of England are. I learn the people

of the valley enjoy excellent health as a rule. Aguish fevers prevail to some extent, with spleen complications. Bronchocele (goitre) is exceedingly common among both men and women—as much amongst the former as the latter. On entering the valley, the other day, I was particularly struck with the joyful and happy appearance of the people. As they went along, they kept cheering themselves with songs. This is an agreeable contrast to the inhabitants of Kashmir, who, poor people, have had the song knocked out of them by iron-handed tyranny.

"The population of the valley is 101,664, and that of the city of Chamba, the capital, 6000. The medical missionary, therefore, will not have very heavy work. But now let me tell you how it was that an application was made for a medical missionary for Chamba.

"Last hot season, much to the joy of the Rajah, one of the Ranees, or regal wives, gave birth to a fine boy. Both mother and child went on well for some time, but by-and-bye the little one sickened and died. The grief of the Rajah was unbounded, and he had the idea that if he had possessed European medical skill his infant son would have been spared to him. Shortly after this heavy bereavement, the mother of the deceased child, who was the favourite Ranee, also fell sick and died. The Rajah now besought his Superintendent, who is the British representative at his court, to procure for him a European medical man from the supreme Government, and that he would give £10 a month, house, dispensary, hospital, and all current expenses towards the defrayment of the doctor's salary, &c. The Rajah was told the Government could not supply him

with a doctor, as they were greatly in want of doctors themselves. By the advice of the superintendent, who is a Christian man, the Rajah now increased the £10 a month to £20, and urged the Punjaub Medical Mission Society to undertake to supply Chamba with a medical missionary. About this time another son of the Rajah's died, and he became still more importunate. Various communications were sent home to get a man for the station, and so important did the Punjaub Medical Mission Society consider this opening, that they agreed to allow me to spend the cold season in Chamba, instead of Amritsar."

This Chamba arrangement is important, and deserves consideration. The principle that underlies it is familiar to us, cases involving it having frequently passed under our notice. Planters in Northern India, merchants in South America, and others located in out-of-the-way places, who know that no skilful physician, who proposes to make money by his profession, would ever look near them, catch at the idea of a medical missionary, because they think they may get a first-rate doctor at a moderate cost. *They obligingly seek to turn our self-sacrifice to their own profit.* Dr. Elmslie does not seem, at first, to have realised the bearings of such an arrangement, for he wrote quite jubilantly about it, and with a hopefulness which events did not justify; but soon he grasped the principle in its full significance, and spoke and wrote against it earnestly. In a letter to Mrs. Burns Thomson, he says:—

"Mr. ——, of ——, wishes the medical missionary to be considered as the servant of the Rajah,—a grand

mistake, as you can easily see. Such an arrangement would be sure to have a prejudicial influence on the medical missionary's work. I hold, and I hold it firmly, that the earthly master of no medical missionary should be a *heathen* — a professed heathen — however favourable to Christianity he may appear to be. I must tell you that the native princes of India, from their seeing how pleased the British Government at present is with the establishment of medical dispensaries in native states, are very anxious to gain the favour of Government in this easy and cheap way. It stands to reason, my dear Mrs. B. T., if a medical missionary receive his wages from a heathen prince, that the credit of the missionary's labours goes to heathenism, and not to Christianity. If a heathen prince approves of medical missions for the physical good that they bring to his people, and wishes to have such a mission established in his state, let him contribute to the common funds of some Missionary Society who will be prepared to send a medical missionary to that particular state to labour as their (the *Society's*) agent. The Punjaub Medical Missionary Society is ever ready to entertain such cases. But an arrangement like this does not suit these praise-seeking natives. They must have agents of their own; *heathens* must have *Christian* agents to convert their people ! ! ! No, the native princes know right well that as soon as a Christian man enters their service, his Christian influence is in a great measure nullified. Let me remind you that the history of Christian missions verifies this statement. Our medical missionaries, therefore, must not be the servants of heathens, but must

labour independently, or in connection with some missionary society."

There is another aspect of this principle. For example, a dozen planters subscribe, say £10 each, towards the funds of a missionary society; and they pledge themselves to contribute that sum annually *on condition that the medical missionary shall be bound to attend professionally on themselves and their families.* "Now to this arrangement," writes Dr. Elmslie, "I strongly object, for several reasons. It is very evident, from the nature of this condition, that these planters are trying to drive a bargain for their own advantage. In fact, they wish a European doctor, and, moreover, they wish him cheap. You must also know that these planters are in all probability scattered over a large area, and that to attend them and their families would be very likely to eat up the lion's share of the medical missionary's time and energies. Now this brings me to another axiom in medical missions abroad. The medical missionary should not be bound to attend a single European (save his brethren in the mission). Medical missionaries sent out under the auspices of missionary societies are intended for the natives of the countries to which they are sent. In such countries as India and China, our fellow countrymen can easily obtain the services of medical men if they are only willing to remunerate them sufficiently. They have only to write home to Scotland or England for a medical man, mentioning his salary, which must, of course, be proportionate to their own large incomes. It makes one angry to see our countrymen taking advantage of a charitable work like

medical missions to save their own pockets. I hold, therefore, that our medical missionaries should not be bound to attend professionally on any Europeans. Moreover, medical missionaries, as long as they are servants of any missionary society, should not be allowed to give themselves out for this sort of practice. Such practice may fill their purses, but it will and must impair their usefulness among the natives of the country to which they have been sent. A medical missionary's time and energies are limited; he should husband them, therefore, with extreme care. If he has any spare time after his labours amongst the natives, let him rest, or engage in some study bearing on his work."

The Chamba arrangement was about as hopeful a measure of this nature as can well be imagined, but it did not work well. The Rajah gave a very honourable equivalent for the modicum of professional service he asked in return; and the Punjaub Medical Missionary Society, one would suppose, secured in articles 5 and 6 of the Rajah's Administrative Order, the independence of their agent, and perfect freedom for him in the prosecution of missionary work. These articles run thus:—

"5. The Chamba medical missionary shall have full liberty to prosecute the calling of a Christian missionary, in the same way as he would be allowed to do, were he employed in any of the provinces of India which are under the immediate administration of the British Government.

"6. The medical missionary shall be bound, on my demand, to render to me, and to my immediate relatives, due professional attendance; but beyond this I will not

interfere in the way in which he may see fit to carry on his medical duties in Chamba."

What could be more explicit? And yet, Dr. Elmslie soon found himself involved in a complicated and unpleasant correspondence regarding these very rights.

"*Chamba, 3d January,* 1867.—To Dr. Cleghorn.—The dispensary is now open, and patients are treated *daily.* Medical missionary dispensaries should be open *daily.* Some are not, I am greatly astonished at this. I fear practice amongst Europeans has something to do with this. We medical missionaries need constantly to remember we did not leave home to be doctors to our own countrymen, who can in most cases be attended by other medical men, but we left home to labour among the perishing heathen, that by the blessing of God on our medical labours we may lead these same perishing heathen to the truth as it is in Jesus."

About a month after, to the same friend he says, "Within the last four weeks we have had four cases of lithotomy, one of which is well, and has left for his own home; the other three are progressing favourably. I am of opinion stone is extremely common in Chamba, goitre too is met with by the hundred. The biniodide of mercury rubbed in locally, and exhibited internally in the form of pill at the same time, works wonders. This medicine is far more effectual than iodine alone."

To his Brother.—"*Chamba, 2d January,* 1867.—Dearest Stewart,—I am delighted to hear you are once more at home beside our dear mother, whom it is our delightful duty and privilege to cherish and comfort.

. . . . I know nothing will please her so much as to see you give evidence of being a lover of Jesus.

"I am not going to preach to you, dear Stewart—Dr. Davidson will do that with all the love and skill for which we honour him, but there is one question which I wish affectionately to ask you. It is this, 'What think ye of Christ?' Oh, love Him, dear Stewart, and serve Him with all your heart, with all your might and main. May God who has done so much for us in the past greatly bless you, and guide you, and enlighten you, and fit you for glory. May the sunshine of a Father's reconciled countenance ever rest on you!—Your loving brother, WILLIAM.

"*Chamba, 19th January*, 1867.—DEAREST MOTHER,—You do not tell me enough of yourself. Let me share all your trials as well as your pleasures. I think I can sympathise. The more we know of the great Sympathiser the better we can feel with others; the more we know of the great heart of God overflowing with unquenchable love, the more our hearts are enlarged, and enabled to weep with those who weep, and to rejoice with those who rejoice. I trust you really do bask in the sunshine of a reconciled Father's love and grace. Jesus was never so dear to me as He is now. Oh how manifold are His loving kindnesses to me! Bless the Lord, O my soul.

"I have now got the Medical Mission Dispensary in full working order here. We had a large attendance to-day, and I addressed them in Urdu. They listened attentively to all I said about the unsearchable riches of Christ, and I do so enjoy speaking to them about Him. One here and

another there in the crowd heard the good news with apparent joy."

To C. J. Rodgers, Esq.—"*Chamba, Feburary 3d*, 1867.—So you have got a clock to preach to you! You could not have a better monitor, for who can look at a clock and hear its *tempus fugit* tick-tack without being reminded of the shortness of this life, and of the near eternity with all its dread verities. *One life!* only one have we. How short that life on earth! *So much to be done, and so little time to do it.*"

"*Chamba, 5th February*, 1867.—My dear Mallett. . . . . We do indeed enjoy innumerable precious opportunities of speaking for Jesus our adorable Redeemer. Blessed be God there is no lack of such privileges. I don't know how it goes with you, dear Mallett, but as for myself, I have frequently sad cause to mourn over the misimprovement of these most invaluable opportunities. It is so very difficult to be always earnest, always watchful, always full of Jesus, always looking far ahead into that awful eternity, to which time is hurrying us along with such lightning speed. Oh what an endless journey of improvement lies before us. My dear M., if we are ever to be like our beloved Saviour, we must be much in His transforming company. We must meet Him at the '*trysting*' place of His throne of grace. We must study His holy Word more humbly, teachably, and prayerfully, and we must realise that we possess an ever present Saviour, for, 'Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Pray for me, my dear M., that I may attain to this more and more. I will not forget you. We can help each other mightily."

Written in apology after a discussion with——.

Chamba, February 7th, 1867.—My dear,——I am extremely sorry about our discussion on Monday last, because I readily confess that I am not at all satisfied with the part I played in it. To be told in the heat of debate that one is talking in utter ignorance of the subject, is rather trying. That I did not take this meekly or quietly, I am now very sorry; our Divine Master would certainly have acted thus; but I have much still to learn of the mind that was in Jesus. Let me say that, as the intention to cause another pain is as far distant from me as the north is from the south, I fully and heartily apologise to you for anything I may have said which gave you pain.—Yours, very sincerely, W. J. Elmslie."

To his Mother.—"19*th February*, 1867.—The Lord Himself make your soul a very garden in which He delights to dwell, so that you may be truly joyful! There is nothing like spiritual comfort. There is nothing like a well-grounded faith in Christ, God's own dear Son, our precious, precious Saviour. This is great riches. I hope you are basking in the glorious sunshine of His matchless love and favour, which are unquestionably better than life. But —— has not yet found the Saviour. This is an awful thought, and one which has for some time caused me much anxiety. What a thought for us, that we may be with Christ in glory, but find no —— there. We must pray, mother. The time may be short with all of us.

"In about six weeks from this date, I shall, God willing, be quitting Chamba for Kashmir. How thankful we ought to be that God in His all-good providence has cast my lot

in a region so lovely. . . . In my soul there is perpetual sunshine. I have sins and temptations to battle against, both in my heart and in the outer world, but with Christ we are more than conquerors over all these.

"The Rajah is most favourably disposed towards the mission, so that my stay here has been extremely pleasant, although not free from difficulty. I have had some of the most serious operations to perform, and God, up to this time, has made all things go well with me in this respect. Two men, who have been attending the dispensary for some time, called on me to-day privately, to speak about the wonderful story of the cross. I have great hope of them.

"We dined to-day with the new Resident, to bid Mr. W. good-bye. The Rajah was present at table, but did not eat with us, being still a Hindu."

"*Chamba, 29th March,* 1867.—My dear Mrs. Thomson, —The reception of your and the doctor's letters was to me indeed a 'feast and a fine day.' It is always most cheering to the child of God to know that his brothers and sisters in Christ are holding up his hands by their prayers."

Speaking of the self-denial involved in the procedure of the friend addressed, he continues:—

"It is a glorious thing, although tremendously difficult to the flesh, to make sacrifices for our adorable Redeemer's sake. Nevertheless, if we are Christ's, we must deny ourselves and take up our cross and follow Him. It strikes me that it is just more of this self-denying and this up-taking of the cross that the world needs. It is undeni-

able that our own beloved Scotland is rapidly and generally becoming unbelieving and worldly. . . .

"Oh that the young and rising sons of Scotland could be aroused. Oh that they could be freed from the galling chains of worldliness and money-worship, and could be made to believe that really to live for God and not for self —really to live for the good of our fellow-men, with the eye of faith and hope fixed upon the sublime and awful verities of an unseen, but coming world, is verily the perennial source of man's greatest happiness and glory. I am glad the doctor is trying to awake the sleepers. Stir him up to this work. It is with the young whose hearts have not yet become like baked bricks, that our hope is. . . .

"I cannot tell you how grieved we all are here that no man has yet been found for Chamba. On the 1st April I leave Chamba for Kashmir. There is nobody to take my place. It is very sad to think that if the world had made the call, and offered a large salary, &c., instead of not having one applicant, we should have had perhaps a score. Ah, dear friend, this is certainly not as it ought to be. As I told you in my former letter, this is a most favourable and promising field for medical missions. I have spent an extremely pleasant winter in this lovely—physically lovely —valley. God has greatly blessed our medical and surgical work, and I am not without the hope that at least another star will be added to my crown from this winter's labours. A Brahmin, who has attended the Medical Missionary Dispensary for some six weeks, has manifested a delightful

spirit of inquiry; and both Mr. Ferguson and myself entertain the hope that this man, through the help of God's enlightening and converting spirit, may soon declare himself on the side of Christ."

CHAPTER XII.

THIRD YEAR'S WORK IN KASHMIR.

AGAIN Dr. Elmslie strikes his tent, and leaving Chamba, starts for another campaign in Kashmir. These constant changes are very trying. His first letter *en route* is dated

"*Goojerat*, 17*th April* 1867.—MY EVER DEAREST MOTHER, —I am now on my way to Kashmir, and am hopeful that the season may be a blessed and prosperous one. I am sure I am followed by earnest prayers for my success as a winner of souls to our blessed Saviour. This only is worth living for.

"*Journal*, 18*th*.—Left Goojerat early in the morning along with the Rev. R. Paterson. After resting a little while on our arrival at Bimbhar, we went together into the city. Passing along the bazaar I saw several cases of disease, and as I stopped to examine one or two of them we were soon surrounded by a little crowd. One man in the throng was very earnest and importunate that we should go and see a female relative, who, he said, was very ill. We went, and, as a good many people were gathered near the house, I asked Mr. P. to address them. This he did, and they seemed interested. We were importuned to go and see another case of illness. There is

no lack of opportunity everywhere. Oh, God, bless the seed sown for Thine own name's sake! About a dozen sick people were waiting our return, but, as the daylight was almost gone, I was obliged to dismiss the little company, with the request that they would return next morning.

"19*th.*—Mr. P. left me and returned to Goojerat. The patients returned this morning, and were treated. On the way from Bimbhar to Saidabad I met a number of camels laden with salt, on their way to Kashmir. Read Arnold's life on the journey. Admire the man.

"21*st.*—*Sunday.*—I am resting in this picturesque village, Nowshera, to-day, having arrived yesterday evening, after a good ride from Saidabad. I held a reception of the sick, and my assistant, Thomas, addressed them in a very simple, earnest way. After this I held service with the servants, and in the afternoon went into the little town, where I saw an old dilapidated serai, which is said to have been built by the Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan. On the roof of this ruinous building a trial for theft was being carried on. In the evening had a second reception for the sick. Treated in all 85 patients to-day.

"22*d.* — Started from Nowshera at 6.30; reached Chungas Serai about 1 P.M. The road good. Captain —— is here, and we dined together. After a struggle with myself I summoned courage to ask a blessing aloud. What a religious coward I sometimes am!

"23*d.*—*Rajaori.*—Twenty-five sick people here. Addressed them on John iii. 16. Jesus Christ is the only balm for a sinner's wounds. Nothing but Jesus will do.

The people's interest increased as I went on, and they gathered more closely round me to hear better. One man said that the prophets were good and holy, and had interest in heaven to procure us blessings, especially salvation. I answered that their own testimony was that they were themselves sinners, and therefore needed a Saviour to atone for their sin. No one could save us without bearing the penalty due, even death. Oh, that God may bless His own Word for His own glory!

"24*th.*—*Dhanna.*—How glad I am that I had an opportunity of bearing medical testimony in favour of total abstinence in presence of Captain ——! It may be helpful to him. We had a large gathering of sick people to-day.

"25*th.*—After proceeding for a short time along the Pir Panjal route, I turned to the left and began the ascent of the Ratan Pir, which is by no means easy. The descent is particularly rough, and my boxes were a good deal damaged by to-day's journey. This place—Surim—is not a town, but only a number of houses scattered on the hillside.

"28*th.*—*Kahuta, Sunday.*—We have had two receptions here, and a large number of sick people attended. The little son of a distant Nawab was brought to me by a servant. The little fellow was suffering from partial paralysis of the lower extremities, caused by bathing in cold water when in a state of perspiration.

"29*th.*—Through the snow to-day, and across the Haji Pir, 7000 feet above sea level.—*Hyderabad.*

"30*th.*—*Uri.*—A most beautiful march from Hyderabad.

Passed a lovely waterfall on the right hand of the stream along which we marched. Its height is about 50 feet. The mountains have their summits crowned with snow; soft, white clouds nestle in their bosoms or float down their rugged cliffs. The firs wear their beautiful fresh green, and the other trees present a variety of lovely blossoms; the flowers, the birds, the ever-changing face of the landscape, all lighted up by the glorious sun! Who can behold such scenes without lifting up the heart in thankfulness to Him who has clothed His earth with such beauty and grandeur? I visited the dilapidated-looking fort which guards the road near Uri. It boasts of one brass gun of 10 lbs. and four iron ones of smaller calibre. The Nawab whom I here treated two years before came to see me, and stayed to the address given to the sick. He listened attentively while I spoke on 'The wages of sin is death,' and he answered questions intelligently. May the Spirit of Life quicken him!

"*Nowshera, May 1st.*—Left Uri at 6.15, and arrived here at 11.45. March a long one, but the scenery very lovely and grand. I intimated my readiness to receive the sick from the neighbouring houses, but the moonshee of the place told me the people here think that one day's medicine could be of no avail.

"*2d.—On the River Jhelum.*—This morning started from Nowshera for Baramula, where we arrived about 10 A.M., and at once hired two large boats to convey us to Srinagar. Sailed at noon. The change from walking to sailing delightful. The view we had of the valley from Baramula hill is most enchanting. The valley lies encircled by lofty

mountains, whose peaks are white with snow. The mountains on the north and east of the valley seem as if the materials of which they are composed had at one time been molten, and as if, while in this state, they had been lashed into great waves, and then suddenly set into their abrupt forms. They are remarkably barren. The mountainous ridge on the south and west has a more diversified outline, and two or three very lofty peaks towards the south form a grand offset to the whole range. The quantity of snow on the northern aspect of this mountain boundary is much greater than that on the southern range. Reached Sopur about 6 P.M. This is a picturesque-looking town on the western extremity of the Wular lake, through which the Jhelum flows. Sleeping in one's boat is cold at this season.

"3*d*.—Awoke early and found we were still sailing on the spacious Wular lake. Much engaged in prayer for God's blessing on me and mine, and on His own work. Very happy from trust in Jesus. Reached Srinagar about 5 P.M., and at once called on the Rev. A. Brinckman.

"4*th*.—Early this morning I took possession of the bungalow I occupied last year. Paid my boatmen 3 rupees. which is the proper price for the journey from Baramula. Gave the men each 8d. as bakhshish, but found that the Maharajah's officials were already on the spot to take from them the usual tax at the rate of one anna on the rupee, Breakfasted with Mr. Brinckman—called on the Resident. Busy the rest of the day in getting my house into order. Dedicated myself and all that I am to God afresh, imploring His gracious blessing on my work and my people.

"*Sunday, May 5th.*—Divine service at the Residency. In the evening the Rev. Mr. Walsh, American missionary from Futtegurh, held a Hindustani service which was pretty well attended.

"*6th.*—I heard to-day by a letter, from the Rev. Mr. Ferguson of Chamba, that the Rajah of that state has declared that henceforth there shall be the widest religious toleration in his territories. This is joyful news, the Lord's name be praised! Dined with Major Maclean, and at half-past six, attended the first prayer-meeting of the season at the Rev. Mr. Walsh's house; it was a delightful meeting. Spirit much refreshed.

"*9th.*—Opened the dispensary to-day—four present. In God's strength I hope to be more diligent than ever before, in spreading the glorious gospel of God's marvellous grace, and in everything which my hand finds to do for God's glory. *I must* study Persian: it is an essential part of Kashmiri; Lord, help me!

"*10th.*—Ten patients present to-day. Read the parable of the Prodigal Son which I always find arresting to the people. One man told me that a Government officer had tried to prevent his coming to me, by urging him to go to the Government Dispensary, where medicine, clothing, and food would be got for nothing. I took the man to the Resident, but, as his house is surrounded by spies, the poor man was timid in his answers to all the inquiries put to him. The result of the examination proved, however, that the people have been prohibited from attending the Mission Dispensary. Here the matter ended. The shed built by order of the Maharajah for the dispensary last year is still

uninhabitable, I have complained to the Baboo in charge of English affairs, and he promises to have it completed. [This was never done.] Persian for two hours.

"11*th.*—The man whom I took to the Commissioner yesterday has not returned to-day, I fear some mischief has befallen him.

"*Sabbath, May* 12*th.*—The man referred to is still absent, and the attendance of patients so small that I fear there is truth in the report I have heard—*i.e.*, that the sepoys are employed to prevent the sick from coming to me. I am told that during my absence the Diwan exacted a written promise from the Pundits to the effect that they should never again come to the Padre Doctor Sahib, on the penalty of a fine of 500 rupees.

After divine service at the Residency, I had a large gathering of the blind beggars of Srinagar in the tent, when I read to them the story of the blind man who saw men as trees walking. After the address they each received a small gratuity, and were told to return next Sabbath. O Lord, bless this effort to open the eyes of the blind!

"13*th.*—Rained very heavily. Began Materia Medica and Chemistry Class with my native doctor and assistants.

"16*th.*—Still only five patients. I do fear that the local Government is using some means of preventing the sick from coming, but the Lord reigneth!

"17*th.*—Nine patients present. Oh, my God, how helpless I am! my trust must be in Thee only.

"18*th.*—Still only a few patients present. A man and a woman told me they had been sent away by a sepoy

stationed at the gate through which they had to pass from the city; they came round another way. Went to the city to see Samad Shah, shawl merchant, who is ill, and on the way stopped at the house of my Kashmiri Pundit, who ought to have come to me last Monday. Found him at home and well; he stated that he had been prohibited from coming to me, on pain of imprisonment, fine, and the destruction of his house. He also informed me that a prohibition had been issued by the Diwan, to the effect that no one was to go to the Padre Doctor; the penalty—imprisonment and fine. The Pundit also told my catechist that inquiry had been made as to what wages he had received from Mr. Brinckman and me, and that employment was to be given him to the same amount.

"*Sabbath, May 19th.*—Went out very early this morning and met an old man and woman, who said, in answer to my inquiry where they were going, 'to the Doctor Sahib's.' I asked if they were not afraid, they answered 'yes,' for they had been on their way to me yesterday, but had been beaten and sent away by sepoys stationed near one of the bridges. They came to the dispensary, and in the presence of Mr. Brinckman, my catechist, and native doctor, told me exactly the same story. A sepoy, evidently a spy sent to report who were present at this morning's reception, was asked to sit down, and he heard the gospel for once in his life.

"21*st.*—My catechist tells me that copies of the prohibition have been given to each zilladar, and that more active measures are being taken to prevent the people from coming to my dispensary. They dare not come. The

poor old man and woman who ventured to come on Sunday, were beaten publicly, and their names with all particulars were noted. An old pundit has attended at each morning's reception, for the purpose of writing the names of all present. To-day I sent him about his business.

"*Srinagar, May 27th,* 1867.—MY DEAREST MOTHER.—You will see by the heading of this letter, that I am again in Kashmir. The journey to the valley this year was rather difficult, owing to the amount of snow on the high mountains we had to pass, two of which are about twice the height of Ben Nevis. We were busy on the way, as formerly, in telling of Jesus and His marvellous love, and in dispensing medicines and advice. My dispensary is now fairly opened, but I grieve to say that the usual number of patients have not yet taken advantage of it. The native Government do all in their power to oppose me, and I sometimes despond and think my lot a trying one, being cast among so down-trodden and degraded a people. At such times a voice seems to say to me, 'Wait patiently on the Lord; in due season ye shall reap *if ye faint not.*' Assured that the Lord reigneth I shall stick to my post, and you, dear mother, can help me much by prayer. In the secrecy of your own chamber, meet me often at the throne of grace, and thus you will do genuine mission work of the most exalted character. Be like Jacob—wrestle with God in prayer, and, through faith in our beloved Saviour, you will win the victory. He loves to bless us; He delights to grant our requests, but He will try us first whether we desire them with all our hearts. Pray much for poor enslaved Kashmir. Few take pity on her and the

evils which exist, and which daily come before my eyes are inconceivable !. . . . . My word of comfort for you to-day is Lam. iii.—Your ever loving and dutiful son, WILLIAM.

"*Sabbath, June 2d.*—Received from the chaplain Rs. 12, 15a. 6p., to be distributed among the poor. Had my usual meeting with the blind and lame. Qadir Bakhsh addressed them, after which I distributed among them three annas each. While I was doing so one of the boatmen of Mr. L.'s boat, which was lying close by, robbed a poor old blind man of his few paise. Mr. B. saw it, and pursued the man, made him restore the money, and took away his turban for the purpose of identification. On complaining of him to his master, he received such a thorough beating that I do not mean to say anything further about this. I have sent a report of the past month's opposition to the Resident, and he means to forward it to headquarters.

"*June 16th.*—Cholera has appeared among the troops; to-day six men died. The Pathan has been fined 200 rupees, and the merchants in the city have been forbidden to supply him with provisions because he is suspected of being a Christian. Eighteen were present at the Dispensary this morning, and I think they were more anxious than in former years to hear the Gospel. Their hearts seem softer and more impressible. The Rev. W. Walsh has written to ask one of his sons in America to devote himself to Medical Missions. Lord, let Thy kingdom come!

19th June, 1867.—To C. J. RODGERS, Esq.—" . . . I

sympathise deeply with you in your domestic loss. If the attractive power of the unseen and eternal world be increased to you through this means however, then you will yet rejoice and thank God for this tribulation. Heaven is our home, all that is most precious and desirable is there, Jesus our Divine Saviour and Friend is there, besides many dear ones. Let us then not sorrow as those that are without hope!

"The training of Christian native teachers is a noble work. May God grant you strength and grace to accomplish it. Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we *shall* reap, *if we faint not.*

"I am meeting with unusual opposition from the native Government this year. Cholera has been committing its ravages among the Maharajah's troops, but we trust the efforts made to check the progress of this awful scourge may be blessed. Pray for us in this trying crisis.

"*Journal, 20th.*—Cholera has broken out in the city, and an order is issued by the Resident forbidding any people to come to the European quarters. I wrote a polite letter in Persian to the Diwan, expressing my deep sorrow at the sad news which I hourly receive of deaths in the city from cholera. I said I should be delighted to assist him with advice and personal attendance. Have received no answer. Am studying hard. As Mr. Clark says:—'While the door of ministry to the sick is closed, God may open the door of my lips. He may give me the gift of this difficult language, and touch my tongue as with fire. May He grant me wisdom and patience!'"

The journals during the months of May and June are

filled with instances of the opposition of Government, and the sufferings of the people; that of July recounts daily visits to the city, where cholera raged for seven weeks. A few notices may be given.

"*Journal, June 29th.*—Nursed Colonel S. to-day. He is very ill but peaceful.

"*July 1st.*—Went early this morning to see Colonel S. His spirit passed away at 7.45. May the Lord comfort his family, and bless this heavy trial to me and to all who knew him! This is the first case the least resembling cholera which has occurred amongst Europeans here.

"*7th.*—To-day recovering from a threatening of cholera. The Rev. Mr. B. and I had a long conversation with two Kashmiris, who have been for some time inquiring after the truth. They stated their disbelief in the Koran: they firmly believe it to be false. They gave instances wherein statements made in it contradict each other. They believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, equal with God the Father, and the only Saviour of men. They say they have taken Him to be their Saviour, and now wish to receive baptism. Their answers to all our questions were remarkably satisfactory, yet they have not been long inquirers, and I feel disposed to recommend delay. What was the apostolic practice? that must guide us. Told them to return on Wednesday.

"*9th.*—Abadu and Alunad Jan returned, and declared their desire to receive baptism. We again spoke to them about the way of salvation, and asked them to consider the momentous nature of the step they were about to take.

We put the whole case before them, and urged them to make their decision prayerfully.

"11*th.*—Abadu and Alunad Jan returned to-day, and after again trying to give them a true view of what it is to be a Christian, we agreed that it would be wrong to withhold the rite of baptism from them. They were baptized in the Medical Mission Bungalow, in the presence of all my servants. May the Lord bless and keep them, for doubtless a stormy future lies before them, if they remain steadfast to their Saviour. After the baptism, Mr. Brinckman left for Gulmarg — the 'meadow of flowers' is the Kashmiri signification of this name. Here the Resident and European visitors spend most of the summer.

"13*th.*—Sailed down the river to the Habba Kadal, where cholera seems to be worst. There I visited 28 cases of indubitable cholera. I was gladly welcomed even by the women, who remained in their houses instead of fleeing from me, as they usually do. Hindoos and Mussulmans alike ask me to come into their houses, and there is no purda-work now."

More than once formerly Dr. Elmslie was called to give advice to native ladies, in cases of serious illness, but he was obliged to judge of the case with the usual thick veil between him and his patient, through a hole in which he examined the tongue. He was not troubled with veils in the present emergency.

"No wonder that cholera carries off hundreds of victims here, for the poverty, filth, and distress which prevail are most favourable agents for its development. To-day saw

many dead bodies carried out of the city for cremation. . . .

"14*th.*—Several of my patients much better to-day. Going into the house of a poor man, who was very ill, a few days ago, I found him discussing a quantity of boiled rice and vegetables with an apparently keen appetite, —his wife, with her baby in her arms, looking on with a face beaming with joy. Her words of gratitude flowed in swift torrents; and it did make me happy to think I had, under God's blessing, been the means of saving that life. Received a fresh supply of medicines to-day, and have made a large quantity of pills for distribution through the city. . . . Had a large congregation of beggars, who heard the gospel in its fulness of blessed promise, and received alms. The two converts were present at service to-day, and seem anxious to learn the will of God. The Resident urges me to go to Gulmarg. I feel exhausted, but cannot leave. The cry of woe reaches me wherever I go. I am alone among 127,000, and the utmost I can do is but like a drop in the ocean.

"16*th.*— Went to the quarter inhabited by people from the Punjaub, where, I had been told, that there were many cases of cholera. Saw fifteen. One poor woman's jaw was dislocated on both sides from excessive yawning. I reduced the dislocation in a few moments, much to the astonishment of her friends. Heard to-day that search is being made for the two men who were baptized. The Baboo called during my absence to examine my servants.

"18*th.*—Dear Mr. Brinckman has returned. In com-

pany with him and my servant, saw thirty cases. Every one glad to receive our medicine. I hear that a Mussulman fakir has offered to cause the cholera to disappear, and that the Diwan has given him money on condition that his promise is fulfilled within three days. This is now the sixth day since the bargain was made, but there is no abatement. Saw one remarkable case: Patient, a man of 30, recovering from worst symptoms, but gradually consecutive fever supervened, and with it a red or purple rash, like that of measles, slightly raised above surrounding skin, disappearing on pressure and returning on removal of pressure.

"23*d*.—Quantities of unripe fruit are daily sold in the bazaars. This, with the filthiness of the whole city, accounts for the development of the epidemic. The Diwan has requested the British Resident to command me not to visit the cholera patients in the city. He has refused to give such an inhuman command. I have been going to the city ever since I was sure that cholera existed, and shall continue to do as I have done.

"26*th*.—Mr. Brinckman has returned to Gulmarg. I should have been extremely lonely but for him. The majority of cases met with in my rounds to-day are very bad. One poor boy had lost father and mother within the past few days, and seemed very ill himself. Made an arrangement to have him cared for. Met the hakim of the district, who confessed that he knew nothing of medicine, but had been sent by the Diwan to distribute the same medicines as the hakims in other districts were giving the sick. Those, he said, were arak, and one or two

carminatives. On my way home met boats containing ten dead bodies.

"29*th.*—Received a letter from Dr. Dallas, authorising me to spend 100 rupees among the distressed in the city. Sent for native banker, and bade him give me 10 rupees in paise. He gave 600 instead of 640, telling me that the local government orders the English rupee to be valued at 15 annas instead of 16. Made him write this statement on paper, and sent it to proper quarter, with inquiry as to its truth. Had a large gathering of blind and lame in the Chinar Bagh. Distributed 10 rupees among them.

"*August* 1*st.*—Mr. Brinckman came back on 30th. We translated a charm against cholera which has been issued by order of His Highness the Maharajah. Each copy is sold for four annas. It directs the possessors to perform certain acts of worship and to give alms, assuring them that in so doing they are safe from the plague.

"2*d.*—Great storm of wind and rain for about an hour. May good result from this!

"8*th.*—Mr. Brinckman sent for the Baboo in order to obtain a pass for Abadu and Alunad Jan, that they may accompany Mr. B. to the Punjaub. We said we wished them to be known as distinct from Mr. B.'s servants, being Christians, who, as such, were leaving the valley. He objected, but in the evening brought a '*parwana*,' saying that they had been included as Mr. B.'s servants. Against this we protested. Saw Mr. Brinckman off. May God bless him! I feel very happy just now. Jesus is more precious to me than ever. My will *seems* to be more submissive to God. . . .

"13*th*.—Pestilence seems to be on the wane. Saw thirteen patients to-day. Met my old pundit, who tells me it would be as much as his life is worth to come and see me. My heart much drawn out in prayer for the salvation of my assistants. Have mercy on them, O God!

"21*st*.—Rained heavily. I spent all forenoon in the city with my assistant and catechist, and saw seven new cases of cholera. Two of those were boys, both of whom were left orphans within the last month. What is to be done with the many orphans? . . . My assistant, a Brahmin, received a letter from Jummoo to-day, asking him to become editor of the newspaper which the Maharajah proposes to publish, containing news from all parts of his territories. He has declined the honour. Called at Amiri Kadal dispensary; no cholera patients; but saw a case of cancer of the breast being treated with poultices. Also case of nasal polypus; the tumour had not been touched, although the nose had been slit open; poultices were being applied.

"24*th*.—Feel very weak to-day. Mr. A. called for me. . . . After some deeply interesting conversation we prayed together that God might strengthen both of us to walk before Him holily all the days of our life. May God bless this young man and help him with His all-sufficient grace! The Cordon is still in force.

"25*th*.—Few new cases now. Met my congregation of beggars, and distributed first the Word of Life, then 10 rupees, amongst them. Mr. A. spent part of evening with me. Lord, bless him, keep him in Thy ways, give him no rest till he has found it in Christ! Very dissatisfied with

myself. The spiritual life within me is not vigorous; indeed it is very weak and alloyed. O God, purify it—quicken it—strengthen it—renew it! Let love reign within me—make it the motive power of my inner man!

"26*th.*—Mr. A. breakfasted with me. Much interested in him. May God keep him!

"28*th.*—Saw four new cases of cholera to-day and two old cases. Took tea with the Pathan this evening. Saw his old father and his two fine boys. Sat with them on the floor, like a native, eating rice and fowl. This was followed by a large dish of almonds, then tea, made very thick, so that I almost mistook it for chocolate. On my way home I met a lad in great distress, and he told me that Mahdu Ku Karn had forcibly taken away his little sisters and sold them, one to Mahommed Bakhsh, merchant, the other to a man in the city. Lord, have mercy on Kashmir, for this is not an uncommon case!

"*Sept.* 4.—Heard the sad news from Mr B. that his dear wife was seized with cholera on the journey, and died at Abbottabad. O God, comfort my sorrowing friend, who so joyfully helped me during these weeks of trial! . . . . Great sorrow is felt at this everywhere. In the evening had a long and interesting talk with Mr A. May God continue the good work in him!

"*Sept.* 5.—This morning received a letter from the civil surgeon, requesting me to come immediately to assist him in a case at Baba Murishi. After making necessary arrangements started at 9 A.M., and reached journey's end at 10 P.M.

"*Sept.* 6.—This morning assisted Dr. J. in stopping the

hæmorrhage proceeding from the wound from which Major —— was suffering. As Major —— expressed a wish that I should remain and travel with him to-morrow. I have consented to wait. Went this evening to see Gulmarg, a beautiful little mountain valley it is.

"*7th.*—Set out at 7 A.M. with Major ——, who was carried all the way on a charpae to Suttanpur. We reached it about 4 P.M., and I started at once for Srinagar in my little boat.

"*Sunday, Sept.* 8.—Arrived here (Srinagar) about 4 A.M. and found a letter from the Resident, informing me that he had removed the Cordon Sanitaire. Had my gathering of blind and lame in the mission tent to-day. Finished reading Goulburn's 'Thoughts on Personal Religion.'

"*9th.*—Re-opened dispensary, but few patients were present, the guard of sepoys still being posted at the avenues.

"*12th.*—Had some interesting talk with the Pathan to-day. He allows that the Christian religion is vastly superior to theirs, and that its effects are wonderful on those who with the heart embrace its doctrines, and make them the rule of life. I am hopeful of this man, but the love of money and the fear of man are strong in him. O God, grant him the enlightening influences of thy Holy Spirit! To-day a remarkable scene took place. A Hindu fakir, who has frequently come to the mission premises for conversation on religious subjects, returned a few days ago from a pilgrimage. He happened to see a Hindu bathing in the Jhelum to-day, praying at the same time. The fakir called to him, and said that he must not

suppose that there was any efficacy in washing with water. He said—'Ever so much water can never wash away sin; only the atonement paid by Christ can suffice to do that.' He then spoke of the Christian religion being the only true one. He was overheard by one of the Maharajah's servants, who gave him into the charge of a sepoy. Orders have been given to see him out of Kashmir without delay.

"15*th.*—A Mullah, who has been a bitter enemy to the Gospel, called on me to-day. He seems softened. I tried to lay the Gospel scheme before him, and to show its adaptability to fallen man's every want. Qadir Bakhsh joined us, and we prayed in turn for him in his presence, that God would graciously grant His Holy Spirit to teach him. Dined with M——. May God lead him into the truth; he is groping after it.

"20*th.*—The Pathan and his eldest son took tea with me this evening: they ate heartily of everything, much to my surprise, as in former days they have refused to touch what has been prepared by my Christian servant. He told me much about the war in Cabul, about the advance of the Russians, &c.; then consulted me about the education of his two sons. O God, give him Thy light.

"22*d.*—Read Judson's Life again with much pleasure. O God, make me like him in so far as he resembled my precious Saviour! Mr. A—— called, and brought me a present of beautiful peaches. We have long talks together. I think the truth is taking firm hold of him.

"29*th.*—Read Whately's essay on the 'Love of Truth.' Mr. A—— was present at our native service.

"30*th.*—Sixty patients present. A Hindu called on me, he had been in the service of the Maharajah, Dhuleep Sing, in England; he has travelled a great deal, and expresses great admiration of the English nation.

"*October* 4*th.*—Received a notice from the Resident, to the effect that all visitors must quit the valley on the 15th inst. An order has been received from the Maharajah, by the Jagirdars for 1,400 maunds of grain to be sent by coolies to Gilghil. There are 45 Jagirdars in Kashmir, only 5 of whom are Mussalmans, the remaining 40 are Hindoos.

"10*th.*—Saw a great crowd of coolies preparing to set off to the seat of war, with grain, &c., for the troops. Two regiments are gone, and another is going. Every village is bereft of its male inhabitants with the exception of the old men. Had a long talk with K. S. a Sikh, who came to our service to-day—a good attendance at dispensary.

"14*th.*—Removed an enormous fibrous tumour from the right breast of a poor woman. This and many other cases require close attention, and I am obliged to close the dispensary to-morrow, and next day must prepare to leave.

"16*th.*—Many recovered patients came to show themselves. When the Baboo in the service of his Highness the Maharajah, called with my parwana (passport), I spoke to him on the subject of Christianity. He is very blind spiritually, and what he sees of Christians so-called prejudices him effectually against Christianity. God can give him light. Received the usual parting present from his Highness. It consisted of two sheep, some sugar, tea, flower, salt, condiments, butter, and a few eggs.

"17*th.*—Temper much tried by the slowness of my servants, and delay in arrival of boats. God enable me to keep my temper."

Before starting with Dr. Elmslie on his journey to Amritsar, a few extracts from letters to friends written in Srinagar during this season, may serve to throw light on some of the points touched upon in his Journal, and may supply one or two items of additional information. To Mrs. Cleghorn on 9th July, 1867, he writes:—

"The present season in Kashmir has been a most eventful one to the medical mission. It appears that the local Government and the Mussulman Mullahs are now greatly afraid of us, especially as two of their priests have become Christians. The result of this fear and hatred has been great hostility and opposition to my work. From the very beginning of the season, sepoys were placed at the entrances of all the avenues leading from the city to the European quarters. These sentries confessed themselves, that their orders were to stop the sick from going to the Padre Doctor Sahib, as they style me. Some were allowed to pass on, giving the sepoys some money; others who were caught coming to me were roughly handled and beaten, some were fined, and others were imprisoned. The fact that the local Government of Kashmir were thus forcibly preventing the poor, helpless sick of the city of Srinagar, and of the valley generally, from frequenting the Medical Mission Dispensary, became known to the Supreme Government of India, and they sent a request to the Government of the Punjaub to investigate the matter. The British Resident, who is a Christian man, showed me the request, and asked me to

state my experience and opinion. This I did, and my report was sent up to the Punjaub Government, who are convinced of the fact, and strongly urge the Supreme Government to adopt measures to put a stop to such cruel, bigoted, and tyrannical proceedings on the part of the Native Government of Kashmir.

"Just as the hostility and opposition of the local Government of Kashmir had reached a climax, cholera broke out amongst his Highness's troops. It appears that some sepoys who had got leave to go and wash in the Ganges at Hardwar, had returned to their regiment at Srinagar, and brought the seeds of cholera with them. At any rate, those sepoys had scarcely arrived, when that awful pestilence broke out and began to carry off many. Everything was done to prevent the spread of the disease, but it at last invaded the city; and the British Resident deemed it necessary, for the safety of the European visitors, to institute a *Cordon Sanitaire* round the European quarters. As my dispensary is situated there, I was compelled to put a stop to my work for a time. When it was intimated to the suffering sick, that they were not to return to the dispensary until they should receive intimation to do so, the scene can be more easily fancied than described. It would have melted a heart of stone. Since then, I have visited the city almost daily, and done what I could to alleviate the sufferings of the miserable inhabitants, many of whom are daily carried off with cholera. More than a fortnight ago, I sent a most polite letter, in Persian, to the Diwan, or native Viceroy, expressing my sorrow at the heavy calamity that had fallen on his people, and offering him my professional advice, and

personal assistance, in this trying emergency. He promised to reply to my letter the day following its receipt, but, up to the present time, I have not heard from him. This is cruelty, bigotry, and tyranny with a vengeance. The poor people of the city are sadly neglected, even by those who ought to take some care of them."

Referring to the same subject in a letter of 13th July to Mrs. Col. Lake, he says:—"In spite of the sepoys, about two hundred and fifty sick have found their way to me. This number, however, is only about one-sixth of what ought to have attended, when compared with the numbers of last season." Adverting to the cholera, he says in the same letter:—"I am left alone here, with my dispensary still closed, as the *Cordon* has not yet been authoritatively removed. I am not idle, however, as I spend daily several hours in the city amongst the poor people, doing all I can to alleviate their sufferings. This morning I visited and treated twenty-eight cases of cholera; and while on my way home, I saw the bodies of three men being carried away for cremation and burial. It is awfully solemnizing work. This pestilence may be the Lord's messenger for the punishment of some, and for the after good of the valley. I have had a presentiment for some time that God is about to work a change in Kashmir."

To another friend he writes:—

"*Srinagar*, 15*th July* 1867.—My dear Burns Thomson, —Your very welcome and refreshing letter of January last is now before me. Let me answer its items one by one; and in doing so we shall have cause to rejoice and heartily

to thank God for His unmerited goodness to us. Our little medical mission friend, the *Journal*, is always a welcome visitor with me; indeed it often comes in, just when I most need a word of comfort. I feel greatly stimulated and encouraged when I hear of what others are doing for our unspeakably precious Saviour and a perishing world. The labour you spend on the *Journal* is therefore well spent. It is a great and necessary work to be fishing for new labourers, but it is an equally great and necessary work that those who are already in the field do their work contentedly, patiently, joyfully, lovingly, and faithfully. Your little *Journal* helps me in some measure so to work. Ever welcome, therefore, to our little friend! Your graphic sketches about the Arabs delight me much. Continue them. When you have finished the Arabs, why not begin a series of such sketches of a general nature about your home work? What I mean by general is not sticking to one subject, but making suitable selections from your note-book. And such a note-book yours must be! With God's blessing such pictures are likely to do the medical mission cause good, and to gain for it new friends to fill the place of old ones. Verily the cause needs new recruits. Miller away, Coldstream away, Jackson away, Craigie away, and others. Ah! Thomson, when shall we who are graciously allowed to remain labour for Christ as we ought, with our money, our gifts, and all that God has been pleased to bestow upon us? When shall we convert the *meum* into the *tuum*, and look upon all that we possess as Christ's, and only His? You mention that you and dear Mrs. B. T. try to hold up my hands at family worship

and at your prayer-meetings. Let me tell you, for your encouragement, I feel it—I know it. I was never so happy all my life as I am now. Not that I am without troubles and trials of a very heavy description; but in spite of them I rejoice—yea, in them I rejoice, for they drive me the oftener and the quicker to the sheltering, sympathizing breast of Jesus. But in the midst of much to discourage me—of which I shall speak by and bye—God is graciously pleased to give me great reason for gladness and gratitude. I rejoice that God has added two more Kashmiris to His Church. Yes, my dear Thomson, I suppose you are, like me, gladly astonished. What a large element of sheer unbelief there is in our faith! It is nevertheless true that on Thursday last, in this very house of mine, Abadu, clerk or moonshee, and Alunad Jan, shawl-maker, were both baptized by the Rev. Mr. ——, in presence of the medical mission servants. The men were subjected to a very searching examination ás to the reason of the faith which they were professing, and their answers were very satisfactory. May the Lord *keep* these two men, and spare them to become preachers of His gospel to their perishing fellow-countrymen! They both possess very fair abilities, and it is my intention, God willing, to take them with me to the Punjaub for further instruction, should I, at the end of this season, be compelled to leave the valley."

"*Srinagar, 2d Sept.* 1867.—My dear M.,—I long to hear from you. How are you and Mrs. M. in this season of sudden death? . . .

"I don't forget you, my dear M. How sweet a thought

it is to know that Jesus never forgets His people—any of His people. Oh, if we were only wise enough to open wide all the doors and windows of our souls, that the sunshine might come in to cheer and gladden us! 'Rejoice evermore!' Let me hear soon, if you have a moment to spare."

"*Srinagar, 28th Sept.* 1867.—My dear Mrs. Thomson, —Your long and most interesting letter of the 14th June duly reached me and is now before me. Let me tell you, by way of a secret, that such goods always bring a high, very high, price in this out-of-the-way market. I heartily pity those missionaries who are not blessed with such letters! Speak a word, a quiet word, for the Punjaub to your young friends. There are several ploughs here, standing waiting for good, sturdy, loving, faithful hands to guide them. 'Come over and help us!' I am glad to hear you have taken up the poor female city Arabs. Pardon me for saying it—I think in some respects they are worse than the male ones. I am of opinion that, if there were no female Arabs, by and bye there would be no male Arabs. Get the females of a people put to rights, and the males will soon improve. There have been few good men who hadn't good mothers. If all this be true, you will naturally ask me, What about poor India, where woman is so degraded and unapproachable—what hope is there for her? Comparatively little, humanly speaking, I reply, so long as the women of India occupy their present condition. You have heard of female medical missions. I think they are likely, with the blessing of God, to help forward what zenana work has been effecting."

CHAPTER XIII.

VISIT TO CALCUTTA, AND WORK IN AMRITSAR.

It is time to set out on the march for Amritsar. Dr Elmslie on this occasion travelled to the plains by the Baramula Pass. He was detained for some days at Dhanna, a little mountain village, on the journey, owing to the illness of a friend whom he overtook. While there he visited among the villagers, and enjoyed the comparative rest and leisure which he much needed after the hard work of the summer. Here he read Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust." He always after associated that book with the grand mountain scenery by which he was surrounded, and with the sense of repose which followed that season of pressure. He writes to his mother :—

"*October*, 1867.—If you knew all that has befallen me during the past year,—the difficulties I have had to contend with in the prosecution of my work, my anxiety during the epidemic of cholera when I went daily to the city and spent hours among the sick and dying, you would say that from my heart there ought to flow a river of gratitude towards that gracious Father who has given me strength to bear up through it all. Without Christ one can do nothing, but with Him we can do all things.

Scarcely a day passes without my seeing a reason for the manner in which God has trained me for His work. God is truly all wise in all His ways. I shall not give you special examples at present, but if spared to meet after a year or two, we shall compare our charts, and mark the goodness of our Heavenly Father to us in all the past.

"Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblessed good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His dear will."

"*Peshawur, near the Kyber Pass, 19th November*, 1867.—At the Annual Missionary Conference it was agreed that I should visit this part of the mission field, and report as to the desirability of planting a Medical Mission here. Accordingly my friend Wade and I left Amritsar on Wednesday last, reaching Peshawur on Saturday. I have greatly enjoyed my stay here, and am much interested in the operations of the missionaries which are carried on chiefly among the warlike Affghans. The language usually spoken is Pushtoo. I purpose, God willing, returning to Amritsar on the 21st, finishing some writing work which I have on hand, and afterwards setting out for Calcutta, in order to lay the whole state of affairs in Kashmir before the Committee of the C. M. S. there.

"*Calcutta, 20th December*, 1867.—MY EVER DEAREST MOTHER,—Before you shall have received this letter another year must have begun its course. Let me with all a son's love wish you, my mother, and best and truest friend on earth, a very happy new year. May you this year get near to our dear Redeemer,—may you be able to realize His comforting presence,—may your faith in Him

and in His great and marvellous work be strong,—may your will be made submissive to our loving Father's will,—and may you really consider that to depart and be with Christ is far better than to remain here. These precious blessings I wish for myself as well as for you. I commit myself to God's keeping; may He graciously spare me to be a help and comfort to that dear mother who has done so much on my account, and who now loves me as no earthly being can. May I be spared to labour for Christ in poor unhappy Kashmir! May God's rich blessing rest on my work. May He hear our prayers for the political and spiritual emancipation of that unhappy country. Oh that the spiritual darkness and tyranny and oppression which prevail in Kashmir were dispersed,—that God would raise Him up a people to praise Him there,—a people made free by the truth!

"I am sorry to tell you I have not been greatly encouraged by what I have seen and heard since I came to Calcutta. Kashmir is far removed from the head-quarters of the Indian Government, and few or none seem to care much about that poor oppressed people. But we will give God no rest from our prayers until He in His mercy and grace take pity on that deplorable valley. . . . .

"I feel brimful of health again; very different from my state during the cholera in Kashmir last season. Oh how very good God was to me during that trying crisis. I shall never forget it,—never cease to be grateful to Him who did so much for me then.

"I purpose, God willing, to leave this for the Punjaub

next week. . . . . Your ever loving and dutiful son, WILLIAM."

On the same day (*Calcutta, 20th December*, 1867) he wrote to his much valued friend, Mr. Ritchie :—"Will you," he asks, "do a little commission for me? Mrs. —— my old lodging-house keeper, was so kind to me when I was under the cloud of adversity and trial, that I have never forgotten her kindness. She gave me a six months' credit when my exchequer was clean empty. Will you get the enclosed cheque for £5 cashed, and pay the money to her, saying that it is a small token from me of my gratitude to her for her kindness to me whilst a poor student in Edinburgh. May God bless her and hers." These were days of sore trial, and yet Elmslie never referred to them, but with thanksgiving. Again and again in these pages we find him praising God for his early discipline. In the same letter he says, "Many a time do I think of you, and the many happy days we spent together—the days of our college life—those were days full of happiness, seasoned with trial and difficulty. They were the very training we needed. We needed to have patience wrought in us—we needed to be braced up for the surmounting of no ordinary trials and difficulties, and our Father, in His wisdom and love, gave us the schooling which we required to fit us for the great battle of life."

Dr. Elmslie returned from Calcutta to Amritsar, and at once wrote to his beloved mother.

"*Amritsar, 22d January*, 1868.—TO HIS MOTHER.—. . . . I am once more in my old quarters, having arrived here

from Calcutta two days ago. I have now before me your two letters, which I shall answer bit by bit. You cannot tell what joy it gives me to know that you approve of my having stayed among the suffering inhabitants of Srinagar during the terrible plague. You say you are living in hope that God may be pleased to spare us to meet. The fourth year of my absence from you has begun, and at the end of the fifth year, it is my intention to avail myself of the opportunity I shall then have to return home to see you. . . .

"Alas for my poor friend B., I fear his genius was of the unsanctified kind, which brings little or no joy or peace to its possessor. To be happy is to seek, *first*, the kingdom of heaven. . . . This world is a great school: poor —— has very difficult lessons to learn in it; may God help him. I find all my past experience useful. Our lessons are sometimes very disagreeable, but only let God our heavenly Father be our teacher, and they will all prove profitable. How kind God's people are to you, dear mother. It is a great comfort to me to know that so many show you kindness. May God bless them for it. Now I must tell you something more about my visit to Calcutta. It was arranged by Mr. Stuart, Secretary of the Church Mission Society, that I should have the privilege of an interview with the Governor-General, Sir John Lawrence. His Excellency invited me to breakfast with him on the 2d. He received me very kindly, his private secretary read prayers, after which we went to breakfast. I was the only stranger present, and he spoke freely on the subject of Kashmir, and the frontiers generally. He asked me many questions,

and appeared to take an interest in the mission, to which he has all along contributed. The Government now know the condition of Kashmir. . . . Pray much for Kashmir, dear mother. I am sure you will be glad to hear that Sir Donald M'Leod, in his report of the cholera which raged in the Punjaub last summer, makes honourable mention of the names of those who did valuable service during the epidemic; the name of your son Willie is in the list! This is a very small matter to us, dearest mother. I hope we work from love to Jesus, and never for the praise of men. Still I value the praise of good men; the opinion of bad men I reckon as the dust in the balance,—valueless. . . .

"I have re-opened my dispensary here. . . . Now may the Lord bless you, and keep you, and comfort you throughout this year.—Your ever loving son."

Again he writes to his mother from the same place:—

"6*th Feb.* 1868.—My ever dear Mother,—I have but a few minutes to write to you to-day, but I cannot let the mail go without a line for you. I am thankful to say I am well, with the exception of a cold, which is now on the wane. The people are coming to me in ever-increasing numbers; there is a wonderfully attractive power in kindness, dearest mother, and God does enable me to be kind and gentle with those poor people. Oh that they only knew the true God and Jesus,—the loving, gentle One.

"I have just heard good news. . . . A gentleman of great ability and Christian character has been appointed as Resident in Kashmir this year. His name is the Hon. Mr. Roberts, C.B., Judicial Commissioner of the Punjaub.

I hope the day of liberty for my poor groaning Kashmiris is near at hand; they are doubly enslaved; they need political as well as religious liberty. God helping me, I shall do my utmost to put them in possession of both. What a delicious pleasure to be helpful in breaking one link in the chains of the slave! Pray much and earnestly for the emancipation of Kashmir.

"May the rich blessing of God ever rest upon you, to comfort you now and to ripen you for glory.—Your ever loving and dutiful son, WILLIE."

A few days later he writes as follows to Colonel Lake:—

"*Amritsar, 22d February,* 1868.—You ask me to give you further information respecting the work of last season, and the time I have spent since I left Kashmir. If I remember rightly, my last letter to you was dated about July of last year, just at the time when cholera was at its acme in Srinagar. It raged furiously the whole of that month; and although the type of the epidemic was not of a very virulent nature, still great numbers were carried off. It was especially fatal among women and children. Towards the beginning of August, the virulence of the disease had decidedly abated, and by the end of that month, scarcely a case occurred in the whole city. It had entirely left the city by the 15th September. The epidemic, therefore, lasted from the 8th June till the 15th September, a duration of more than three months. It is very sad to have to state, that the local authorities, with unheard-of cruelty, did all in their power to prevent me visiting the poor, pestilence-stricken inhabitants of Srinagar. They had the effrontery to request the British Resident to pro-

hibit my frequenting the city for the purpose of visiting the sick. This, he said, he would not do. I feel quite sure that, had the local Government acceded to my offer to co-operate with them in battling the common enemy, the mortality would have been less, with God's blessing on our efforts. But, as I said, they did everything in their power to prevent and frustrate my efforts to assist the poor people, who were left in the hands of the ignorant, cruel, and mercenary Hakims. The neglect, cruelty, and rapacity which I witnessed during that epidemic are inconceivable. As a specimen, I may mention this fact: When the cholera was at its worst, it was announced in the city, that His Highness the Maharajah had discovered an effectual cure for the disease. This cure consisted of a printed *manthar* or charm, which was to be repeated, and pasted above the doors of the houses. This charm, it was announced, was not only curative, but preventive also. Each copy cost four annas (sixpence), and was to be had at the Maharajah's post-office. I went and bought several copies. I have them in my possession now. Large numbers of the Hindoos bought them; but, poor people, they soon discovered their inefficiency. I could mention more things of a piece with this, but space forbids."

"*Amritsar, March 28th*, 1868.—TO HIS MOTHER.—I am now preparing for another campaign in Kashmir, and have closed the Dispensary in Amritsar to-day. I purpose going by the same route as last year. I send you a photograph of one of the passes which we shall have to cross.

"In Amritsar, the Medical Mission Dispensary was open from the 23d January till the 28th March, 1868, during

which time five hundred and fifty-seven patients were treated. The mode of conducting the operations of the Dispensary was similar to that followed in Kashmir. One Mussulman and one Hindu were greatly roused by the preaching of the Gospel; may they have no rest till they find it in Jesus.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOURTH YEAR'S WORK IN KASHMIR.

THE following short note from Dr Elmslie to his mother forms a suitable introduction to another season's work in Kashmir :—

"*Srinagar, Kashmir,* 14*th May* 1868.— . . . I am once more in Kashmir, in my old house on the banks of the broad-bosomed Jhelum. I travelled from the Punjaub by the Rattan Pir,—many an extensive field of snow I had to cross, many a stiff climb to make. We had some interesting meetings with sick on the way, and now my dispensary is in full working order in Srinagar. The people are flocking to me. I have heard rumours of opposition, but as yet have not experienced it this year. The common people love me, and hear me gladly; it is a very sweet thing to be loved by the poor and needy. The demand for shawls is low just now, and the consequence is that there is much distress among the shawl makers. They are selling work at half its proper value, in order to save themselves from starving.

"To C. J. RODGERS, ESQ.—My mental food on the journey was Boswell's Life of Johnson. It has given me many a good laugh. and much instruction. It is a

delightful book. How severe the old lexicographer is on the Scotch! Never mind, we can bear it. All he says is sheer abuse, and will not harm us.

"To Mrs. Cleghorn.—I arrived here on the 1st instant, and have now my dispensary in vigorous working order. How I long to be allowed to settle here, and to carry on my work without these periodical breaks! I am like Noah's dove. The work greatly suffers by these frequent interruptions, as you can easily fancy. Will you make this a matter of prayer? I long for an hospital too; that is another desideratum for both the medical and the spiritual work. If you saw the shifts I have to make, you would be amazed and smile. But I firmly believe that there is a better day in store for poor Kashmir. I need not now tell you of my griefs and disappointments and discouragements; suffice it to say, I have all these. But should we expect to be different from our Divine Lord? It is enough for the disciple to be as his Lord. I count upon your prayers.

"One of the two converts of last season is reported to have died in Amritsar, shortly after his arrival there. They say he died declaring his firm faith in Jesus. The other convert must have left Amritsar before my return, for I was unable to find him."

"*Journal, Sunday, May 10th.*—Church in the morning. Many pretty things in the sermon, but little theology. I had my old friends the blind and lame for their service in the afternoon, and distributed alms among them. In the evening feasted on Conybeare and Howson's Life of St. Paul, taking notes of all that is most valuable in the book.

Received letters from Dr. Bell, E. M. M. S., and from Brinckman; greatly tempted to open them."

Dr. Elmslie never opened his letters on Sabbath, fearing lest some of their contents should be of such a nature as might distract his mind from spiritual things; he often found good reason to confirm him in this practice.

"*Journal.*—Help me, O Father, in striving to do Thy will! Make my every motive pure! May love to Christ be the grand motive power within me! I think I have some genuine love to my precious Saviour, but it is not enough, alas! it is deplorably small; O increase it, Lord!"

To a friend he writes,—"I am sorry to hear you say you are cold. You must be in the shade. Come out into the *sunshine.* Coldness is a sign of diminished vitality, and if your spiritual vitality is lessened, then there must be some obstructing cause at work preventing the vitalizing sap from flowing out of the great Root into you, one of the branches. Make an examination, and may you detect the baneful cause, and have grace given you to remove it immediately."

"13*th.*—Had a large reception of sick in early morning. Resumed study of Kashmiri with my pundit. Dined with —— in the evening. I thank Thee, O God, for any measure of boldness Thou didst give me to speak out on several points.

"14*th.*—Began class with dressers and assistant for the study of Materia Medica and Chemistry. Two sepoys attended the reception for the sick to-day; they were importunate in imploring me to help them to get away, for out of their nominal wage of six chilkies a month, they never receive

more than three. Saw a lovely fire-fly this evening, a rare thing here.

"18*th*.—Number of patients very large to-day. Several operations. Lambardar of Islamabad present, from whom I removed a cancerous tumour in the neck two years ago; no appearance of return of cancer. Taught my assistants and studied Kashmiri as usual. I am told that Nasir Shah has prohibited the people from attending the Medical Mission Dispensary. If a woman go, she is to be divorced from her husband; if a man go, he is to be divorced from his wife. He is the leading Mussulman judge of the city, and is spreading reports that the Doctor Sahib makes his medicines of swine's flesh and blood. Before a marriage is celebrated the officiating priest reads a proclamation that if either man or woman go to the Doctor Sahib, there will be a divorce!

"19*th*.—A poor sepoy came to the dispensary some days ago complaining of severe pain; on examination, it was found that he is suffering from a large abdominal aneurism. He told me he had been ordered off to Gilghil. I wrote a short certificate stating that he was utterly unfit for such a journey. He came to-day and told me he had shown his certificate to his Colonel, and that he had fined him a year's pay, ordering him to set out for Gilghil to-morrow; 3,000 sepoys have already gone.

"News from home not good; my mother is ill. Have written to ask the Committee to sanction my return home next cold season. If this is right, I ask God to grant it; if not for His glory, I sincerely trust that my request may fall to the ground.

"28*th*.—A large gathering of sick to-day. I feel nervous

and irritable, and restless. O God, give me strength and grace, let Thy blessing rest upon me in my work, or rather in Thy work, which Thou hast been pleased to entrust to my care.

"29*th*.—W. M., merchant, called on me to-day, to ask when the great Sahib was coming to Kashmir to dispense justice. He told me that there is no tariff of taxes, but that each official may charge what pleases him at the time, and according to the influence and tact which the merchant may have. On the Murree and Abbottabad roads the merchant is compelled to unpack his goods at each stage, and the officer on duty has power to make him pay anything he pleases. This man takes shawls and cloth from Kashmir to Persia, selling them there for money and precious stones, especially turquoises. He replied in answer to my question, as to what would make Kashmir prosperous, that a code of good laws, or a change in the administrators of those laws would be necessary. He added that if the Maharajah would reign in person and afford opportunities for the poor to make their wrongs known to himself, the state of the country would be very different; the great Mogul Emperors took an active part in the business of the State and ever lent a ready ear to the complaints of the poor. Where fidelityand principle are low, it is absolutely necessary that the ruler of a State should exercise keen scrutiny over his subordinates. In the evening I had an interesting conversation with Sher Ali Khan, on one remarkable feature of Christianity, *i.e.*, that it takes cognizance of the thoughts and intents of the heart of man—that it deals primarily with them.

"30*th*.—Went with my assistants to the Nasim Bagh, where there is a grove of most beautiful Chinar trees, planted by one of the Mogul Emperors. We visited the prison on the Dal lake, and saw some men boring a four pounder—they can make an eight pounder, but no larger. Saw men bruising grain by means of a grinding stone driven by water. I was told that there were no prisoners in jail at present, that the Maharajah had caused the prisoners' quarters to be pulled down. I ascertained that there were between two and three hundred prisoners within the prison boundaries, but the officials were afraid of their making complaints of the treatment which they receive from their keepers; it is said to be very cruel. The lake is covered with water-lilies just now.

"*Sabbath*, 31*st*.—One hundred and sixty-two patients to-day. One man told me that his brother had beaten a cow so that blood had been drawn. He was cast into prison, and previous to the arrival of the English, had been removed he knew not where.

"Received letters from my brother, from Acklom, and from Dr. Farquhar. It is very remarkable that my most welcome letters usually come on Sundays, as if to tempt me to open them. Have felt happy to-day, and had much of the spirit of prayer. My text for to-day—'He is faithful that promised.'"

"*Srinagar, 6th May*, 1868.—My ever dear Mother, (After some advices and expressions of sorrow about her failing health, he writes): Those infirmities of age will not pass away—will rather increase. Happy thought it is that those very infirmities are but carriers to the shores of

a better land, where there is full, perfect, and endless joy. It is this hope which gives resplendent glory to the sunset of the ransomed soul."

On the 9th of June 1868, he writes to Lieut. Acklom:— . . . . "The opposition this year to my work in Kashmir is very much less than last. This is shown beyond a doubt, by our numbers. Last year up to this date we had three hundred and ten patients, this year during the same time the numbers on the roll are seven hundred and fifty-nine. The mission this year, so far as numbers go, is more prosperous than it has ever been. For this I give God hearty thanks. The devil seemed to make a gigantic effort to crush us, but thanks be to God, we still live and work. Your last letter was precious to me; how marvellous it is that we who are in ourselves impure, and unworthy, are nevertheless in the sight of God perfectly holy and worthy, on account of the perfect holiness and infinite worthiness of our adorable Divine Redeemer which are imputed to us. Christ is our righteousness, as well as our everything else. Are we not prone to forget this precious cheering Bible truth? Hence the feebleness and gloom of many of God's people. The more we identify ourselves with Christ, the holier, the happier, and the stronger we become, for He is our righteousness, He is our joy, He is our rock. The Christian needs to know the depravity, and the desperate wickedness of his own heart, but having *known* it somewhat, he requires to be ever looking unto Jesus in whom we and God are revealed. Look steadily to Jesus, dear Acklom, there sin is revealed, there love is revealed; there is no danger of your forgetting your sins and their deserts if you

look to Jesus. Some say there is danger, but this is a great mistake, for Jesus is the price—the infinitely valuable price which the loving Father gave to atone for our sins, and to enable the Father, without doing violence to His attributes of justice and holiness, to pardon, justify, and save such sinful and unworthy creatures as we are. What beauty and harmony there are in the Gospel scheme as made known to us in the infallible word of God!"

To the same,—"*Srinagar, 8th July,* 1868.—I should say that the two surest signs of a man's being a true Christian, are *growth* and *gladness*—growth in the Christian life,—the Christian graces—growth manifest to the man's own consciousness, and manifest too to his fellow Christians; and gladness rooted and grounded on what Christ, God's own well beloved Son, has done for him, suffered for him in Gethsemane and Calvary, and is now doing for him at God's right hand in heaven. There is something wrong when a Christian is not a happy man. Considering everything he ought to be the happiest of men. For myself I know that whenever I have lost that serene and inexpressible feeling of a full and filling joy, it has been caused by some cloud of unbelief, a looking away from Jesus, a surrendering to the world or the devil, a forgetting of the grand work of life. The Christian's joy is not a boisterous joy, but is like the calm sunset peacefulness which pervades this fair valley in the '*gloamin.*'"

"*Srinagar, August,* 1868.—My dear Thomson,—I was grieved to learn that you had been compelled to leave home in search of health. Three lectures in one week,

and then a ducking into the bargain! The old Martha spirit, Thomson—the bustle and the lots of service. O that we could mix the Martha and the Mary. What an excellent compound they do make. To influence the world we need to be *full*, and running over with faith and love. To be so we must often, Jesus-like, repair to the mountain side, or desert place, *alone*. It is often a great blessing for a Christian man to be laid aside for a little from the busy engrossing pursuits of this high-pressure life, which in these days we are forced to live. Even the Christian life is not exempt from this pernicious feature of our age. God did not stop your work; He only modified it for a season, and made praying your working. Doubtless the workers in prayer are most successful. I often wish I had half a dozen old, faithful, loving, lonely women, praying for me and my work. But though a *visit* to the desert may refresh, we must not stay there, for sinners now-a-days won't come after us as they went after John; and so I hope dear Mrs. Thomson and you are again in the pit digging for diamonds. I entirely agree with you in your remarks on the relative position which piety and cleverness should hold in the medical missionary character. Without any doubt, piety first, and then attainment. Nothing but the cable of love to our precious Saviour, will be able to keep us fast to our moorings in these stormy days. I have scarcely left time to speak about my own work. So far as numbers go, this is by far the most successful year of the Kashmir Medical Mission. We have treated nearly 2000 patients during the last two months.

Opposition at present is *asleep*, only asleep and nothing more. It cheers me greatly to know that you remember me and Kashmir in your prayers."

"*Srinagar, 24th August*, 1868.—My dear Acklom,—It is too bad of me to be so dilatory in writing to you, but the truth is, I have been in a sea of troubles. My native doctor I found out to be a great thief, and I gave him his leave immediately. This of course increased our work very greatly. He was also a '*din-raiser*' and succeeded admirably. I fear he has completely spoiled one of my native dressers,—Thomas,—whose conduct this season has been far from satisfactory. . . . . You complain of a cold heart! The fact is our hearts—all human hearts—are as fickle as April or the thermometer. It is well to remember that the connection between our body and our affections is very intimate, and very often extremely disadvantageous to the Christian. A heavy dinner, a sluggish liver, or constipated bowels, will frequently freeze our affections, or rather make them as flat as thunder does beer. But let us not brood over the coldness. Our union to our blessed Saviour, and our possession of eternal life through His merits, does not depend upon, or vary with our feelings and affections,—were it so, this would make salvation like Joseph's coat, of many colours. Remember Jesus' dying words, for they are very precious, '*It is finished.*' What is finished? Man's salvation. It is sad to think that we sinners, for whom the glorious Jehovah gave up His only begotten Son, should have cold ungrateful hearts towards Him who gave so much for us. *The place to warm our hearts is the cross.*" . . .

"*Srinagar, 2d October*, 1868.—To Rev. Mr. Mallett.—Don't you think we are apt to forget that we have not yet finished our spiritual education? We are apt to forget that in all that befalls us, our heavenly Father is making everything subservient and conducive to our spiritual nourishment and growth in grace. What we need, you and I, M., is more of that spirit—that Christ-like spirit, which, looking lovingly and confidingly up into the Father's benign face, ever says, 'Father, not my will but Thine be done.' If there is matter for thankfulness on my part in your letter, there is in my circumstances much which ought to make *you* thankful when you compare your lot with mine. Here I am almost as lonely as John in Patmos. Without a tender loving wife to cheer me with her hearty sympathy. This great blessing *you* have, and doubtless you feel very grateful to God for the blessing. How expansive our capacity for happiness is. In all probability before you were married, you thought if you only had a wife you would be contented and happy. You got the wife, and now want something else. And doubtless if you got that something else, you would long for something more. Don't you think that this fact of our spiritual nature points to the strong probability of there being a future state? This is an argument apart from the Scriptures. This thought in passing." . . .

"*Srinagar, 5th October*, 1868.—My dear Mother,—Long ere now you will have got my letter, in which I tell you that although the Church Missionary Society in Salisbury Square, London, have most generously granted me permission to visit home this cold season, instead of next winter,

according to agreement, I have after much thought and prayer, decided on *not* going home till the close of next year, as was previously arranged. . . . I am busy collecting materials to make a Dictionary of the Kashmiri language, of which there is not one. I hope when I come home, to employ part of my time in having it published . . . . Then again, dearest mother, one or two natives are in a very promising religious condition. I should like to be with them a little longer before making a considerable break in my visits to the valley. . . . I feel greatly drawn to this unfortunate country and people. The power of sympathy and kind deeds has very greatly melted their prejudice, bigotry, and ill will, and gained for the precious Gospel a patient and dispassionate hearing. The people generally now consider me their friend, and it would do your old heart good, and lift it up in warm gratitude to God, to hear the poor people praying for blessings on the head of your dear Willie. This is all God's doing, for He alone has given me a heart willing and capable to sympathise with these poor people, and to help them in their distress. I know that my presence here has some influence for good on the heartless, bigoted, and tyrannical government which rules over this most beautiful country. Pray much for us, dearest mother."

A few days before closing the dispensary, Dr. Elmslie wrote a long letter to Mrs. Lake, from which the following passages are taken :—

"*Srinagar*, 12*th October*, 1868.—I fear medical missions are not likely soon to spread in the Punjaub, or, indeed, anywhere else. Men and money are so scarce. You will

be sorry to learn that nothing has, as yet, been done with respect to the training of native medical missionaries. I refer to the Lahore Medical Missionary Training Institution. I think the friends of this most needful and feasible scheme are waiting to see the good people of the North-West carry out their intention of setting on foot such an Institution. I think this delay is a pity, because their success is not likely to benefit the Punjaub. They will have enough to do to supply home, not to speak of exporting. And I fear, even if the Institution of the North-West prove a success, that we in the Punjaub shall not be able to prevail upon our Punjaubi converts to go all the way to Agra or Allahabad for their medical education. Besides, in my opinion, this is altogether unnecessary, seeing we have a good Medical School in Lahore.

"You and Colonel Lake will be happy to learn that this year, so far as medicine and surgery are concerned, has been very successful,—indeed, the most successful year the mission has yet seen. From the 8th May last till the 12th October, to-day, a period of five months and four days, 4161 individual patients have received medical and surgical aid at the Mission Dispensary. All these persons have heard the gospel, more or less, and many of them have obtained books. Many of these people come very considerable distances. We have had several merchants from the interior of Asia as patients. Some of these have seen the Russians. But nearly the whole of the number are Kashmiris, living in the valley or on the surrounding mountains. Those people are much less bigoted than formerly. We can speak to them much more freely and

plainly, without fear of offending them, and a very large number of the inhabitants of the valley, both high and low, now look upon us as their friends, and, in their difficulties and sorrows, come to us for advice and sympathy.

"As to decided converts, there is none this season. One family is in a very hopeful condition, as also my pundit. They are nothing more than hopeful. May God reveal Himself in Christ to them, and influence their hearts with love to Him, for what He has done for them.

"A little progress is being made in the valley. The first school established in Kashmir by the Maharajah has just been opened. Its history is the following. The father of the family of which I have already spoken, was particularly desirous that his two sons, two very fine lads, should learn a little English. He asked me if I would teach them. I said I had not time to do so, for my medical and other duties; but I would allow one of my assistants, who knew a little English, to teach his sons. One of the two lads has been very regular in his attendance, and has made some progress. A report of all this was carried to the Diwan, the Maharajah's representative in the valley. Thereafter, a vigorous effort was made to get the father to give up sending his son to the mission bungalow to learn English. The effort failed, however. The father, I must tell you, is a Pathan, and is not so much afraid of the Kashmir Government as indigenous Kashmiris generally are. The Maharajah, in due time, received a full account of all that was going on; and His Highness, after some time, gave orders for the opening of a school for the

teaching of Arabic, and desired the Diwan to try to prevail upon my Pathan friend to desist from sending his sons to the Doctor Sahib to receive instruction in English. In this effort, I am happy to say, the Diwan has failed. The boys come daily to us. This class for Arabic, got up primarily to decoy my friend's sons away from us, is the *first Government school* the valley has seen during the reign of Gulab Sing and his son, the present Maharajah. The class, I am told, is intended exclusively for the sons of those who may be called the nobility of Kashmir. It is a pity the language was not Persian, and the school intended for any who was willing to attend. This is trying to boil the kettle from above."

The dispensary was closed on the 19th October, and Dr. Elmslie and his assistants returned to Amritsar.

Shortly after his arrival in Amritsar, he had a pretty smart attack of fever, to which he thus refers.

"*Amritsar, 22d December*, 1868.—My dear Mallett,—I would have written to you before this time, had I not been in the sick list for the last three weeks. I have had a very sharp blow of intermittent fever, which has extracted all the pith out of me, besides running off with a good many pounds of my flesh. However, I am mending rapidly now, and expect soon to be myself again—I mean as to strength. The less we are ourselves the better, dear Mallett. Oh, to be more Christ-like, to have more of His wise, humble, submissive, loving mind. The mind of Christ! What a treasure to have! May our heavenly Father graciously grant you and me more and more of it. . . . . I have *put off* my visit home for another year. The

parent Society (Church Missionary Society) were most gracious in granting me leave to go home this cold season. A whole year sooner than the time specified when I left England. How is God's work prospering with you? Dear Mallett, let me wish you and Mrs. Mallett a very happy Christmas and New Year. If the dear Saviour is present with you, then assuredly Christmas cannot but be happy. For if we have everything else, and want Jesus, then the season is no *Christmas*, but a worldly and sensual occasion. May the Master preside at His own feast, and make you His guests really happy."

CHAPTER XV.

WAYSIDE MINISTRIES AND WORK IN KASHMIR.

The work of Dr. Elmslie since he came to India, has been detailed so fully, that a brief notice of this his fifth year's labours may suffice. In Amritsar the dispensary was opened in the cold season as usual, and upwards of six hundred patients were treated, surgically and medically. When it was closed, he again betook himself to Srinagar to toil amongst his much loved Kashmiris.

"*Srinagar, 7th May,* 1869.—My dearest Mother,—Just before departing from Lahore on the 14th April, I wrote a brief letter to you, telling you I was well and happy, and was to start for Kashmir for the fifth time. I am now, dearest mother, able to tell you that our heavenly Father has vouchsafed to me and the mission servants, a safe journey over those lofty mountains that raise their snow-covered heads so proudly up to heaven. Last year, or the year before, I gave you some particulars respecting this interesting route. You may remember that I mentioned that the road by which I have come to Kashmir this year, was the route followed by those splendid emperors who lived in Delhi as their capital, and ruled over nearly the whole of India. All along the route there are remains—ruins—

of their serais or rest-houses, and right imperial those wayside inns must have been in the days of yore. But the glory hath departed, and the imagination has now to people them with emperors and their queens and their gorgeous retinues. You may remember too, that I told you formerly that we have to cross two mountain passes that lie in our way. The first one is called the Pass of the Ratan Pir, which is some seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is covered with the dark green pine and the beautiful rhododendron. The other pass is that of the Haji Pir, and is about seven thousand four hundred feet above the sea. This pass is neither so beautiful nor so easy to cross, for in ascending to it we had to make steps out of the snow that lay on its face. And then on reaching the ridge, mile upon mile of dazzling white snow lay before us. It is impossible to do justice to the view. It was one of surpassing grandeur, purifying and elevating the soul to that glorious and almighty God, who by the word of His power had called this beauty and grandeur into existence. One would think that the inhabitants of this lovely valley, and those grand lofty mountains would be purified, and have their devotional feelings raised to God their Creator. But sad to tell it is not so. The extensive, unsurpassed, and varied beauty and grandeur with which they are ever surrounded, falls upon them without effect, as if they had no more soul than the beasts that perish. If I remember rightly, I sent you a photograph of the snowy Haji Pir Pass. We reached Srinagar on the 30th April, having been a fortnight on the march, which, as has been my wont, I did on foot, walking every inch of the way. On the

march, at each halting place, we gave notice that we should see all the sick who should come to us, and prescribe for them. This news soon brought us an interesting group of patients with their friends, some of them as usual coming from great distances. The Gospel of life and love was then preached to those perishing ones. Some listened wonderingly, others listened unbelievingly and unaffectedly. But the message of life through Jesus Christ, God's own dear and well-beloved Son, was preached, and the seed of the Word may have fallen into the rifts of some rocky hearts, and may at some future time spring up and come to fruit to the praise and glory of God. My work, dearest mother, is very much that of a sower. I may never see much of the fruit of my labours. Blessed be God, He has vouchsafed to let me see some,—some among my own countrymen, and some among the heathen. An officer in the army, and one who is related to the highest authorities in India, has come all the way to Kashmir to see me, because he regards me as his spiritual father. God blessed to his soul a discussion which I had with a gentleman, one night at dinner, two years ago. What a glory it is to receive from God, to be the means, in the hands of the Holy Spirit, of leading a sin-laden soul to Jesus, the Divine burden-bearer. I tell you these things, dearest mother, to cheer and comfort you. After considerable delay and trouble, I got my dispensary into working order, and began operations yesterday. You will be happy to learn that the attendance yesterday was larger than it ever was before, on the first day of the season.—Your own loving, and dutiful son, WILLIE."

"*Journal, 6th May.*— To-day opened dispensary. I, and

Qadir Bakhsh, and the two dressers met in the dispensary, and all kneeling down, implored the blessing of that God whose servants we are. I felt much affected, and had my heart greatly drawn out in prayer. I felt my joy and faith increased. After thus placing ourselves and the work in God's hands, we went to the tent pitched on the lawn behind the mission bungalow, and there were found sixteen patients with their friends assembled. Part of the Sermon on the Mount was read to the suffering and interesting little group, who were seated on the velvety grass; and briefly, simply, and practically explained to them. The quiet and the attention of the little company were marked. After the short address, a brief prayer was offered up for the Divine blessing, and this ended the religious exercises. The medical and surgical part of the proceedings then began. One of the patients present was the brother of the chief judge of the valley.

"10*th May*.—A large turn out of patients to-day. Began an hour earlier. Snow rapidly melting on the mountains. Have bread as good as English every day. Had greens to-day to dinner. No potatoes, because too dear. Air fragrant with the odour of the Iris. The Iris is generally found covering the graves of the Mussulmans—three kinds, the white, the purple, the yellow. I am greatly cheered by the remarkably unusual spirit of inquiry that prevails among the people, both Hindoos and Mussulmans. All day long some one is present, with the catechist, hearing him read and expound the Gospel, or discussing with him on the subject of religion. Never before have I seen such readiness to converse on religious subjects as this. May the

Lord bring many to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

"11*th May.*—A large turn out of patients. Numbers important, because more hear the Gospel. This afternoon there was a dense mist over the valley.

"15*th May.*—Heavy rain this morning, and in consequence, a small number of patients present. At Kashmiri the most of the day. The change in the people for the better is most remarkable. God be praised.

"16*th May.*—Heavy work this morning, from the large number of patients. Must take the women and the men on alternate days. The pundits are greatly at a loss to account for my annual visit to the valley. Other doctors, they say, came to Kashmir for one, or at most perhaps two years; they go away and are no more heard of, but the Daktar Sahib comes every year. This is wonderful. At worship in forenoon and evening, had my heart much drawn out in prayer.

"17*th May.*—Astonished the people twice to-day, by quoting two of their own proverbs correctly, in their own language, and appositely. I must push on with my study of the Kashmiri proverbs."

The following particulars are from Dr. E.'s last report:—

"It is greatly to be deplored that the Medical Mission, notwithstanding its charitable and beneficent character, still unavoidably labours under great difficulties, from want of permanent and suitable hospital and dispensary buildings.

"The patients who frequent the Medical Mission Dispensary generally belong to the lower and middle classes.

But last season, two of the higher officials of the valley, who had been ill for some time, and had spent considerable sums of money on their native hakims, but were nothing bettered, at last applied in their helplessness to the Medical Mission Dispensary, and, after taking appropriate remedies for a time, were both restored to perfect health, and as no fees are taken from dispensary patients, they are held perpetual debtors to the mission.

"From the 6th May, when the dispensary was opened, till the 25th of October, 169 receptions for the sick were held, and 3,902 patients received surgical and medical treatment. The average daily attendance of new patients was therefore twenty-three, and as the number of individual visits paid during the season was 15,579, the average daily attendance of old and new patients was ninety-three. Each patient, on an average, visited the dispensary four times.

"In the evangelistic branch of the mission's operations, much precious seed was sown. God grant that it may not remain fruitless. In no former season were demands for copies of the Holy Scriptures, and other religious books, so numerous and importunate. The works of the Rev. Moulvie Imad ud din, of the Amritsar Mission, were in especial request. Two Mullahs or Mussulman priests, who had heard of his well-known work, the 'Hidaiyat ul Musulmin,' came to the dispensary from a distant part of the surrounding mountains to obtain a copy.

"The Sunday afternoon meetings with the beggars and incurably blind and lame of Srinagar were held regularly, as in former seasons. Every Sunday afternoon at one

o'clock, from sixty to eighty of those unfortunates assembled on the lawn behind the mission bungalow, or near to the mission tents.

"Several Kashmiris were, as far as man could see, in a hopeful religious state; but the character of the people, and the government of the valley being what it is, great caution must be exercised in forming a judgment from appearances for a short time. However, two male adults, of those who had been in the habit of frequenting the mission during the season, declared themselves Christians, and quitted the valley in the month of November to go to the Punjaub, as it is impossible, under present circumstances, for a native Christian to remain in Kashmir during the winter months.

"*Srinagar 28th June*, 1869.—DEAR MRS. THOMSON,—Yours of the 1st April last reached me all safe, and received a hearty welcome. I hope the trip to Biarritz has completely established the doctor's health; but *soldiers* must not think much about health, but go and do what their captain commands, leaving health, and life, and all things in God's hands. It is very cheering to hear of recruits coming to fill up the gaps which are ever being made in the ranks. When will this cry cease?—only when the native Christian Church takes firm root in those lands whither Christian Europe and America are sending agents. What a pity it is that many of those western recruits appear desirous of perpetuating the present needy and feeble state of the Church in the East. Would that the natives of India, China, Africa, and the islands of the sea, were strong enough to carry on their Christian war,

unaided from without. It is pleasing to know that the native ranks are being filled up with men of the right stamp—men of courage, faith, and holy zeal. You have, doubtless, heard long ago of Dr. Gray's death in Rajpootana. How brief his career! Was not his death lonely!—lonely as to man—but Jesus and the angels may have been in greater force for its human loneliness. How inscrutable are God's dealings with His people! The cry is for men, and when the men come, many of them are called hence before they have well begun their great work. Gideon did with his handful of men better than he would have done with his thousands. So does God. What a privilege it is to be among the number of God's chosen ones—God's picked men. May we be humble and thankful.

"I am again busy at work in this fairest spot of God's earth. After a very pleasant journey from Amritsar, over the Himalayas, I arrived here on the 30th April last, and began work a few days after. On the march to the valley, we had some interesting work—partly medical, and partly evangelistic. The mission is becoming so well known in these mountainous regions, that the poor people look out for our return in spring, as they do for that of the swallow. The people's knowledge of Christ, and the plan of salvation, is yearly growing. I trust there is at least a leavening process going on in these mountains—a sowing of seed—precious seed—which, when the fulness of time is come, will bear much fruit. The mission in the valley is gaining more and more influence, and is being frequented by ever-increasing numbers of sick. I am thankful that our numbers are increasing, because the more bodily sick that

come to us, the more spiritually sick hear of the Balm of Gilead and the Great Physician. During last month, the number of individual patients was well on to a thousand. I have just been writing my report of last year's work, and I see that our numbers increased to 1085 over what they had been in the previous most successful season as to numbers. What a battle of faith and patience I have had to fight here, dear Mrs. Thomson. But it is delightful to fight, and to be like to win. There are signs of softening in the opposition to the mission, I am happy and thankful to say, but I cannot speak definitely of them yet. You will be happy to hear of another Kashmiri being brought to Jesus. Lately I heard of an old woman—the mother-in-law of one of the native catechists who have accompanied me to the valley—having, on her return to her distant village, after a visit to the medical mission in Srinagar, declared herself a Christian, and after some months having fallen asleep in Jesus. This is the first Kashmiri woman I have heard of to whom the Word heard in the medical mission has been blessed. Her old son-in-law, Qadir Bakhsh, who yearns over his fellow-countrymen, and longs and prays for their salvation unceasingly, is greatly delighted that his dear relative died in the faith of Jesus. I am writing this letter to you under a tent, on the shores of a beautiful lake, near the city of Srinagar. What is the reason of this, you will say. Well, I will tell you. Twenty days ago it began to rain very heavily in the valley and this continued for twenty-six hours. The consequence was that the river—I believe the ancient Hydaspes—rose high, and overflowed its banks, and inundated the sur-

rounding country. The Europeans, occupying the married quarters in the station here, were obliged to quit their bungalows, and seek for safety in their boats on the evening after the rain began to fall. As the medical mission bungalow was situated on a higher level, by dint of great exertions I was able, with assistance, to repel the advancing waters till the morning of the third day of the flood; but on they steadily came, and at last the embankment we had made gave way, and in rushed the waters like a flood. In a very short time my out-houses were washed away, and I and my servants had enough to do to get to a boat with a few necessary things. I am glad to say my house stood the angry assaults of the water, and at some risk we rescued all the mission property from it. The river rose fourteen feet above its ordinary level. The valley, as far as you could see, was one extensive lake, with its surface diversified with beautiful clumps of leafy trees. The sight was one long to be remembered for its great beauty. The loss sustained by the Maharajah and the cultivators of the soil, must be very considerable, as the first crop of the year was about mature when the rain came. The mission bungalow was greatly damaged by the water, but it has been repaired, and I hope to be able to return to it in a few days now. I have been carrying on my work here as well as I can under present adverse circumstances. I hope this calamity may turn out for the furtherance of the gospel in Kashmir.

"As to my coming home, it is still uncertain when I shall leave India. If it were not to see my dear mother, whose health has been very feeble for some months, I don't

think I should take advantage of the opportunity which I shall have at the end of the year of visiting home, for I am becoming more and more interested in my work and the people, amongst whom God has seen fit to cast my lot. However, if I do come home, to see you and the doctor, and to tell each other how great things the Lord hath done for our souls, will not be the least of our pleasures."

The very day Dr. Elmslie penned these lines in Srinagar his mother, over and above her usual ailments, was seized with congestion of the lungs, which, acting on an enfeebled system, carried her in a few days to her grave.

As Mrs. Elmslie fills a prominent place in this Memoir, it would be unseemly to let her pass away without a parting word. Her influence over her son for good was unquestionably very great, and he loved and cherished her with the most intense affection. For such a mother it would have rejoiced us to record an "*abundant* entrance." But that pleasure is denied us. Continued bodily infirmity seems to have weakened her naturally strong intellect, and she inclined latterly to brood over her absent sons, rather than cultivate communion with a present Saviour, and this was not favourable to the life of God in her soul. Still, when she approached her end, there seemed a measure of sunshine on her path. The medical attendant said to her, "I am sure no message you can leave behind you for your sons will be so acceptable as the assurance that you die with a strong hope of a blessed resurrection, and that all is well with your soul." She replied, "Not a *strong* hope, but with *a* hope," and then she went on to quote several very appropriate promises out of the Word of God."

In due course the news of her death reached Dr. Elmslie, and, writing to his friend, Mr. Rodgers, he says (17th August 1869) :—"You see, my dear Rodgers, that I am become one of the mourners. My best and dearest friend on earth is dead—my mother. You can more easily picture to yourself my intense grief than I can describe it to you. Since Sabbath last, I scarcely know what I have been about. I have been doing my work, but I have had no mind for it. I was looking forward with great pleasure to my going home to see my dear mother, and to gladden her aged heart with the sunshine of my presence and love. But God had different things in store for her and me." Poor Elmslie had not leisure to brood over his distresses, for at this very time the surgeon of the station took it into his head to run away from Srinagar, alleging, as his reason "for deserting his post, the unhealthiness of the station! This is extremely rich!" writes Dr. Elmslie. "Doctors, I thought, were specially for such places! The result of the doctor's cowardly desertion has been to increase my work very considerably, and that, too, much against my will."

Dr. Elmslie had for some time been giving his spare moments to a little work, about which he thus writes to the Rev. E. C. Stuart :—

"*Srinagar, 24th September* 1869.—My dear Friend,—As I promised in my last letter to you, I despatched by post two days ago a translation in Kashmiri of Mr. Justice Campbell's list of words and phrases for testing the radical affinities of languages. Will you kindly look over it, and if you think it of any value, will you send it to the editor of the Asiatic Society's *Journal*. I have purposely made

my translation full on one or two points—fuller, perhaps, than some may think necessary. Still, that is an error on the safe side. For example, I have given, under the head of phrases, several translations—some verbal translations—of the English with the Kashmiri government, and others where the English meaning is expressed according to the *idiom*, as well as the mere rules of Kashmiri grammar. I hope the little paper will be of some interest. Of this I am very sure, without any boasting, that it is the most correct thing that has been written on the language of this interesting people. The mistakes that have been made by those who have written on Kashmiri—and two or three persons have done so—are very amusing. One gentleman, for example, has confounded the verb 'to be' with the termination of the plural. He evidently did not see that his teacher gave him the verb 'to be' with the declension of the noun, to point out its, the noun's, gender and number. But enough on this head."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRAINING OF NATIVE MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

It is now very generally believed, by those interested in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, that, if Heathendom is ever to be brought over to Christ, it must be by *native agents*. Dr. Elmslie was fully convinced of this before he went to Kashmir, and his Indian experience deepened the conviction. He set himself, therefore, to excogitate a plan whereby native medical missionaries might be trained on the spot. He drew up a paper on the subject, which embodies much thought and careful investigation, and submitted it to the Conference of the Church Mission, and also to the Punjaub Medical Missionary Society. The following, without the introductory sentences, is Dr. Elmslie's paper:—

"It may interest this Conference to know that, during the past year, I have been asked to aid in establishing a medical mission at no fewer than eight different stations in this extensive province. . . . . To obtain, at present, European medical missionaries for these numerous stations in the Punjaub being all but hopeless, it behoves us to look around and see whether or not we cannot, from the

material which we already possess, supply, in a great measure at least, our wants in this respect.

"No one, even for a moment, will maintain that a native agent is, in all points, equal to a European one; but every one will readily admit that, as to command of the vernacular, and an intimate acquaintance with the manners, customs, and modes of thought of the inhabitants of this colossal Empire, the former is greatly superior to the latter. What, therefore, is lost in one way is gained in another; and while we are, on no account, to slacken our efforts to import as many European agents as we can find, and as the means at our command will allow, it is manifestly wise and expedient on our part, to do our very utmost to rear an efficient native medical mission agency.

"Though the different missions in the Punjaub are young, compared with those of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, nevertheless, I am led to believe that, with comparative ease, a little band of students, in every way qualified as to head and heart, could be mustered from among them.

"Since my arrival in India, I have heard more than one experienced missionary complain of the considerable difficulty met with in finding agreeable and suitable employment for their better gifted and educated converts. If facilities were afforded to this class of native Christians to study medicine, with the view of devoting themselves to missionary work in the capacity of doctors, it is highly probable that this difficulty would, in some measure at least, be obviated, and much direct Christian power and influence would be utilised and retained within the pale of the Church, which, as things now are, is, comparatively

speaking, lost to her; for, I am given to understand, that many of the young native Christians of good parts enter Government employ as writers, &c., after quitting the higher mission schools and colleges, and thus, of course, their direct influence and help are, to a great extent, lost to the Church. This, we think, is more than she can at present afford. She requires to husband her resources, and turn them to the very best account. But further, on this head, in all probability, and that at no very distant day, there will be lucrative and influential openings in the large and prosperous cities of the Punjaub for private native physicians and surgeons, who have been educated by European teachers, as we find to be the case in the other large cities of the Empire,—for example, in Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, &c.; and it is unquestionably most desirable that these openings, when they do occur, should be occupied by native Christian men, whose example and influence will be on the side of Christianity, and not by heathens, who will perpetuate and thicken the awful surrounding darkness.

"With respect to the young medical missionary students, it is imperatively incumbent on the ordained missionaries, in charge of the missions from which they are respectively sent, to see well to it that they are really converted men, so far as they are able to judge, and have, more or less, a desire to serve God in direct mission work. Next to this all-important and indispensable qualification, I think the medical mission students, before beginning their proper professional studies, should possess a competent knowledge of the English language, and be well grounded in the

Hindu and Mohammedan controversies, so that, when favourable opportunities present themselves to them in their intercourse with the people, they may be able, in a clear, quiet, and affectionate manner, to give a reason for the faith that is in them, and to show the glaring errors and absurdities of Hinduism, and the religion of the false prophet. That they may do this efficiently, it is absolutely necessary for the students to be intimately acquainted with their Bibles.

"But, having found young men suitable, so far as we can judge, as to faith and mental attainments, the next question that forces itself upon our notice for consideration is, How are we to give these young men such a medical education, as will be likely to command the respect and patronage of their bigoted and adverse fellow-countrymen? At first sight, this is a question which it is not easy to answer. Medicine, both as a science and art, has of late years been so extended and developed in every branch, that we hold it to be now utterly impossible for one man, as formerly, to teach it efficiently and comprehensively. To do so requires a staff of able teachers, an expensive apparatus, and, more or less, suitable accommodation, all of which would entail such an enormous amount of expense, as would put it completely out of our power to possess an establishment, solely and exclusively, for medical mission purposes. But, most fortunately for the feasibility of our scheme, such an establishment already exists, and we need only to avail ourselves of its advantages, to procure from it all that we can desire.

"In the Government Medical College, Lahore, with its

experienced and Christian Principal, Dr. Scriven, and his able colleagues, we possess a medical school in every way suited to our present purpose. So much regarding the medical mission students, and how they are to receive a medical education that will really fit them for the very responsible duties of their profession.

"But further, with whom are the medical students to reside, during their stay in the capital and attendance at college? Who is to be their helper, counsellor, and true friend, when they are far away from those who had previously been all that to them? And who, above all things, is to cherish the missionary spirit in them, and show them how to apply their medical and surgical knowledge and skill to the spread of the gospel? It appears to me that no one is nearly so well qualified for this most important work as one who is himself performing the functions of the medical missionary. In addition to the discharge of this duty, the medical missionary would have ample time to carry on extensive medical mission work in Lahore. Indeed, for the proper and complete training of the medical missionary students, it is unquestionably indispensable that he should do so. As some difficulty may be experienced, at least for some time, in finding a suitable agent for this important post, and as the necessary funds for carrying on this part of the present plan may not be realisable just now, one of the American missionaries resident in Lahore might be requested to allow the students to live in his compound, and to take a friendly and Christian interest in them, till a medical missionary arrives from home to assume the whole superintendence.

"With reference to the extent of medical education which our students should receive, I am of opinion that we should qualify them for becoming practitioners, equal in attainments, at least, to the Government sub-assistant surgeons.

"That we may get and retain the very best of the young men belonging to the respective missions of the Punjaub, it is necessary, we think, to hold out to them adequate inducements as to status and salary. Unless we do so, we are likely to get inferior men, and, it is probable, the whole scheme may thereby prove a failure. It is to be hoped, however, that the Punjaub Medical Missionary Society, especially, will look to this point.

"I am very happy to be able to inform this meeting, that already some progress has been made in collecting funds to defray the necessary expenses of this scheme in its embryo beginnings. Dr. Henderson, one of the Professors of the Lahore Medical College, undertook, at the commencement of last hot season, to collect as much money as would be sufficient for three scholarships of twelve rupees each a month, for one year. I have little doubt that, if suitable young men come forward, we shall soon find ourselves in the possession of funds, amply sufficient, to defray the increased expenditure. From the little I know of the Punjaub, I feel fully convinced, that our fellow-countrymen only require to have a really needful and feasible scheme presented to them, to elicit their generous liberality.

"Such, then, is a very brief and rough outline of the scheme I have to propose respecting medical missions in

this province. And I trust, if it meet the approval of those now present, we shall soon see at Lahore, a little band of Christian young men, preparing themselves for this comparatively new and important sphere of Christian usefulness."

The scheme was very cordially approved by the members of the Conference, and of the P. M. M. Society, and Sir Donald M'Leod also spoke warmly in its behalf.

"I have," he said, "carefully read the paper, drawn up by Dr. Elmslie, on the subject of training native Christian youths for the duties of medical missionaries; which paper was recently read by him at a Conference of the Church Missionary Society, held at Amritsar, as well as before a meeting of the Punjaub Medical Missionary Society.

"I have long been convinced, that medical missions are eminently suitable and appropriate in the present circumstances of India, and calculated, accordingly, to prove of the very greatest value and importance here; and as I have, on many occasions, recorded my opinion to this effect, I need not enlarge on it in this place.

"Holding, then, this opinion, I highly approve of Dr. Elmslie's proposal, which I think likely, if carried out, to enable us to extend medical missions much more rapidly and widely than we can hope to do in any other way, at the same time that it adds another most important and appropriate mode of employing and providing support for our native Christians, to the very few which have, as yet, suggested themselves; thus helping largely towards the solution of one of the most difficult problems we have to

solve, in respect to the heterogeneous bodies of native Christians assembled, under the existing system, at our mission stations."

Dr. Elmslie wished the native Christians to be educated up to the standard of sub-assistant surgeon. "And I entirely agree with Dr. Elmslie," writes Sir Donald M'Leod, "in considering this to be a very essential point."

The reader will observe that Dr. Elsmlie's paper altogether ignores the valuable services which, as matter of fact, have been rendered to the cause of medical missions, by "*non-qualified*" Christian natives in Madagascar, Travancore, Madras, and other places. It is a valuable document, notwithstanding, and will doubtless get due attention when the subject of the training of native medical evangelists, and native medical missionaries, receives the comprehensive and exhaustive treatment which its importance merits.

CHAPTER XVII.

FEMALE MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

ANOTHER subject of interest to Dr. Elmslie, and about which he wrote an able paper, was *Female Medical Missionaries.*

This paper *in extenso*, may be found in the "*Indian Female Evangelist*," for January 1873. The following abstract will indicate its value :—

"1*st*, With the exception of the lowest classes, the women of India are virtually prisoners in their own homes.

"2*d*, Their physical, intellectual, moral, and religious condition is dark and deplorable.

"3*d*, Ameliorating influences, to be effectual, must be those which can enter the Zenanas of India.

"4*th*, In those parts of India where education is prized by the men, the Christian Zenana educationalist will generally be admitted.

"5*th*, Bengal, and one or two other parts of India, have shown a laudable readiness, in accepting the invaluable boon of western science and learning.

"6*th*, The Mussulmans of India have not, as a body, followed the good example of the Bengalis and others, in accepting and promoting English Education.

"7*th*, The Mussulmans, as a body, are not well disposed towards the British rule in India.

"8*th*, Their Zenanas are generally closed against the European female missionary, and, where exceptions to the contrary are met with, it is feared that they are explicable by the fact of the heads of the respective homes wishing to obtain favour with some missionary or Government official for selfish ends.

"9*th*, The Government Medical Dispensaries are not patronized by the females of India, in any due proportion to their numbers and wants.

"10*th*, The women of India are lamentably destitute of proper medical aid.

"11*th*, The hakims, or native doctors of India, know nothing of the diseases peculiar to women, and are seldom consulted in such cases.

"12*th*, The native nurses or midwives, who are virtually the only doctors of the women of India, are grossly ignorant of their work, very meddlesome in the discharge of their duties, and of most immoral character.

"13*th*, From the constitution of social life in India, neither European nor native gentlemen can exert a direct influence for good on the female portion of the community.

"These are some of the points which we have already touched, and the question now arises, Is there no other key but that of education with which to open the door to the inner social life of India? We think there is certainly one other such key, and that key is female medical missions. But what is meant by the phrase, female medical missions?

"A female medical mission may be defined to be the practice of medicine by a lady, for the purpose not merely of curing, but of Christianizing her patients. Now, it is not difficult to see, from what has been already said, how admirably suited such an agency is to the present condition and wants of the women of India. This is a key which may be said to fit every lock, for we believe, that there are few, if any, homes into which the lady medical missionary would not be heartily welcomed and blessed for her humane efforts. She would find an entrance where the educational missionary would find the door closed. She would soften bigotry, remove prejudice, dispel ignorance, drive away gloom, and unobtrusively, but nevertheless effectually, deposit the all-pervading leaven of the Gospel in numberless hearts and homes.

"But are we justified by Scripture in employing such an agency in missionary operations? No one who, even cursorily, reads the life of our Divine Saviour, as contained in the four Gospels, can have any doubt on this question. For of what was His blessed life made up, after He entered upon His ministry, but of holy lessons and miracles of healing, by which the loving spirit and divine origin of His mission were incontestably proved? The friends of female medical missions to India must be prepared to meet with no inconsiderable amount of opposition, on conventional grounds, in their efforts to promote this undertaking. But, it may be a comfort to them to remember, that no effort of a new shape, to ameliorate the condition of mankind, and to spread the Gospel, ever met *at first* with anything but the most bitter and determined opposition,

and that, *too often*, from those of whom better things might have been expected.

"A few words respecting the agents, and the professional training which should fit them for the efficient discharge of their important duties, seem necessary."

"They must be blessed," writes Dr. Elmslie, "with hearty devotion to the Saviour's service, and with a sound head and loving heart. The question *how*, and *when*, these agents may be trained, is gradually approaching solution, but not in "mixed classes." "*Mixed classes cannot be condemned in too severe language*," says Dr Elmslie. It is well to remember that there are two grades in this class of workers, as amongst male medical missionaries—the qualified and the *non*-qualified. If the lady is to be located in a sphere where she can fall back on the counsel and support of the ordinary doctor, like the nurses in Madagascar, she may be fitted for her duties in twelve months; but if she must labour alone, with no one to aid in emergencies, she must be more thoroughly equipped. Dr. Elmslie concludes his paper thus :—

"India is not now an entire stranger to female medical missions. In the provinces of Northern India female medical missionaries are already at work, lessening pain, saving life, and training native Christian women for the same end. One lady medical missionary writes: 'We are always treated with much respect in the Zenanas, and are called upon by all classes of natives. Many of our patients are among the better class of native ladies.' Another lady medical missionary has more work in the best families where she is located than she can overtake, and

that, too, although she has let it be well known that she is a Christian missionary, anxious to do all the good she can to the souls as well as the bodies of her patients.

"In conclusion, if Florence Nightingale, a thorough English lady,—being all that that term implies,—left home and friends, and went to Scutari out of philanthropy, to nurse and doctor England's wounded and dying soldiers, surely other ladies, who have it in their power, should see no insuperable objections or difficulties in giving up home and going to India, to nurse and doctor their needy and suffering sisters *for Christ's sake*.

"At any rate, India needs female medical missionaries. India will welcome them, India will bless them for their work; and many homes, now dark, will be lighted up, through their labours, with the knowledge of Him who is the Light of the world.

"Surely it is a thing incredible, that, among the many Christian daughters of England, there are none brave and noble-minded enough to undertake this work, which, of all works, most resembles that of the great Master Himself, who, 'though He was *rich*, yet for our sakes became *poor*, that we through His poverty might become rich;' and of whom it is written, 'Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.' I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOME VISIT.

The death of Dr. Elmslie's mother, which took place 6th July, 1869, was a heavy blow to him. The severity of such a trial is measured by the place the departed holds in our thoughts; and next to his Saviour, Dr. Elmslie loved his mother, and lived for her. In his letters, and often subsequently in conversation, he spoke mournfully of his great loss, remarking, that by her removal his greatest attraction to home was gone. But his stipulated time of service had expired; he needed rest; and other considerations made it important he should return to England.

At Bombay, on his way to this country, in the early days of 1870, he spent a fortnight with his former fellow-student Dr. Young. "We had many conversations about our spheres of labour," writes Dr. Young, "and he mentioned, as one of the greatest difficulties he had to contend with, the careless way in which the Europeans lived before the natives, especially in regard to the keeping of the Sabbath," adding, "I have never tasted wine, or any kind of (intoxicating) drink since leaving Scotland, that I might not be a stumbling-block to the Kashmiris; and for the same reason, I never opened a home letter on the Lord's day except

once, when my dear mother was very ill. We cannot, as missionaries, live too strictly for our Master."

Hearty welcomes awaited Dr. Elmslie in Britain. One deserves especial notice. "I can never forget," writes a friend, "how, on Dr. Elmslie's arrival in England, a father shook his hands, as the tears started to his eyes on seeing him, and how he could say no more than 'You have saved my boy!' It was not his body only that Dr. Elmslie was the means of saving, during a dangerous illness, but he had been the means of saving his soul."

In the spring, he came to Edinburgh, and was cordially welcomed to our heart and home. He stayed with us most of the summer, renewing in the city and neighbourhood former acquaintanceships and forming new ones. As a token of "filial gratitude," as he called it, he undertook duty for us, and sent us off to rusticate among the beauties of Braemar. Dr. Elmslie's principal work at home was the preparation of a vocabulary of the Kashmiri language. While busy putting the material together, he consulted "a gentleman who professed to take a deep interest in Kashmir. To this friend he submitted a portion of his MSS., requesting his advice and aid in publication. The reply was that nothing could be said till the opinion of a certain learned professor was obtained. After a considerable time, a letter was received, which Elmslie characterised as a regular *damper*, intimating, that another person had made an excellent contribution on the same subject to a Journal in Calcutta, and that Dr. Elmslie might do worse than not to push the matter further at present. He was vexed at the coldness of the letter; sur-

prised, but delighted to hear of another worker in the same field, and once more wrote to his friend, asking him if he could procure the name of the person referred to. The professor took some trouble, and found amongst his papers the contributor's designation, and it turned out that the paper had been written by Dr. Elmslie himself." The vocabularly was, of course, proceeded with ; but it took much time, and he stuck so close to his task, that he brought on a severe attack of "liver," the effects of which he did not entirely shake off, so long as he remained in this country. In October 1871, he writes us from London, "I have been busy with my little book, and to-day I saw the first page in print. The printer has promised to push on with it to the utmost of his power." Next month he writes to Dr. Farquhar, "You will be happy to learn that the small Kashmiri dictionary is making progress. We have got as far as S. in the English-Kashmiri part, which comes first." The work was not out of the hands of the publishers till Dr. Elmslie had returned to India, and a completed copy, intended for him, reached Amritsar the day after his death. "Their works do follow them."

Whatever seemed fitted to advance the cause of medical missions, afforded pleasure to Dr. Elmslie. It is needless to say, therefore, that when a *Convalescent Home* seemed likely to be realised, as an adjunct to a medical mission, through the generous kindness of a lady, it awakened in him the liveliest interest. The only out-standing difficulty was a suitable house ; and for this Dr. Elmslie scanned the advertisements as carefully as if seeking a home for himself. In the country three tenements advertised seemed

worthy of examination, and the writer and he fixed March 6th for an expedition to the country for that purpose. It was interesting and encouraging, in turning, on the morning of the visit, to "*Daily Light on the Daily Path*," to find this verse, "The Lord your God went in the way before you, to search you out a place to pitch your tents in." The first house visited was St. Ann's Mount, Polton, which was so commodious, and in every way so suitable, it seemed as if built on purpose. Dr. Elmslie could not help recalling the morning's Promise, and in one of the empty rooms of the house he pleaded that the God who had guided, would grant possession, and make the home a blessing to many destitute poor. That delightful retreat, which has now been open for five years, is thus sweetly associated with our departed friend.

From the time his attention was first turned to medical missions, the Scripture argument for them bulked largely in his mind; but he always felt that the full significance of it had never been brought out, and he longed to see some giant intellect take it up and give it the treatment it deserves. "In August, 1871," writes Dr. Young, "when Dr. Gauld and I with our families were living at Braemar, Elmslie joined our party and remained ten days with us. Elmslie's heart was then full of the Scriptural argument for medical missions, and was anxious to see the subject *fully* opened up. So much so, that on our return to Edinburgh we sent a conjoint letter to the Rev. Dr. —— asking him to preach on the subject, or write an article upon it for a Review. The Rev. doctor sent a kind and encouraging reply, and asked various questions anent medical missions,

but the correspondence closed, as both Elmslie and I were soon busied in preparations for going abroad."

During the greater part of Dr. Elmslie's stay in this country, his mind was a good deal unsettled respecting his future sphere. His heart was in Kashmir, and his thorough knowledge of the language imposed obligations upon him that could not be lost sight of, but the interruption of his work every year, just when it was getting into proper order tried him exceedingly. He felt he was always going on without making progress. He was so perplexed, that he admits in a letter to Dr. Farquhar, "My mind, for a time, was turned towards home." During this period various appointments, missionary and professional, were placed within his reach. "He relinquished," writes a friend, "the prospects of a practice that would have produced £1000 a year." Writing to us of another sphere, he says, "There are too many ornamental names in the list of members I fear. It is a fine thing for a doctor to have his name on a committee for some Christian work. It may tell favourably at the year's end. —— said £200 or £250 would be enough for salary. I looked at him! *He* could not live on that." A third appointment was rather pressed upon him, but learning that it was in the offer of another party, he wrote: —("25th April, 1871) . . . . As —— (naming the place) is now under Mr. ——'s consideration, it would be both premature on my part, and not quite kind to him, were I to entertain the proposal at present." As his professional attainments were of a very high order, he was urged to stand as a candidate for a vacant chair in one of our universities. Speaking of the subject, one day, he said,

jocularly, "It would swamp any university to let a medical missionary into one of its chairs, for, you know, '*No man worth his salt would be a medical missionary!*'" He was content to forego academic honours, to which he might justly have aspired, and as a humble missionary to lay out all his attainments for the furtherance of that gospel that brought peace to his own soul.

At length his mind was set at rest. Writing to Mrs. B. T. (London, 25th November, 1871) he says, "At the end of last month I wrote a long letter to the committee of the Church Missionary Society, giving them a full account of the great difficulties with which God's work in Kashmir is at present beset. I did this that they might not be ignorant of the true state of matters there, and that they might have the materials on which to form a judgment as to the desirability of continuing the medical mission. . . . The decision to which they came was that I should be sent back to Kashmir, to continue the work as before. A future of no ordinary toil and trial is therefore before me, but I trust that He who sends me back will make His grace sufficient for me, and make me strong in His strength. I rejoice at the prospect of undergoing trial in God's service." This same month, to Mr. Wade, he writes, "I am willing to return to Kashmir. The missionary life is the only one worth living. It is the only one that can be called Christ-like. . . . My dear friend, I have had a terrible battle to fight with selfishness, and the love of ease, and the fashion of this world that passeth away. But I trust our heavenly Father has enabled me to overcome in His strength. I return to India joyfully and thankfully

to rough it in God's work. Oh, it must be terrible to become old, and to look back upon a life spent for self, in ease and comfort, with little likeness to the life the dear Saviour lived—*and lived for us.*"

When one reads in his diary Dr. Elmslie's account of his *missionary* labours in India, there seems wondrously little time left for anything else; yet we have seen he contrived to gather materials for a dictionary, and he also accumulated a large amount of matter for a comprehensive work on Kashmir. In the ensuing campaign he hoped to go somewhat thoroughly into the botany of the region. For counsel, how best to overtake this department, he naturally turned to his friend Dr. Cleghorn.

"My dear Friend,—My chief object in writing to you now, is to inquire of you what a copy of Wight's 'Icones Plantarum Indiæ Orientalis' in good condition is worth; also what should I give for a copy of Royle's *Botany of the Himalayas?* Can you tell me where I am likely to meet with works of that kind?

"Should I return to India, which I am now very likely to do about the end of January next, I should like to do a little to the botany of those interesting and far-away regions. I should feel extremely obliged to you for any hints as to how to proceed in the study of the botany of Kashmir and the surrounding mountains; also, as to how to do with any specimens which I may collect, and also as to any points of pre-eminent importance in *Flora* of the valley and the neighbourhood. I feel sure that I could not apply to one better qualified than yourself to give me directions as to how to proceed in the study of the *Hima-*

layan Flora." Dr. Elmslie was permitted to do little amid the rich flora of the Himalayas. He was judged worthy of speedy promotion; and was soon called to study a botanical system of far higher development than any to which Linnæus or De Candolle has yet introduced us, in which the trees yield twelve manner of fruit every month, and the leaves thereof are for the healing of the nations.

On the 28th February 1872 Dr. Elmslie was united in marriage to Margaret, daughter of the late Rev. W. Wallace Duncan, of Peebles. No forebodings of the future shaded the brightness of that happy day; it was the hope and belief of all that a long united life of joyful service lay before those who were then so very specially and so very tenderly committed to the care of Him who had called them to labour in so distant a corner of the vineyard. He shrank from the many farewells from friends, saying, "I am a coward about bidding such long good-byes;" and he seemed glad when it was possible to avoid a parting scene. "We shall pray for him, we shall bear him on our hearts before God; that will be better for him than any last words," he said more than once.

It would afford us peculiar satisfaction to give a detailed account of Dr. Elmslie's proceedings during his home visit, as he was much with us, and proved a blessing to us beyond what we can well record; but this might lead to the consideration of interests that do not claim special notice here, and divert attention from his great life work as a missionary of Christ in Kashmir.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAST YEAR'S WORK IN KASHMIR.

Dr. and Mrs. Elmslie left Edinburgh for India on the 5th March. In London they met loving friends and relatives, with whom they had sweet communion. They went aboard the *Massilia* on the 7th, and that morning Mrs. Elmslie, on turning to her book of daily texts, got a verse to which subsequent events gave a touching significance, and which was not without impressiveness even at the time,"—"*Thy* Maker *is thine husband.*"

Fairly launched on the return to his beloved work, his thoughts eagerly reverted to it. Persian and Kashmiri books were studied, and some part of every day was spent in initiating his wife into the mysteries of Hindostanee. "I cannot tell," she writes, "whether I enjoy most the hours spent in some quiet part of the deck, learning from W. something of this new language, or the lovely cool evenings, when the awning having been removed from deck, we watch the sunset glories shade away into the silvery moonlight, and pace the whole length of the ship, talking of those we have left, and of those we are going to. W. carries in his pockets some of Uncle H.'s books, and we have occasion-

ally some interesting talks with the sailors and passengers. To-day, as he handed one,—Believe and live,—to the ship's carpenter, he was rewarded by a grateful, happy smile, and the man said, 'I have reason to bless God, sir, for them little books; through the readin' o' one I was led to believe on Christ.'

"The heat of the Red Sea seemed to affect him at once; he was prostrated for several days before leaving the ship, but recovered on reaching Bombay sufficiently to enjoy the few days spent with Christian friends there.

"One evening was spent at the house of a native gentleman, where some fifty or sixty Hindoo and Parsee reformers were gathered together to bid farewell to the Rev. W. Long, a zealous missionary of the C. M. S., on his return to Europe. Several addresses were made by eloquent educated natives, all of whom spoke warmly of the benefit gained for India, by the influence (mental and moral) of such missionaries as Mr. Long. Spiritual questions were entirely avoided, much to Dr. E.'s distress, for he considered that such an opportunity should have been used to show that the aim of the Christian is to point the soul to Christ, and that the highest intellectual improvement is far less to be desired than simple faith in Christ, but he was not able to speak himself, having a feverish languor over him, which continued till he once more reached the land of his adoption."

Writing to his mother-in-law from Bombay (April 6th), Dr. Elmslie says:—"Have at last got to the end of our voyage. On looking back, have much cause to be very thankful to God for the mercies that have attended it. God

permitted us both to do something for Himself. We found Dr. Bonar's kind and valuable gift of books of great service. Since I began this sentence, I have been to the city with a missionary friend, and have seen to-day what I never had seen before. If you were to try to guess, I don't believe you would succeed in telling me what I have seen. It was nothing more or less than an hospital—not for human beings, but for the lower animals! The invalids were a porcupine, deer, monkeys, goats, sheep, dogs, horses, cows, and oxen. I saw some of the sick kine taking their medicine. It is supported by a wealthy native merchant."

They got a cordial welcome to India. "You will not fail," writes the Rev. E. Stuart, "to convey this, my hand-o'-write, welcome to your dear wife,—a real hearty Scotch grip of friendship. I rejoice to hear of your so wisely *doubling* your usefulness." "We had the pleasure," says Mr. Clark, "of welcoming Dr. Elmslie and his bride from England. His step was even then (April) less elastic than usual, but his warm affections were the same."

The following items of intelligence are culled from various letters from Dr. and Mrs. Elmslie, addressed to relatives and others during their Kashmir campaign. Here is a glimpse of our friends, *en route*:—

"Marching orders are—up at half-past four, breakfast at a quarter past five, off at twenty minutes from six; servants on before to have regular breakfast ready half way. I reach first, being carried in a dandy, spread the carpet and table cloth in a pleasant place, sometimes under pomegranate and rose trees, sometimes by a waterfall. Then come the weary walkers, and don't we make a hearty

breakfast. The rest of the way is the fatiguing part, as the sun is up, and the climbing and rough walking are trying. We reach the next stage about half-past eleven, have refreshments, then rest, write, or read till dinner at five; after which W. gathers the servants together, and the sick who have come for advice. It makes a picturesque group — about forty natives, all seated on the grass, the old catechist arranging things, the native medical assistant and his wife, with the large khilta, full of medicines, and Mr. Wade in white costume, leaning forward in his arm-chair, reading and speaking with the people, who answer him, with arguments, which he shows great tact in meeting; after this, W. prescribes. He has met with some interesting cases; one poor sufferer is to follow us to Srinagar, as he requires a serious operation. It was touching to see his old father weeping over him. One woman, with fever, was brought on the back of her husband. The twilight is short; and, after the sick people leave, we have a little chat, then prayers, and off to bed.

"I confess I was rather horrified with the first specimen of a Cashmere bungalow—nothing better than a large mud hut, unfurnished, and hardly plastered, and the floors so dirty that you feel ashamed of your boots after once crossing a floor. The people are much finer looking, and have more open countenances, than the Hindoos; but it is marvellous to me that such nice-looking men and women can wear such garments. They do not seem to know the use of soap and water—their blankets, which they wrap round them, are perfectly brown, and in many cases you cannot count their rags.

"When we reached the spot from which we had the Pisgah view of Kashmir—the *vale* itself—I could but exclaim, 'Truly the half has not been told me.' It seemed to me a perfect paradise, which should know nothing but peace and plenty, purity and joy.

"28*th*.—After many difficulties we have at length got a house, which, though only a native one, is really very suitable, being quite among the people. We have, therefore, gladly and very thankfully left off tent life for the present. The house is entered from the river by a flight of steps, which brings you into a wide archway. Our garden is large, and full of the delicious ottar roses. They are pink, not very large, but very rich in perfume.

"*June* 3, 1872.—The bugle, calling the Maharajah's soldiers to their morning drill, wakened me early," writes Mrs. Elmslie, "and presently a softer sound reached my ear—the splashing of oars on the river which flows almost directly under our windows. I rose to see who could be astir so early. Two little boats were making their way up to the steps which lead to our house. They were full of people, and, with the exception of the boatmen, all seemed to bear the stamp of disease and misery on them: blind and lame and sick, one by one, slowly got out of the boats and walked, or were carried by friends waiting for them, up the steps; then other boats arrived, and in one I saw a young woman, half-lying, half-supported, her long black hair streaming down from under her crimson turban, her face very pale. A strong man carried her out of the boat, and an old woman followed them, crying and moaning. She was laid in a tent in the garden, which was, before an

hour had passed, quite full of patients, some slightly, but others very seriously ill.

"After reading and prayer together, William went down to the crowd gathered. They all clamoured eagerly for help, each one wishing to be served first; but a few kind words quieted them, and then I heard Qadir Bakhsh reading from his Kashmiri Testament. The garden was almost covered with the numbers of groups of sick people and their friends, only those who were very ill having found room in the tent. One's heart yearns over them, for truly they are those who need the Physician, not only for their bodily ailments, but for the far more dreadful disease of their souls; yet their noisy quarrelsomeness and their excessive want of cleanliness makes it a trying thing to minister to them, and when W. came up from examining this crowd of patients, he looked so tired I felt sorry to hear he had several hours of work still before him. I wonder if the crowds in the lands of Galilee and Judea were such as those.

'At even, e'er the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
With divers pains and woes they met—
Oh, with what joy they went away!'

'Thy touch has still its ancient power.'

"At about half-past five we generally go to the poplar avenue for a quiet walk. It is W.'s favourite resort, and is associated with many a sweet hour of prayer and communion with God."

"*June.*—Our work here, I am thankful and glad to say," writes Dr. Elmslie, "is now in full play. Yesterday 165

patients were present. Many of the cases were grave surgical ones, for the people have been waiting for me for two years. They are being plied, too, with the glorious Gospel of Christ. I have a dear native Christian with me as an assistant, who is deeply interested in his poor benighted countrymen, for he is a Kashmiri. Then my friend, the Rev. T. R. Wade, has been sent to the valley this year, to strengthen my hands. He, too, labours amongst the waiting patients all morning. So, as I said, we are earnestly, prayerfully, and hopefully at work. I am thankful to say that the native authorities seem less hostile than formerly. Not that they are friendly, and smile upon our work, — that we do not expect from heathens,—but, so far as I have been able to ascertain, they do not throw obstacles in the way of the sick coming to us. That is a great thing, and we are heartily thankful for it. God, too, has blessed us in our premises. Not that they are palatial, but they are conveniently situated near the city, so that no one is incommoded by our work. Dwelling-house, dispensary, operating theatre, servants' rooms, are all under one roof. The crowds of the sick meet outside in a garden, which we have, fortunately, to the back. In this fine weather there is matting below them, and above them a canvas covering." Mrs. Elmslie, writing at the close of the month's labours, says, "W. has just had to-day his 1100th patient, and finished his 70th operation in a month."

"*July* 2.—We were quietly enjoying our half-hour of reading this morning, when a long piercing wail of woe startled and roused us to a realisation of the world outside.

'Koi margaza' ('some one has died'), the servant told me, in answer to an anxious question. 'Many die every day,' he continued, 'for the cholera is raging.' That wail resounded painfully again and again all the day. From the verandah I could see the little house from which it came; a great many people surrounded it, all noisy, and the women among them tore their hair and beat their breasts in the way that professional mourners do, but the cry of woe was real, I am quite sure. Oh! to be able to suggest a thought of heaven and its 'no grief or pain' to this poor sufferer!

"*August* 1.—The suffering in the city grows worse and worse as cholera spreads. We have been unceremoniously turned out of our native house, and have been obliged to take refuge in one of the bungalows given by the Maharajah for European visitors. It is inconveniently distant from the centre of work, but the atmosphere is purer, and the recurrence of those terrible wails of woe is not so frequent as nearer the crowded city. One can't forget the distress reigning there—it fills my husband's thoughts, and night and day he is either working for the sufferers or planning some way of helping them. As the air he works in seems heavy and polluted, and the whole surroundings are depressing, we planned to leave Srinagar for a few hours yesterday, and spent the day on the lake, but on the way we met five different boats bearing dead bodies to the cremation ground.

"*August 6th.*—Prayer has been answered and God is graciously removing this sad scourge from the people. Cholera is decidedly on the wane. The weather is cooler,

too, which is a great mercy in the present state of things.

August 10*th.*—The weather having broken, rain fell in torrents, such as only mountain countries know. The river gradually rose higher and higher, till the bank disappeared; and, on the opposite side, fields were covered. When we went to church yesterday, William was very much afraid our house would be surrounded in a few hours. The Baboo sent boats round to all the Europeans. You may believe we were not very happy at the thought of having to live on the waters, Noah-like, till the waters diminished, and this we quite expected to have to do to-day. The servants had to flit to the verandah, the kitchen, a hundred yards behind us, being surrounded. To our great joy and thankfulness (this morning), we found the sky clear, the sun shining, and the waters abating; thus our fears have been disappointed.

"*August* 12*th.*—We had given up thinking of floods, and only yesterday William said to me how very thankful he felt for this blessing; however, here we are to-day surrounded. This flood is caused by the melting of snow in the mountains, where there was a fresh fall last week; and it must have burst the embankment lower down, for the whole of the large orchard, where our house and all the Europeans' houses are, is flooded.

"*August* 16*th.*—Notwithstanding the unceremonious way in which we were turned out of our house, we are enjoying our place of refuge exceedingly; and no wonder, when you think it was made according to Kashmiri ideas of Paradise. Some traditions of Bible history, lingering

among them still, having suggested it to a king who lived, I believe, about the time of our second Charles. There are two pleasure houses or pavilions on the gardens, one close to the lake, the other high up on a terrace of the mountain, and almost hidden in the rich foliage of the chinar trees. We chose the latter, as we have learned to seek shade in this sunny land. The way to it lies through orchards of pears, quinces, peaches, &c., on one hand, and beautiful mown lawns on the other, in the middle of which is an artificial bed of a stream. The trees by the side of it are the grandest I ever saw. Some of their trunks have been hollowed out, and inside three people can stand quite easily. After mounting by terraces, you reach the pavilion, where we are to be found, looking very small in our crimson covered chairs, in comparison to the lofty place in which we are. It is an open hall, 60 feet in breadth, by 40 in length, and the brilliantly covered roof is supported by sixteen pillars. On either side are large rooms; one wing occupied by Mr. Wade, the other by us, while the pavilion itself is our dining and sitting room. I am afraid you can hardly appreciate, in a Scotch autumn, the luxury which we are enjoying so much. The mountain stream flows through our hall, casting spray all around, sparkling in the sunshine, and then gushes down a causeway, about 30 feet, into an immense pond, in which there are many fountains, and so on, feeding many of these jets, till it has descended all the terraces, and mingled its waters with those of the beautiful lake. This stream had been turned off by the villagers to water their rice fields; but on our arrival the gardener brought it back, and caused all the

fountains to play. The sound of its sweet murmur is very charming, and the sight of jets, each in some different form, is delightful. The trees have grown too luxuriantly, and partly hide the lovely vistas of snowy mountains and of the lake, but we see enough to be full of admiration. We went up the mountain side this evening, and sat down under the shade of a vine-tree, laden with grapes, and watched the glorious setting sun.

"*August* 19*th*.—Here we are in our own little house once more. We came in to church on Sabbath. We think it so good of him to persevere when he (Mr. W.) has had so little encouragement. There were only six present. It is very sad to find how little people attend to Christian duties here.

"*September*.—We had a pic-nic to the Shalimar Gardens last week, taking all the medical assistants and pupils, &c., with us. They appeared to enjoy themselves very much. The dear old catechist has been very much cheered by the number of inquirers this summer. If we are allowed to remain here many will come forward, but the fear of persecution *without us* keeps many back."

"I suppose," writes Dr. E. to Mrs. Duncan, "dearest M. will have told you that our Committee in Calcutta have presented a petition to the Governor-General, begging of him to grant us permission to remain in Kashmir during the winter months. If this petition is granted, in all probability the good work will more rapidly prosper. Will you pray that all may be ordered of God for the best? As for myself, I have not been at all strong this summer. The truth is that my work has been overwhelming. Indeed,

the people have been waiting for me for two years to perform many operations. Medical mission work at home is very different from medical mission work abroad. Here in India you have to be a Begbie, Spence, and Walker all in one, while at home you merely nibble at medical and surgical work. That makes a great difference."

Of later date. "I am now nearly myself again, thanks to God's blessing on my dearest M.'s tender and judicious nursing. She has been the best of nurses, just as if she had been under Miss Nightingale for years.

"An answer has come to a telegram which I sent to Simla, where the Governor-General now is. The answer is to the effect that 'Dr. Elmslie is not allowed to remain this winter in Srinagar.' Now, both M. and I say truly, 'The will of the Lord be done,' but we mourn over this oppressed and perishing country. It would have been for its good that we had been allowed to remain, although it is doubtful if it would have been for our comfort and happiness, for we should have been without European society of any kind, and that would have made it very lonely for us for two or three months. But we were heartily prepared to forego the pleasures of society for the sake of this poor country and its oppressed people. However, so far as we are concerned, the Lord has willed it otherwise. We leave this matter in the Lord's hands. He will work when His time comes. We shall probably be commanded to leave the valley in a few days. This has been a season of very hard work, but the Lord has graciously brought us in safety to its close. Since we began work in the dispensary at Srinagar in the end of May last

over 3000 patients, suffering from all manner of diseases, have received medical and surgical treatment gratuitously. Over 200 of these patients have been operated on for surgical maladies, and besides all these cases 382 cholera patients were treated at their own homes by the agents of the Kashmir Medical Mission.

"This merely gives the professional part of the season's work. I have not been at all well since our arrival in Kashmir. This has been caused by the severe nature of the work, and the close application to it throughout the season, and I am almost sure I shall begin to recruit as soon as we begin our tent life."

CHAPTER XX.

LAST JOURNEY AND DEATH.

It will be remembered that Dr. Elmslie brought on a rather serious illness in Edinburgh, by too close application to his desk, when preparing his vocabulary. He had not *fully* recovered his wonted energy when he left this country for Kashmir; but, as he had been steadily improving, it was confidently believed that the sea voyage would completely re-establish his health. On meeting him in India, Mr. Clark noticed that his step was not so elastic as formerly; and, on his way to Srinagar, Mrs. Elmslie remarked, especially at Murree, that Dr. E. was breathless and weak. It has already appeared from the narrative that during the whole season he was not at all strong. His work was overwhelming truly, and to his own many duties were added the labours and anxieties connected with an outbreak of cholera. He was saddened too by the heartlessness and tyranny of those in power, and by the slanders of the Baboos, to whom his life was a daily rebuke. In his journal at this period he thus surveys the state of the mission:—

Journal, October 21, 1872.—The summer with its labours,

its anxieties, its dangers, is over, but the blessings which have abounded towards us are fragrant in our memory, and gratefully we thank our heavenly Father for them all. The season has been an unhealthy one in Srinagar, and one of an unusually severe epidemic of cholera. The mission did as much as it could for the poor terror-stricken people. A letter, describing the causes and the cures for cholera, was at once prepared in Persian and circulated among the people. Oral advice was given and cholera medicine extensively distributed in the infected districts of the city. Some patients were treated at the dispensary, but, having no accommodation for in-door patients, we preferred visiting them at their own homes. The mission has been attacked in the Public Opinion by several Baboos, but some unknown champion has been raised up to defend it vigorously. May the Lord ever defend and strengthen this mission; as yet it is but a tender plant. As in former years the gospel has been preached every day in connection with the medical and surgical work. Every Sunday a meeting of the blind and lame has been held, and alms have been dispensed to them after the short address. The sale of religious books has been small, but the number of inquirers has been greater than during any previous year. I have had great satisfaction in all of our mission servants this year. . . . Besides the outbreak of cholera, the other event of the season has been the occurrence of a great religious disturbance between the two great sects of Mussalmans,—the Sunnees and the Sheeas. The disturbance began on September 16th and raged for three days, resulting in the loss of property, and honour, and even of

life in many cases. Many of the villages have been burned to the ground.

At the close of the season Dr. Elmslie was quite prostrate, and instead of entering on a journey fitted to try even the robust, he needed rest and nursing. But he was obliged to leave. The details of that sad journey are before us, and we trust we may be guided in making such a selection as shall satisfy his many loving friends, without unduly obtruding on the sanctity of these sacred records. Before starting, Dr. E. got a chill while waiting on a cold day in the fireless, windowless chamber of a native gentleman. Next day he had to walk in the rain a long way to see a dying man. This, also, was hurtful to him, but the day after they were cheered by the arrival of home letters. The account of the Perth Conference was particularly interesting. At worship, on the evening of their last Sunday in Srinagar, Dr. Elmslie, contrary to custom, chose the hymns, selecting, "One is kind above all others," and he spoke afterwards very earnestly to the Pundits and Moonshees present. On Monday, Mrs. E. suggested that he should delay his journey, but he longed to be off, saying he would be better when fairly on the way. As they sailed down the river, crowds of people ran along the banks to pour out their thanks and say farewell.

"*Journal, October 22d.*—Having waited for several days until I should have recovered from feverish cold, caught in a visit to the city last Friday, we left Srinagar yesterday. Our party filled three of the large boats of the valley. The servants of the mission occupy one, our household servants another, and darling M. and I the third; I am

taking a Kashmiri Moonshi to the plains with me, in order to carry on the grammar, at which I have been labouring in leisure hours all summer. He has just completed with me a translation of the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, which I hope to print at Amritsar. This evening we finished reading the Life of William Burns, and have prayed to be made like him in all in which he was pleasing to God. The book has made a deep impression on us both, and we wish in our missionary life to imitate him on many points, God graciously helping us.

"*Oct.* 23.—Near Islamabad in boat. Met a large number of troops sailing towards Srinagar, sent to the valley on account of the recent disturbances. They had been fourteen days on the march from Jummoo.

"The son of a recent patient of mine, on whom I operated successfully for cataract, has been here to pay his respects and offer us a present of fruit, eggs, &c. Many sick people have found us out and beg for medicine.

"*Oct.* 24, *Islamabad.*—After breakfast this morning M. and I went to see the grand old ruins of Martund. I, poor weak man, was obliged to mount a wretched pony. . . ' We were glad to notice how much more cheerful all the people we met seemed than in other parts of the valley. We crossed an extensive plain, which commands one of the finest views of the valley. At the north end of this plain are situated the noble ruins of Martund, a very full and interesting account of which we found in Cunningham's Essay. The thought that I am again leaving my people, and my work, weighs heavy on my heart.

"*Mohunpora, Oct. 25th.*—Very early this morning we began our march, and reached this place about two P.M. The path lies all the way through rice fields which the people are busy reaping, a true illustration of finding of bread cast on the waters, for only a few months ago those fields were covered with water, and the sower was scattering his seed on its surface.

"Our tents are pitched here, and I have seen a number of sick whom the catechist has addressed, for I am far from well."

Next morning Dr. E. was rather better, and "we went," writes Mrs. E. "to see Carrie (the wife of one of his assistants) and her newly-born infant, lying in a shed. So like the account of the babe at Bethlehem it seemed that we were both struck by it, and went away speaking of Jesus in that low estate,—being rich, yet for our sakes becoming poor. He insisted on my using the dandy, but after a little I got out, and sent it back for him. The dandy men always trot, so that it was to my great distress impossible to keep beside him. On reaching Shupeyon I found him ill, lying on the bed in the wretched bungalow. Various remedies were applied, and he felt much relieved, and wished the epistle to the Philippians read to him. Next day "we read Mrs. Gordon's book on *Work*. He was much interested in it, and then came the last chapter on 'For Ever.' He spoke about heaven; about the joy of eternity being in knowing Jesus and being with Him,—of his confidence that the emancipated, glorified spirit should still have work to do." The night following the breathing was greatly oppressed and the palpitation of the

heart very distressing. "That was my first warning," writes Mrs. E.; "an awful night." After the use of appropriate remedies, he slept comparatively well; and next day was again on the march. "Every march is sixteen miles, and all are more or less dangerous and difficult. Indeed, no one who has not crossed the Pir Panjal can have any idea of the awful precipices one has to climb, the roads being mere cuttings, hardly broad enough to walk upon, along the sides of mountains rising sheer up to the height of 12,000 feet. Our next resting-place was Haripur. There he was tired, but not breathless. Next day the march was nearly twenty miles up—up to the snows and ice. We started at eight, and did not reach the old bungalow near the height of the pass till nearly six o'clock. My darling was grieved about my walking all the way, but I hardly felt tired, so eagerly anxious I was about him, —the air, too, was bracing, and I had slept well. There we had a room, where was a good fireplace, and we kept up a glowing fire of logs. He was very breathless again, but suitable remedies were administered, and Mrs E. sat up all night watching him. He awoke better, and said it was only natural he should suffer from the great rarity of the air at such a height (11,900 feet.) "We went on next day over the snows. He never walked now. Many, many a time, as I turned a corner, and saw the bearers carrying him over the brink of such awful abysses, my heart stood still with horror, and I could only cry to God to strengthen them. Once a man slipped his foot, but mercifully the path was just at that place a little wider. However, it distressed us both very much, for my darling was in a

terribly nervous state, and such a perilous mode of travelling, over places where the missing of a foot must have caused death, was a great, great trial. Sixteen miles brought us to Poshiana, and William insisted on the bearers keeping a slow pace in case of losing sight of me, as there were many tracks of bears, and one large black one was quite near us. At Poshiana the bungalow was a mere stable, without windows or opening of any kind except the door. He wakened breathless; four pillows were not high enough, and he lay on my shoulder and slept. We reached Baramgula on the first November, and proposed resting over Saturday and Sabbath. That was my second night of preparation. I laid my hand on his heart, the beating of which, in irregular thumps, seemed for a few minutes to be heard all through the tent. Those were dreary nights, and in the tent we felt it cold and windy. I fastened plaids and travelling rugs all round to keep out the wind. The servants were tired, and slept soundly. Next day we came to Rajaori. He suffered from rheumatism very much, but sent back the dandy for me several times, and tried to walk, for I was very tired." Here there was a dilapidated palace, the only habitable room in which had neither door nor window, but two great openings, and it was agreed to try the tents. A thunder storm drove them from the tent to seek shelter in the building; a large straw-door was made, and the wax-cloth covering of the bedding was placed over the window. He slept pretty well, but next day never offered to rise. Mrs. E. read to him chapter after chapter of the Gospels. He always said, "Read some of Jesus' words—His own words."

"On Monday he seemed very sad, and said, 'If I could have foreseen this illness, I should have delayed our journey,' but, remembering our prayers for direction, he said, 'Ah, well, God is our Guide; He does not always seek His children's happiness so much as their eternal good. I know what he means to teach *me*. I have *sore* need of patience. The crumpling of a rose-leaf seems too much for me at times, but it is a comfort that He does not judge in ignorance of our sufferings and temptations. He knows the trials of this journey to us both, 'and He knoweth our frame.'" Mrs. E. said how gladly she would suffer for him, but he looked at her with a strange wistful gaze, and said, "Ah, but you can't be my Simon, the Cyrenian. I must bear my own cross." Only eight days' journey further, and then the crown.

"He revived sufficiently to wish to go on, and he generally noticed everything of interest on the way—waterfalls, fossils, flowers. On the Haji pir great pine-trees lay along the mountain-side—giants which had borne the storms of many a decade, but had succumbed to the blasts of the last year's tempests. He spoke of the leaves of the forest falling on us as we passed—how each leaf was doing God's service in its life and in its death—in its life showing forth His glory, in its death enriching the soil for future fruit-bearing. More than once he said, 'Remember, oh let us remember that we have only one life here; there is much to be done which we cannot do in glory, and we have as yet accomplished but little here.'"

He found it an easy position to kneel and lean forward, and he would remain a long time in that position. But

again they must move on. The dandy, with pillows, could be made pretty comfortable, and he seemed easier when moving. They held straight for Goojerat. Every morning forty coolies gathered, talking, shouting, quarrelling over the luggage, &c., and nothing would induce them to be quiet. The next march was very long to Nowshera, and the bearers let the dandy fall one time. The following night was a restless one, and the supply of candles failed. As Mrs. E. was nearly exhausted with sorrow, travelling, and want of sleep, Dr. Elmslie insisted on her taking the dandy, and sending it back for him. "The next was our last march, a very long one, very rough, and the bearers were not good, and somehow I could not make the pillows suit the wearied frame. How much of agony there was in this constant journeying to him in body, and to me in spirit! Many a time I cried aloud, and made the rocks and mountains echo with my sorrow, when he was carried on out of sight and hearing."

On arriving at Bhimbar, being much exhausted, he lay down on a charpae. "How thankful I am," said Mrs. E., "that we are safely here." "Ah, yes, safely, so far as our limbs are concerned—no broken legs or arms, but I feel there is something wrong *here*,"—and Dr. Elmslie put his hand on his chest. He was much worse. They were still thirty miles from Goojerat, and it became an anxious question if he could ever reach it. The dhoolie was made soft and comfortable, but they had scarcely started when he became very ill. "My bearers would not keep me alongside of his dhoolie, and I used to leap from the dandy and fly to his side just to see him, and then shocked, ter-

rified, go back again, feeling like Hagar in the wilderness, and crying to the Lord to send help lest William should die." A special messenger despatched to Goojerat brought the civil surgeon to the place where they rested for the night, and he whispered hope. As the doctor drove out he met Mr. Perkins, the new commissioner for Goojerat, and handed him Mrs. E.'s note, so that when the sufferers reached the bungalow, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins appeared, and did everything that Christian love and sympathy could suggest. Cheered by these friends of Jesus, with a doctor at hand, and everything necessary for the invalid now easily procurable, hope revived for a brief space, but the disease steadily progressed, and on the evening of the 18th November, Dr. Elmslie quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

"I gazed once more," writes Mr. Clark, "on his well-known features as he lay peaceably in his coffin. There was an expression of repose on his face,—there was even a smile, the smile of rest and victory; and we laid him there to rest on the battlefield, where the whole Punjaub had been won by English arms; and there he quietly sleeps awaiting the resurrection of the dead."

"I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT, I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE, I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH: HENCEFORTH THERE IS LAID UP FOR ME A CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS WHICH THE LORD, THE RIGHTEOUS JUDGE, SHALL GIVE ME AT THAT DAY."

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

"THE missionaries, lately assembled in conference at Allahabad," writes the Editor, *Indian Medical Gazette* of January 7, 1873, "seemed unanimous in their belief regarding the advantages to be derived from the presence of medical missionaries in the country; and we most certainly join in this opinion. Men, like the late Dr. Elmslie of Kashmir, are indeed an ornament to any profession, and, independently of their missionary labour, must influence for good any society into which they may cast their lot. We most sincerely desire to see medical men of this stamp scattered over India; we look upon them as being among the very best representatives of the English character—well educated, liberal-minded individuals, pursuing with earnestness the healing art, not for the greed of gold, but that they may spend and be spent in doing the work of their Master."

"One could not long be with dear Doctor Elmslie," writes Mr. Wade, "without seeing how eminently he was fitted by nature and grace to be the pioneer of Christianity in a heathen land. His active habits called for strength of mind and body, which were given in a great degree.

His faith and patience kept him labouring without despair or despondency in a good, but most difficult work. His great soundness of judgment, and decision of character, and firmness of purpose, were of inestimable value in guiding the frail medical mission bark through all the stormy billows which threatened, time after time, either to engulph it, or to strand it upon the shores of the Punjaub. His prudence preserved him and the mission from many entanglements, yet, when God's honour was concerned, nothing could keep him quiet; and sometimes did he stir up wrath and make enemies by the bold way in which he rebuked vice. His forethought was such that he often jokingly spoke of himself as 'a cautious Scotchman'; and I can bear testimony to his great and continued attachment to his friends. With burning zeal and untiring devotion he laboured on in his Master's work, and only his friends, who were much with him, knew how earnestly he prayed for those, who by their unholy lives, caused God's name to be blasphemed amongst the heathen; and how his heart longed to see the light of truth and liberty adorn the beautiful valley of Kashmir,—

> 'Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile.'

With thought and tenderness for others he spared not himself. When weak and wearied, and others saw how necessary a little rest and change were, to all the solicitations of his friends to leave Srinagar for only a short time, he replied, that nothing should induce him to leave the place whilst his poor people were suffering from cholera. And as he loved and laboured for the people, so they

learned to trust and to love him in return. Some were punished and others threatened for coming to him, but come they would and did, even from great distances. One man, whose blindness had been removed, actually fell at his feet to worship him, saying, he had given him sight, and he would be his slave for ever; and others spoke of him as an avatar (incarnation of God) come to pity and heal them in their misery. Everything that was done was undertaken in a spirit of prayer. Every morning before the gospel was preached, or any medicines distributed, the Christians were assembled to entreat God to give His blessing, and after the address had been given by the catechist to the assembled sick, a prayer was offered again, with all who would join of the multitude."

Nor was it only the poor outcast Indians he sought to benefit, but his own country-folk of every rank to whom he had access in sickness or in health. Cases have been noted, and here is just one more:—"In the year 1867, in Kashmir," writes a young officer, "Dr. Elmslie spoke words to me which, through the blessing of the Holy Ghost, threw a flood of light on my dark soul, and made me perceive the love of God in Christ. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin': These were the words blessed of God to my conversion, and I ought surely to love dear Elmslie for the good that he was in God's hand the means of doing me. For himself, dear fellow, I am comforted, and feel him to be even nearer to me (in England) than he was when present in the body in India. You will, perhaps, wonder what I mean by this, but I mean simply that he is with Jesus, and it is only a narrow

boundary—that of death—which separates the Lord from them who are to be with Him hereafter."

"From the time of Dr. Elmslie's first arrival," writes the Rev. Mr. Clark, "we could not fail to notice his true missionary spirit, which led him to give himself at once to the work for which he had come to India. He began to acquire the language, and quickly commenced his medical labours amongst the people. He divided his time with great method and tact, so as to make the most of every opportunity. We quickly observed his great conscientiousness, and the fidelity with which he engaged both in his professional and other duties. His judgment was very good, and it was at once seen that he was one who could be consulted in difficulties and emergencies, as they arose. He soon acquired influence, not only amongst the natives, but amongst his missionary brethren, to whom he endeared himself by his gentle and loving spirit; and his presence was ever felt to be an acquisition in our missionary conferences. He was known to be a firm friend to everything that was good, and a staunch opponent to error and evil, in every form. He could not 'bear that which was evil,' but boldly exposed it, and often in the strongest language denounced it. Above all, we noticed his habitual tone of earnestness, and genuine Christian spirit of devotion, which continued with him in the midst of many occupations throughout the day. Continually did he renew his strength by communion with God, through prayer and the study of His Word; for he knew that (especially in this heathen atmosphere, so lowering and antagonistic to the hidden life) even daily duties eat out the missionary's

strength and neutralize his efforts, unless men hourly walk in the strength of that meat, with which God feeds His people in this wilderness world."

But it is of Amritsar, and of Dr. Elmslie's annual visit to my own mission, that I would especially speak. "The natives looked forward to his visits with great expectation, and both Christians and heathen used to think much of his approach. Some had perhaps an operation to be performed; others wished to consult him about their own health, or that of their children. All knew that in him they would find a sympathising friend. He generally arrived without any announcement beforehand, and appeared some morning almost unexpectedly in our midst; for no letters could be despatched on the march to tell of his approach, and when he emerged from the hills into English territory, he travelled almost as fast as letters could come. There was not one member of our native congregation who did not at once know when Dr. Elmslie had arrived; and there were few perhaps amongst the 1000 boys and 350 girls in the mission schools who had not seen or heard of him. The orphans in the orphanages felt the benefit of his presence; and the poor who throng around the catechist or the missionary when they preach in the bazaars, spoke of the Doctor Padre who had come to live amongst them for their good. The rich also knew him, and appreciated his labours, for they once petitioned Government that he might be allowed to remain amongst them. He had access to houses and families where the English cannot generally go; and his kind, loving manner, and his professional skill, presented our

missionary work to the people in altogether a new light. It was sometimes difficult for them to see from our direct missionary labours that we really desired their welfare; for every now and then some young man from the schools, or some parent from a happy home, would sever themselves suddenly, and in one moment, from every past association: when swords would pierce through breasts, and the secret thoughts of hearts would be revealed. Such anguish was then caused, such division amongst families, such ruin of hopes, that they sometimes terminated in *death.* But the Doctor Sahib was, at any rate, the friend of the people. Though a Christian and a missionary, he cured their ailments, and set their broken bones."

From the very commencement of his labours in Kashmir, Dr. Elmslie ceased not to work and pray for the abrogation of the iniquitous law to whose operation he eventually fell a sacrifice. He felt that the truly beneficent character of his services gave him a vantage ground from which to make his appeal. It is touching to note that the law was abolished *the very day after his death.* The Rev. Mr. Wade writes thus on the subject from Lahore (Nov. 27th).—"How mysterious God's ways often are, the very object which Dr. E. so much desired, and laboured, and prayed so much to obtain, was thought by him to have been lost entirely; but a letter, dated the day after his death, was received by Mrs. Elmslie, immediately on her arrival at Lahore, granting permission to those who are not Government servants to remain in Kashmir all the year. It says, 'His Excellency desires me to inform you that, so far as the British Government is concerned, there

are no objections to Europeans, who are not in the service of Government, proceeding to, or remaining in the territories of the Maharajah of Kashmir at any time, so long as they conduct themselves with propriety, and submit to the laws of the country.' This is all that Dr. Elmslie wanted. The country is now open, and missionaries may remain there the whole year."

But the doctor was not only largely instrumental in thus opening the door to that beautiful country, but he has also provided a key to it, in the shape of a valuable vocabulary of the Kashmiri language. This work occupied much of his time during the two years he was at home, and no doubt he worked at it too assiduously. Strange it is that he was denied the pleasure of seeing this work in its completed state. The Dictionary had reached Amritsar to await his arrival,—but he never arrived.

EXTRACT FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE ELEVENTH CONFERENCE OF THE CHURCH MISSION SOCIETY MISSIONARIES IN THE PUNJAUB,—18*th December* 1872.

II. Proposed by Mr. Clark, and seconded by Mr. Wade, That this Conference, whilst sorrowfully lamenting the removal from their midst of their dear brother and fellow-labourer, Dr. Elmslie, by an early death, desire to bow with reverence and resignation before the mysterious Providence which has called him away from his important missionary work in Kashmir, at the very moment when, for the first time in its history, it has become completely opened to missionary effort.

That this Conference desire to bear testimony to the

devotion and singleness of purpose with which the beloved brother, for a series of years, carried on his work with great ability and success, to the alleviation of sickness and sorrow amongst the people, as well as to the making known of the gospel of Christ.

That they desire also to express their sincere sympathy with Mrs. Elmslie, who has thus been called to pass through such deep affliction at so early a period in her missionary life; and in the event of her remaining to engage in missionary work amongst the females of this country, they assure her, as a Conference, of a hearty welcome, and all such help as they are able to give. That this Conference request their secretary to write to the Home Committee of the Church Missionary Society to urge the Church Missionary Society to maintain the Kashmir Mission in full efficiency, believing that the opening up of that country in answer to prayer is a sign that God has purposes of mercy to that unhappy land. And they pray that God will raise up other labourers of like spirit to him whose death they now mourn, to carry on this work, which is one of no ordinary difficulty, and not unattended with danger.

Carried *nem. con.*—Signed and certified by

T. I. HUGHES, *Secretary.*

Amritsar, January 1873.—MADAM,—While all the friends of Indian Missions are bewailing with one heart the sudden and untimely death of Dr. Elmslie, we, who were so intimately connected with him, would be sadly wanting in our duty if we failed to give vent, however

feebly, to our grief at his death; and to our sincere sympathy with you, who have been so nearly touched by this mysterious providence of God. We have, of all people, to mourn most this loss, though Dr. Elmslie came originally as a missionary for Kashmir, yet the peculiar political state of that country rendered it necessary for him to live in this city for six months in the year. How usefully he was employed during that time is known only to the natives of this place, who crowded to his dispensary to be cured of their diseases. He was a very good physician, and was eminently successful in eye operations. Many waited for his return from Kashmir for operations to be performed, and great numbers of this city owe the present enjoyment of their eyesight to him. He was particularly kind to us. He was our doctor, counsellor, and friend. We therefore wish to express our heartfelt sorrow, and to convey to you our sincere sympathy with you in your affliction; and may God think upon you for good, according to all that your beloved husband has done for us.

We have heard that there is some probability of your remaining in Amritsar to carry on the great missionary work with which Dr. Elmslie was connected. May we be allowed to express our hope that you may remain here. We would even venture to ask you to remain, if this is not impossible, in the sure belief that it will be for our great good, and for that of many women and children in this country. We shall not forget to pray that God may direct your steps to remain amongst us if this be His will. —We remain, Madam, yours very faithfully, (*then follow thirty-four names in native characters.*—[To Mrs. Elmslie.]

Elmslie Hospital and Dispensary.

At a Conference of missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in the Punjaub, held at Amritsar in December 1872, a wish was expressed that the love and esteem in which Dr. Elmslie was universally held might find expression in some lasting memorial. It was proposed, and unanimously agreed, that such a memorial should be raised in connection with the cause which he had so much at heart, and in whose service he died. The Lord Bishop of Calcutta has suggested that an endeavour should be made to establish in Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, an 'Elmslie Hospital and Dispensary,' through which the name of William Elmslie, endeared as it is to the present generation of Kashmiris, may be permanently associated with the great work which he has been instrumental in beginning.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

APPENDIX.

In this volume are given the views of Dr. Elmslie regarding the sad condition of Kashmir when he was a labourer there. There is proof in abundance that the Doctor's statements on that subject are in no degree strained. Since that time, however, circumstances are, to a certain extent, altered, so as to admit the hope that better times are in store for that interesting country. We read now that new roads are being formed, and that trade, to a certain extent, is being encouraged. We learn also, with much satisfaction, that, when Dr. Maxwell, the successor of Dr. Elmslie, arrived in Kashmir, he was well received by His Highness the Maharajah; and that His Highness also has in various forms given substantial assistance to the Medical Mission. It is not only a *right* thing but a very *pleasant* thing to mention these facts, and it is needless to say that had Dr. Elmslie been spared he would have been the first to note and to record them with thankfulness.

To answer a natural, and consequently a very common inquiry,—What became of Mrs. Elmslie after her husband's death?—a single sentence may be permitted. She was graciously strengthened and enabled, not long after, to enter on missionary service in Amritsar, where Dr.

Elmslie, as mentioned in the Memoir, usually laboured when not on duty in Kashmir. Mrs. Elmslie was appointed to the Superintendence of the Church Missionary Society's Orphanage for Girls in Amritsar. The institution has prospered greatly under her care. It is to be hoped that this notice, brief as it is, may have the effect of calling forth prayer on behalf of herself and her interesting charge.

THE END.

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